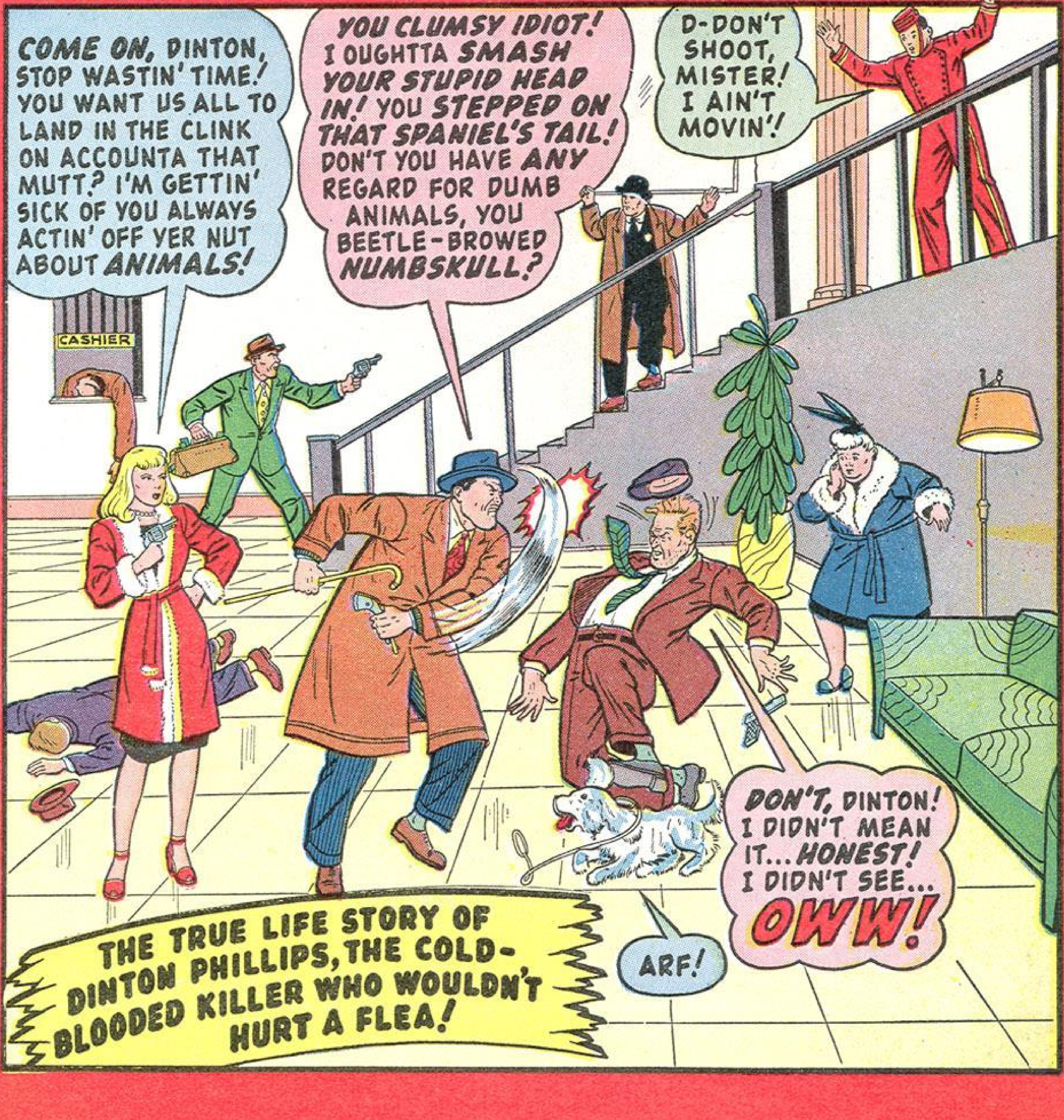
MAY
NO. 33

ALL-TRUE CRIME CASES COMICS

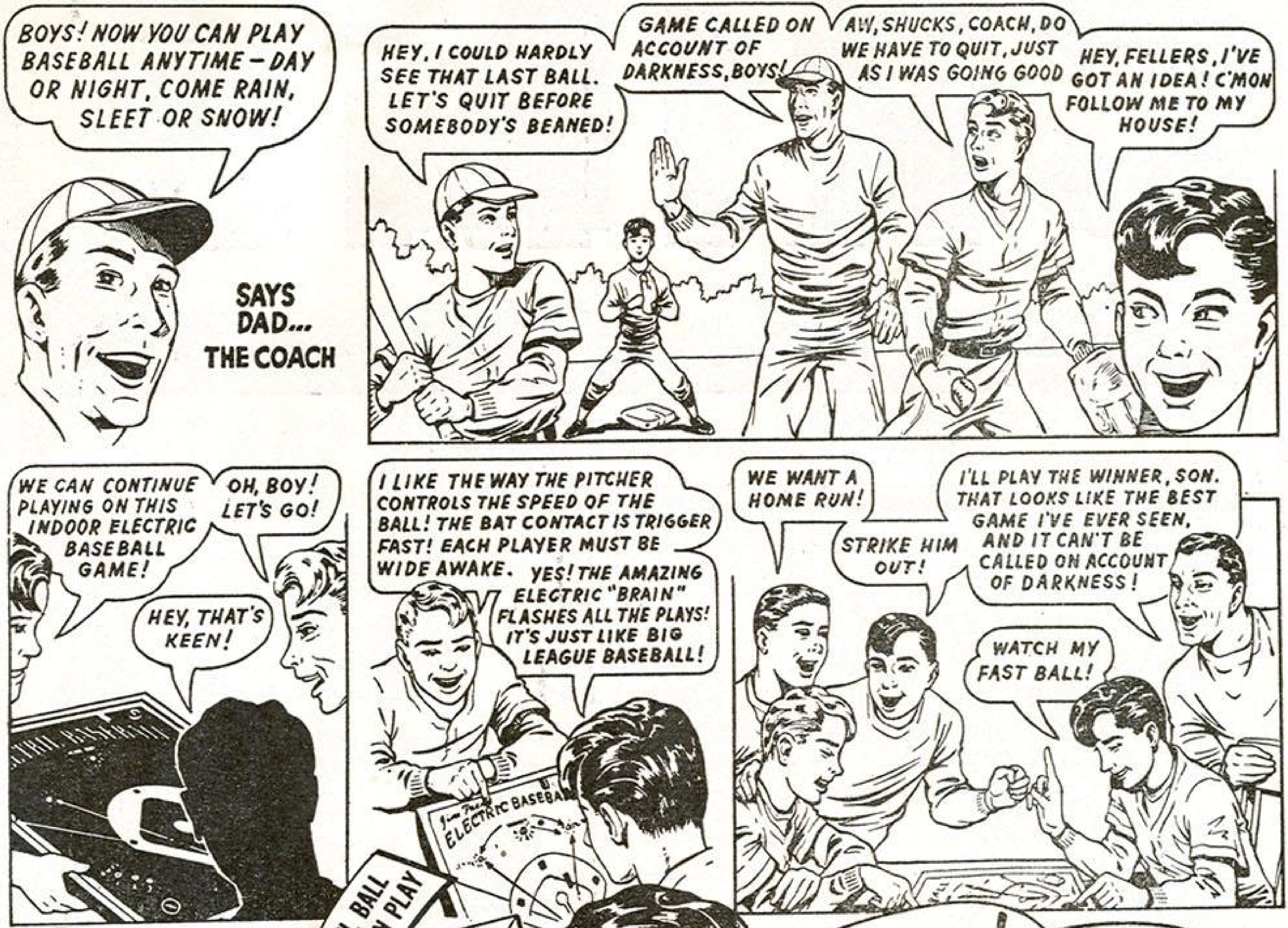
MARVEL COMIC
10¢

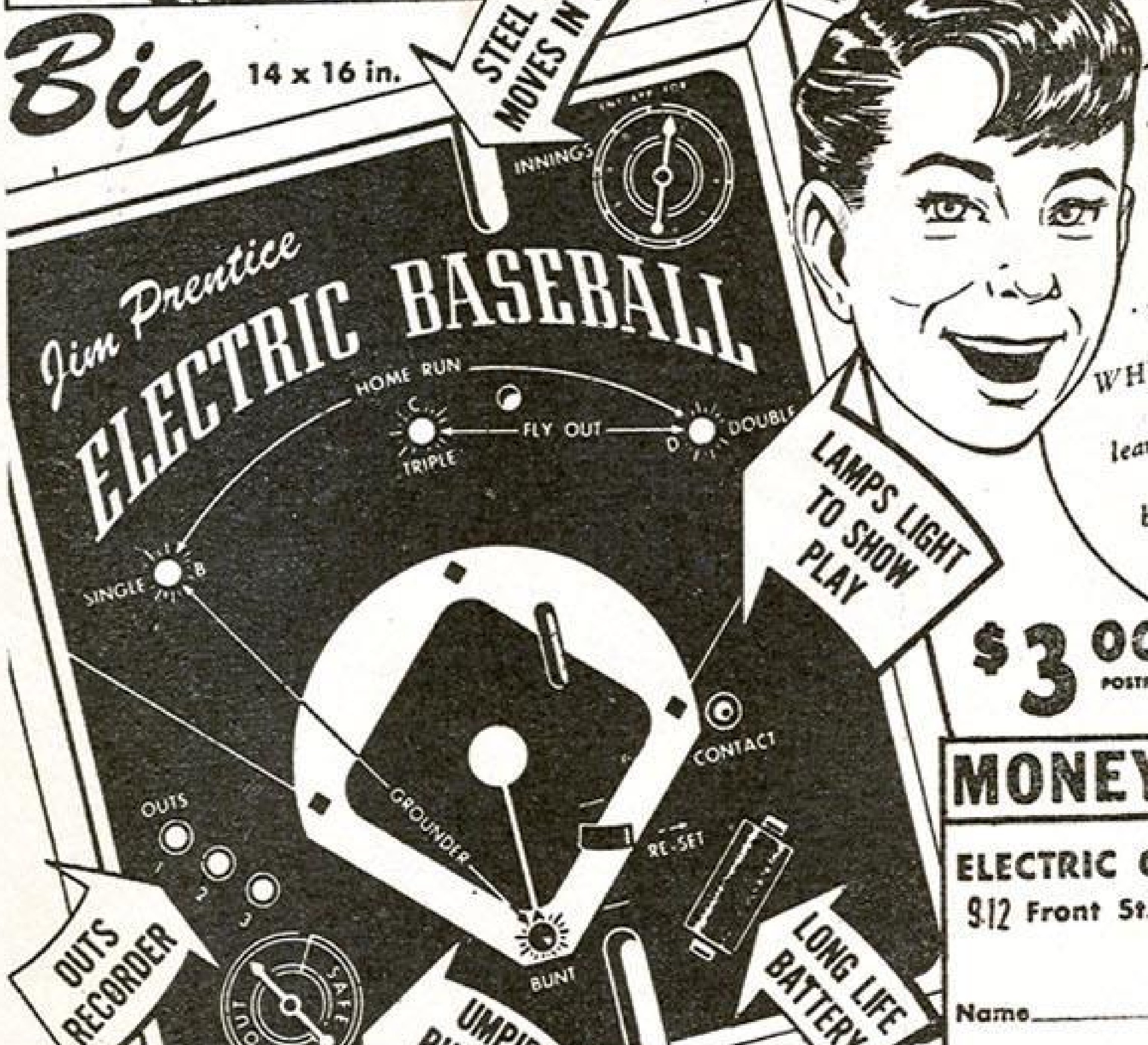
TRUE CASES PROVING CRIME CAN'T WIN!


COME ON, DINTON, STOP WASTIN' TIME! YOU WANT US ALL TO LAND IN THE CLINK ON ACCOUNTA THAT MUTT? I'M GETTIN' SICK OF YOU ALWAYS ACTIN' OFF YER NUT ABOUT ANIMALS!
YOU CLUMSY IDIOT! I OUGHTTA SMASH YOUR STUPID HEAD IN! YOU STEPPED ON THAT SPANIEL'S TAIL! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY REGARD FOR DUMB ANIMALS, YOU BEETLE-BROWED NUMBSKULL?
D-DON'T SHOOT, MISTER! I AIN'T MOVIN'!
CASHIER
DON'T, DINTON! I DIDN'T MEAN IT... HONEST! I DIDN'T SEE... OWW!
ARF!
THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF DINTON PHILLIPS, THE COLD-BLOODED KILLER WHO WOULDN'T HURT A FLEA!

NEW IT'S A HIT! *Jim Prentice* SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 ELECTRIC BASEBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 912 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.


BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME – DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!
SAYS DAD... THE COACH
HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEANED!
GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!
AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD
HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!
WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!
OH, BOY! LET'S GO!
HEY, THAT'S KEEN!
I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE.
YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!
Jim Prentice ELECTRIC BASEBALL
WE WANT A HOME RUN!
STRIKE HIM OUT!
I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!
WATCH MY FAST BALL!


Big 14 x 16 in.
STEEL BALL MOVES IN PLAY
INNINGS
Jim Prentice ELECTRIC BASEBALL
HOME RUN
TRIPLE
FLY OUT
DOUBLE
SINGLE
GROUNDER
CONTACT
OUTS
RE-SET
BUNT
OUT
SAFE
LAMPS LIGHT TO SHOW PLAY
OUTS RECORDER
UMPIRE RULES ON CLOSE PLAYS
LONG LIFE BATTERY
ALL GAMES POSTPAID

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This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and zooming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play.. It's the last of the 9th .. score tied ... bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or WHIFF the breeze? Hero or dud? Batter must be sharp to "contact" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at homeplate He learns the fine points, when to bunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play of the game packs every minute full of spine-tingling thrills, breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built

$3.00 POSTPAID

Special Price! If you act *today* you can get your game at the special pre-season price of $3.00, complete with new extra long-life (5-times) battery, ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pin $1 to this ad and pay the postman the balance $2.00 on delivery. WE PAY POSTAGE AND COLLECTION CHARGES.

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$3.00	$2.50	
BASEBALL	FOOTBALL	AMOUNT ENCLOSED

C.O.D. Send $1. Postman collects balance.

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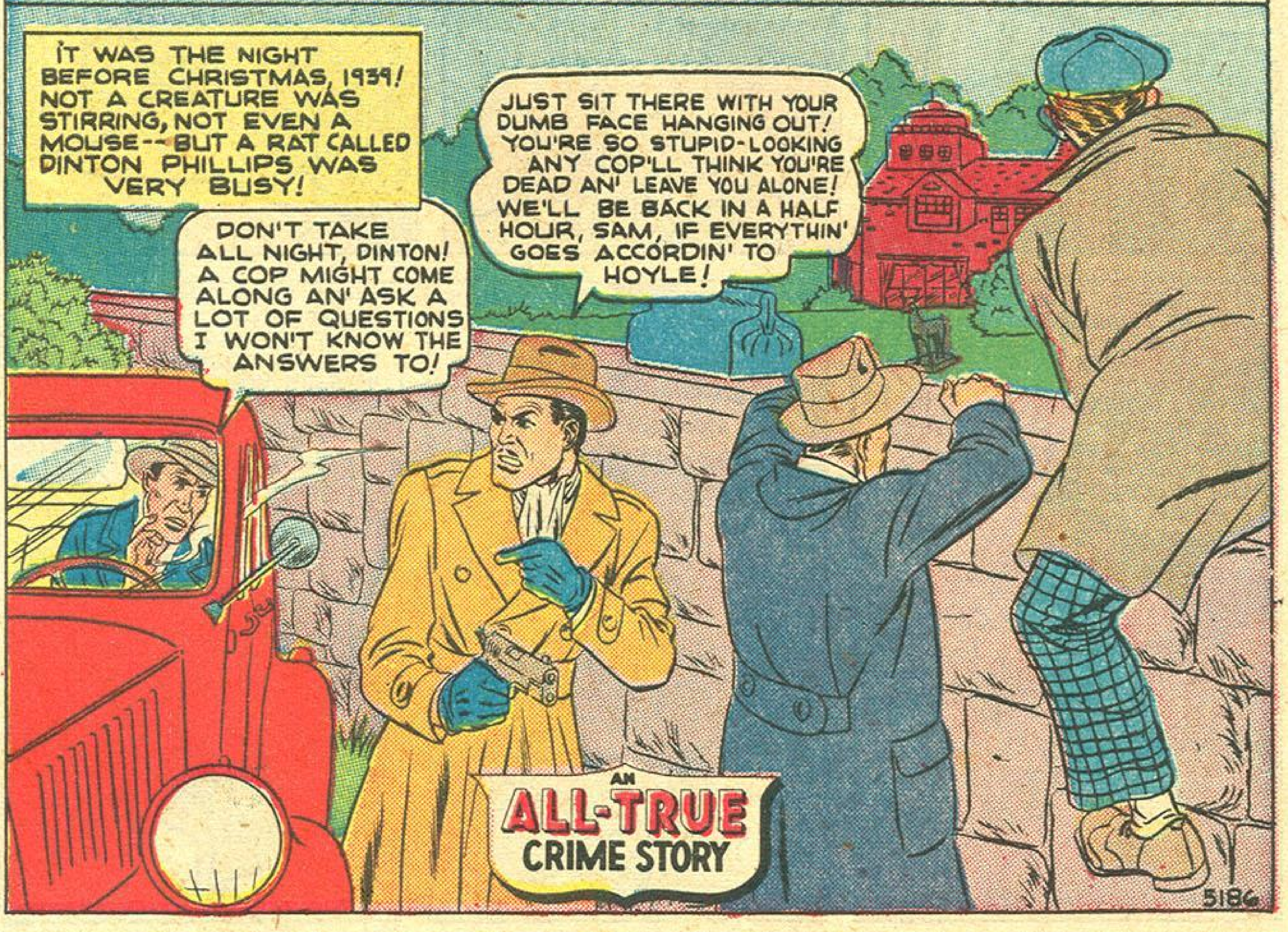
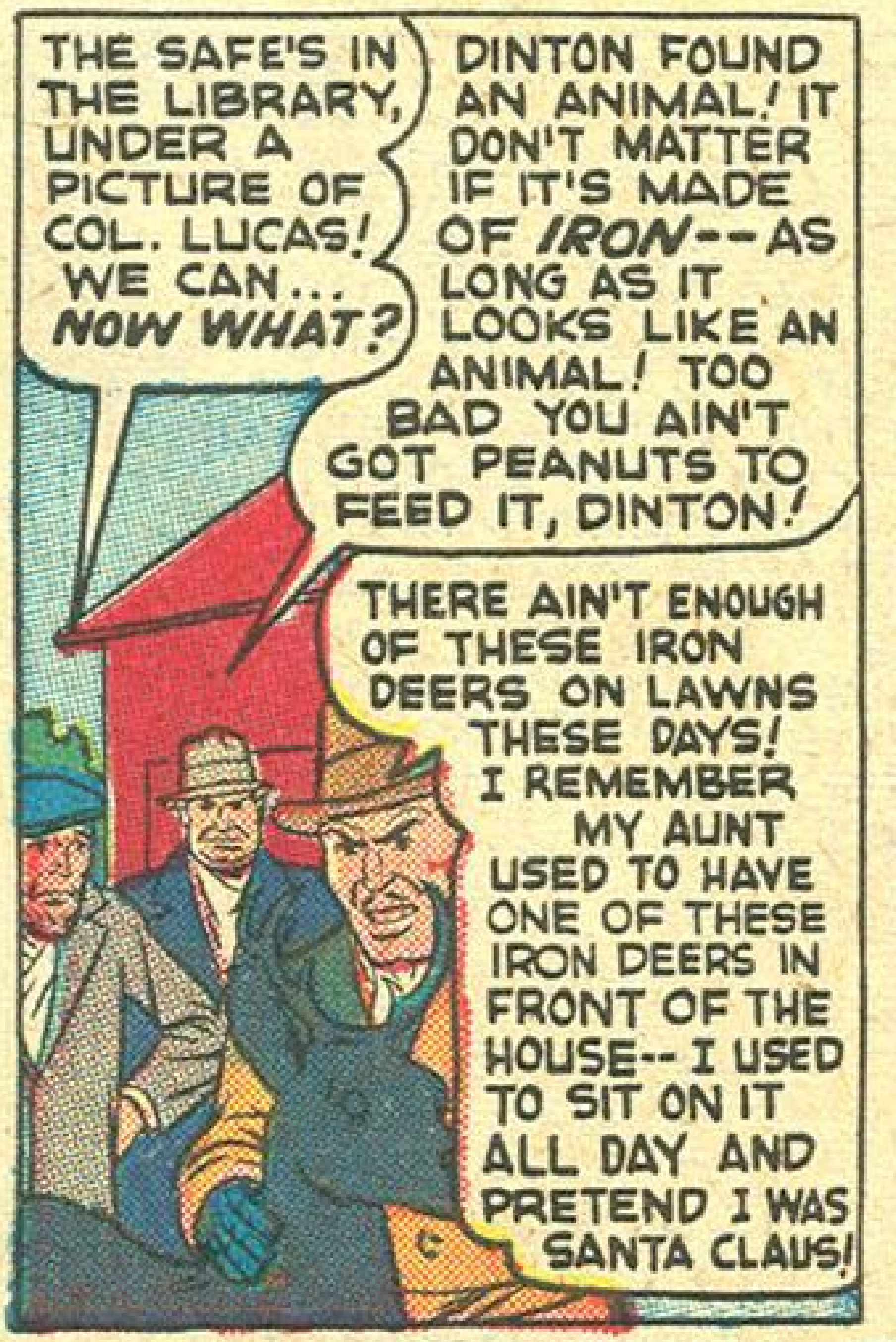
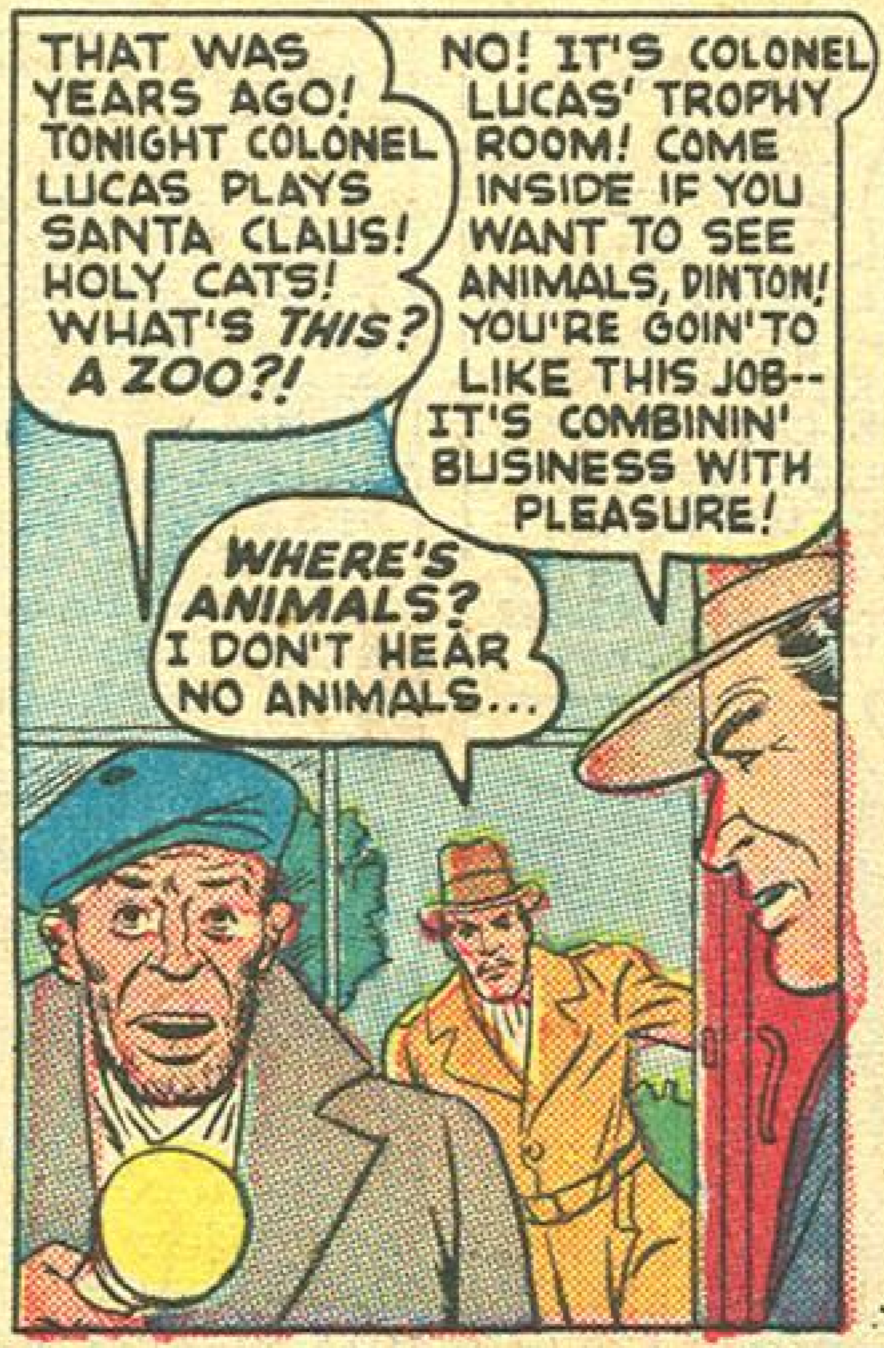
Board of Education, New York City

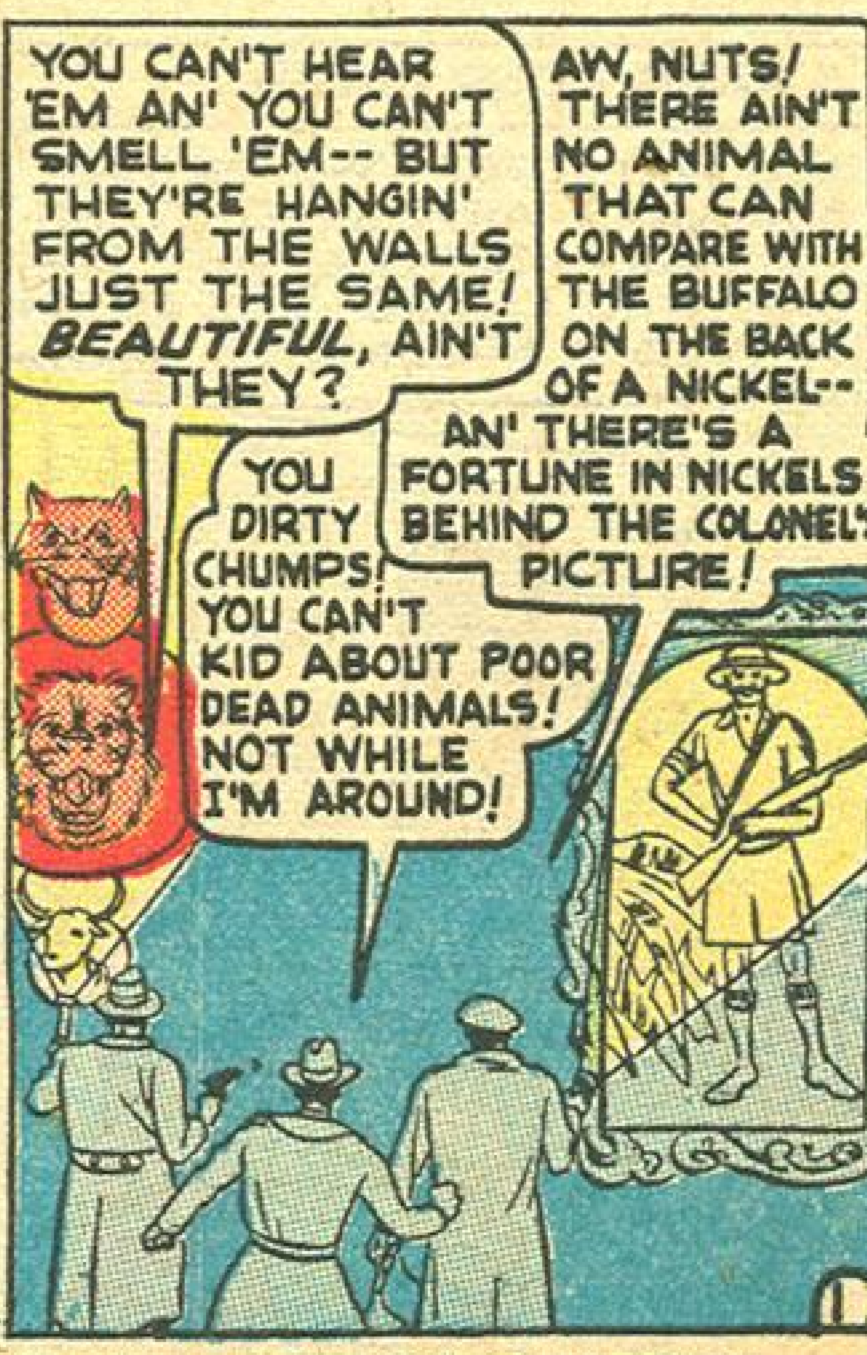
DINTON PHILLIPS

THIS COLD-BLOODED KILLER HATED TO HARM ANY ANIMAL, SO WHAT MORE IRONICAL END COULD HE HAVE HAD, THEN TO DIE BECAUSE OF...!!

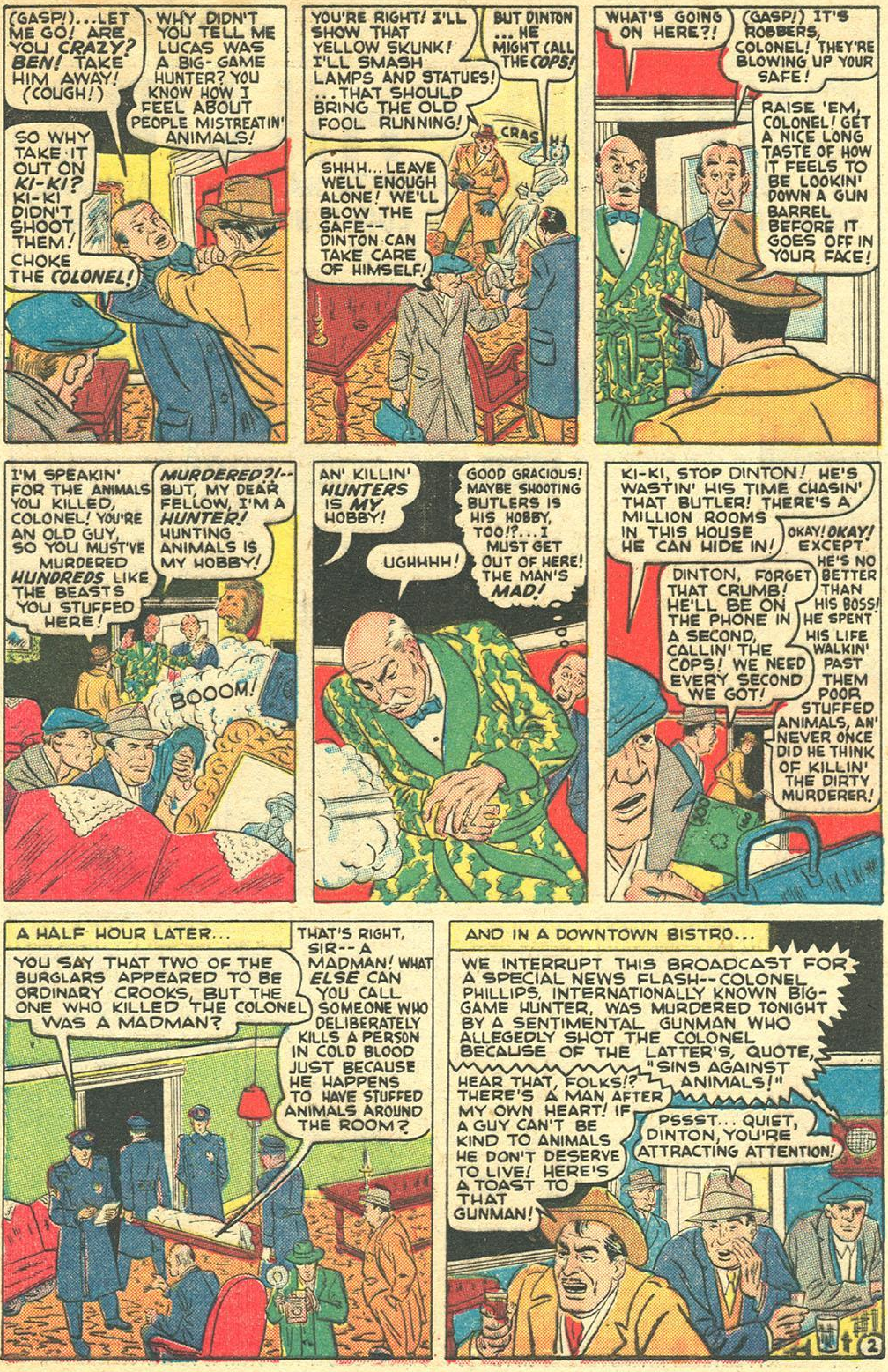

IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, 1939! NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING, NOT EVEN A MOUSE-- BUT A RAT CALLED DINTON PHILLIPS WAS VERY BUSY!
JUST SIT THERE WITH YOUR DUMB FACE HANGING OUT! YOU'RE SO STUPID-LOOKING ANY COP'LL THINK YOU'RE DEAD AN' LEAVE YOU ALONE! WE'LL BE BACK IN A HALF HOUR, SAM, IF EVERYTHIN' GOES ACCORDIN' TO HOYLE!
DON'T TAKE ALL NIGHT, DINTON! A COP MIGHT COME ALONG AN' ASK A LOT OF QUESTIONS I WON'T KNOW THE ANSWERS TO!
AN ALL-TRUE CRIME STORY
5186

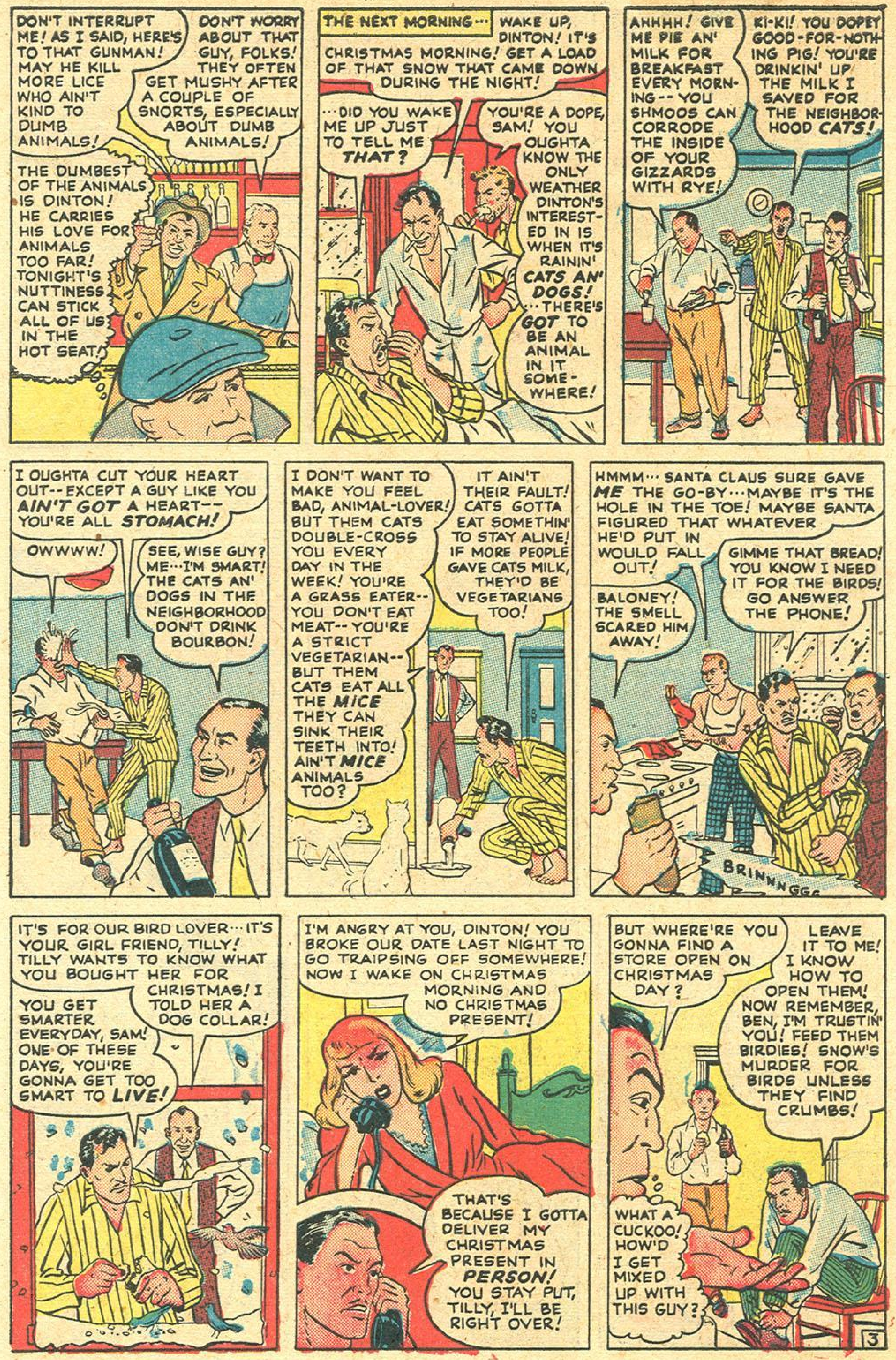

THE SAFE'S IN THE LIBRARY, UNDER A PICTURE OF COL. LUCAS! WE CAN... NOW WHAT?
DINTON FOUND AN ANIMAL! IT DON'T MATTER IF IT'S MADE OF IRON-- AS LONG AS IT LOOKS LIKE AN ANIMAL! TOO BAD YOU AIN'T GOT PEANUTS TO FEED IT, DINTON!
THERE AIN'T ENOUGH OF THESE IRON DEERS ON LAWNS THESE DAYS! I REMEMBER MY AUNT USED TO HAVE ONE OF THESE IRON DEERS IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE-- I USED TO SIT ON IT ALL DAY AND PRETEND I WAS SANTA CLAUS!

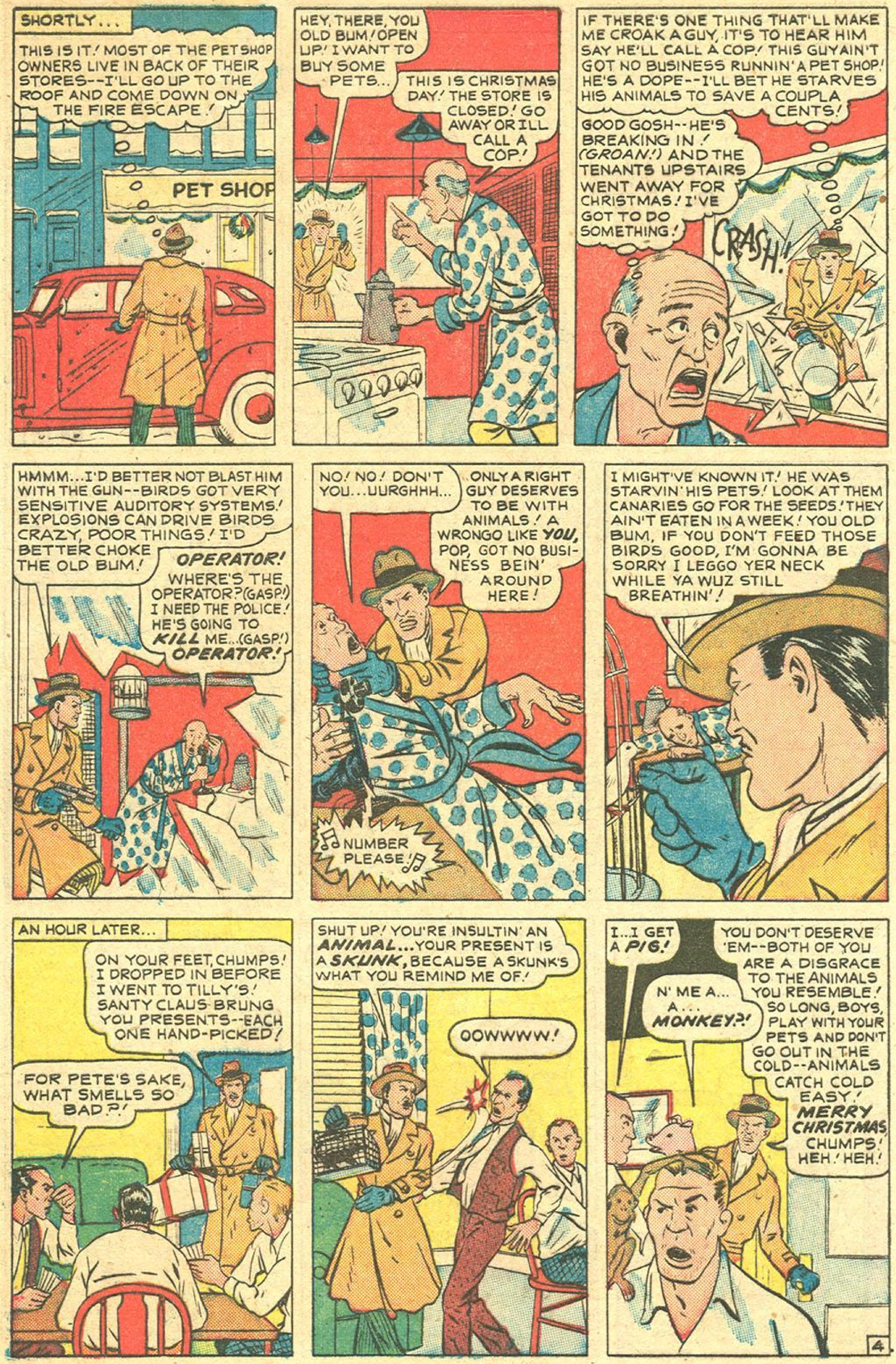

THAT WAS YEARS AGO! TONIGHT COLONEL LUCAS PLAYS SANTA CLAUS! HOLY CATS! WHAT'S THIS? A ZOO?!
NO! IT'S COLONEL LUCAS' TROPHY ROOM! COME INSIDE IF YOU WANT TO SEE ANIMALS, DINTON! YOU'RE GOIN' TO LIKE THIS JOB-- IT'S COMBININ' BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE!
WHERE'S ANIMALS? I DON'T HEAR NO ANIMALS...

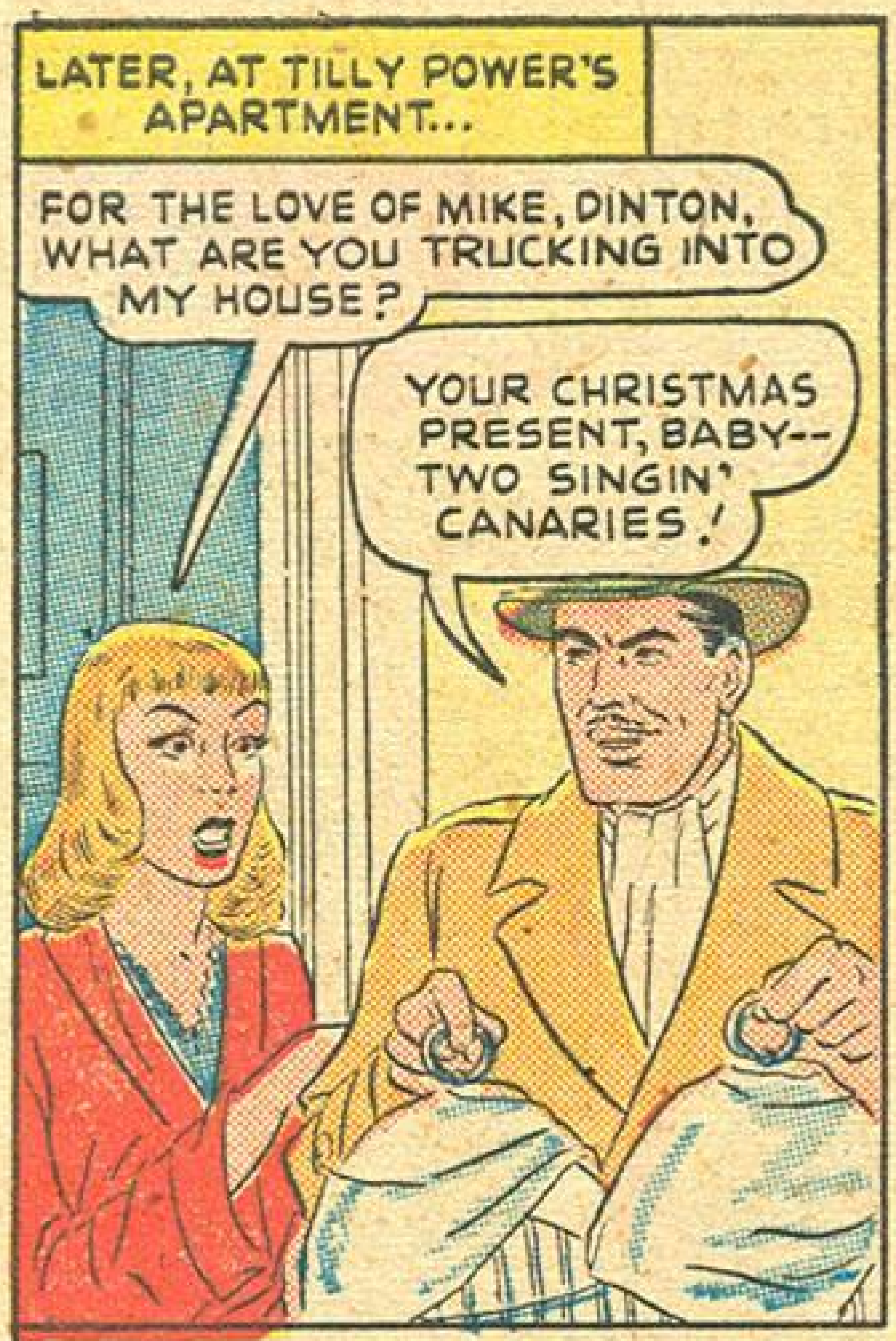

YOU CAN'T HEAR 'EM AN' YOU CAN'T SMELL 'EM-- BUT THEY'RE HANGIN' FROM THE WALLS JUST THE SAME! BEAUTIFUL, AIN'T THEY?
AW, NUTS! THERE AIN'T NO ANIMAL THAT CAN COMPARE WITH THE BUFFALO ON THE BACK OF A NICKEL-- AN' THERE'S A FORTUNE IN NICKELS BEHIND THE COLONEL'S PICTURE!
YOU DIRTY CHUMPS! YOU CAN'T KID ABOUT POOR DEAD ANIMALS! NOT WHILE I'M AROUND!
1

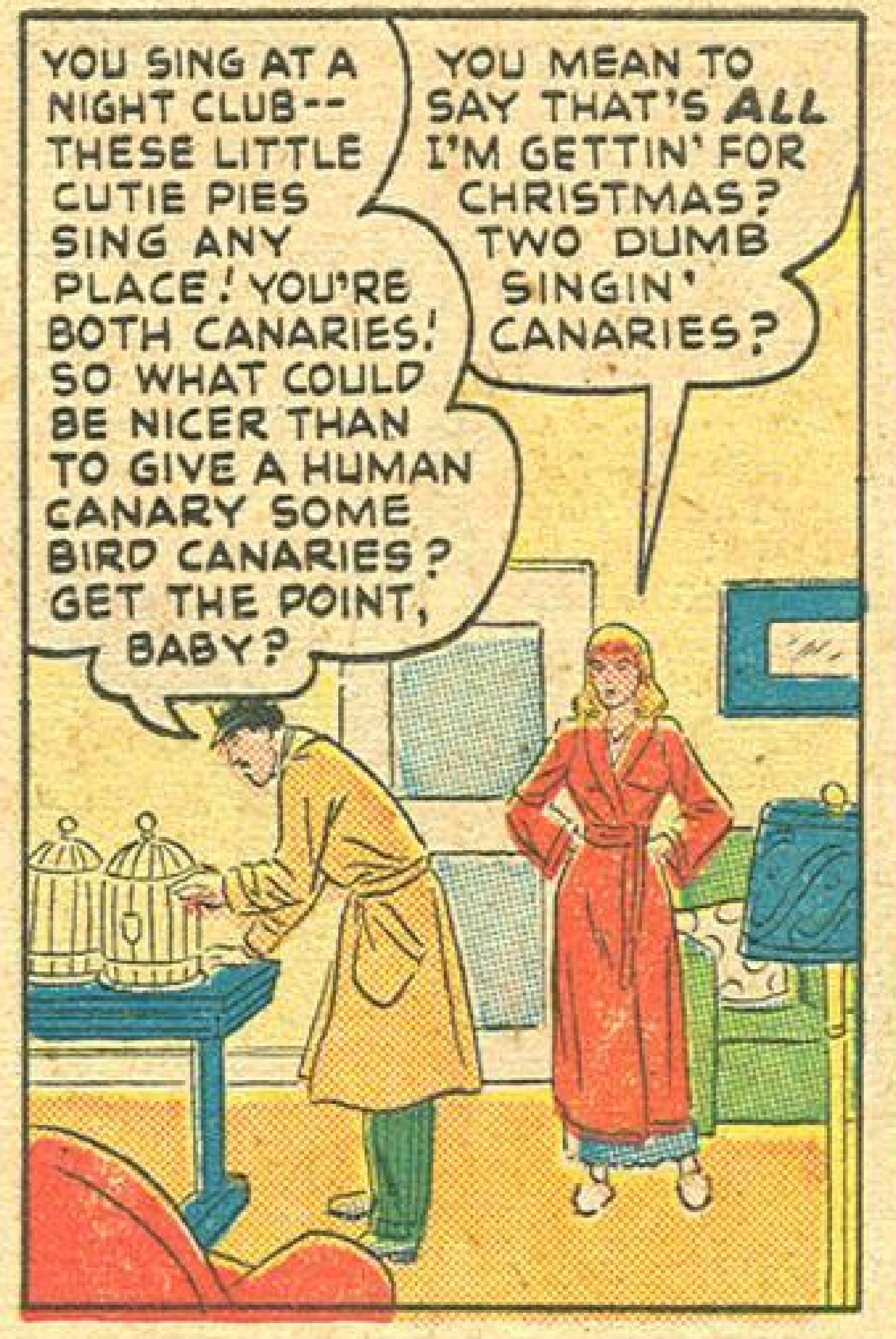
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

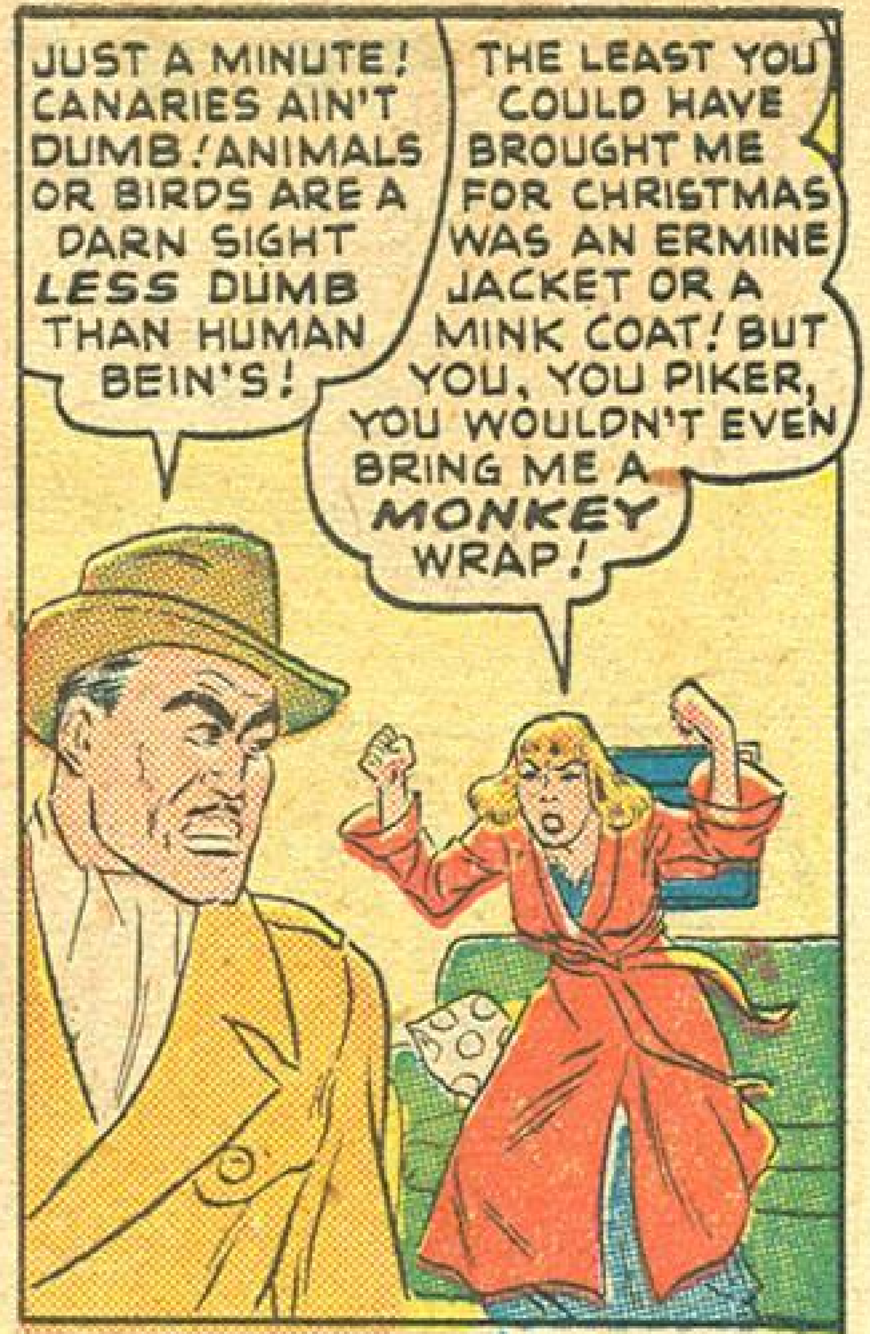

(GASP!)...LET ME GO! ARE YOU *CRAZY? BEN!* TAKE HIM AWAY! (COUGH!)
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME LUCAS WAS A BIG-GAME HUNTER? YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT PEOPLE MISTREATIN' ANIMALS!
SO WHY TAKE IT OUT ON *KI-KI?* KI-KI DIDN'T SHOOT THEM! CHOKE THE *COLONEL!*
YOU'RE RIGHT! I'LL SHOW THAT YELLOW SKUNK! I'LL SMASH LAMPS AND STATUES! ...THAT SHOULD BRING THE OLD FOOL RUNNING!
BUT DINTON ... HE MIGHT CALL THE *COPS!*
CRASH!
SHHH... LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE! WE'LL BLOW THE SAFE-- DINTON CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!
(GASP!) IT'S ROBBERS, COLONEL! THEY'RE BLOWING UP YOUR SAFE!
RAISE 'EM, COLONEL! GET A NICE LONG TASTE OF HOW IT FEELS TO BE LOOKIN' DOWN A GUN BARREL BEFORE IT GOES OFF IN YOUR FACE!
I'M SPEAKIN' FOR THE ANIMALS YOU KILLED, COLONEL! YOU'RE AN OLD GUY, SO YOU MUST'VE MURDERED *HUNDREDS* LIKE THE BEASTS YOU STUFFED HERE!
MURDERED?!-- BUT, MY DEAR FELLOW, I'M A *HUNTER!* HUNTING ANIMALS IS MY HOBBY!
BOOOM!
AN' KILLIN' *HUNTERS* IS *MY* HOBBY!
UGHHHH!
GOOD GRACIOUS! MAYBE SHOOTING BUTLERS IS HIS HOBBY, TOO!?... I MUST GET OUT OF HERE! THE MAN'S *MAD!*
KI-KI, STOP DINTON! HE'S WASTIN' HIS TIME CHASIN' THAT BUTLER! THERE'S A MILLION ROOMS IN THIS HOUSE HE CAN HIDE IN!
OKAY! *OKAY!* EXCEPT HE'S NO BETTER THAN HIS BOSS! HE SPENT HIS LIFE WALKIN' PAST THEM POOR STUFFED ANIMALS, AN' NEVER ONCE DID HE THINK OF KILLIN' THE DIRTY MURDERER!
DINTON, FORGET THAT CRUMB! HE'LL BE ON THE PHONE IN A SECOND, CALLIN' THE COPS! WE NEED EVERY SECOND WE GOT!
A HALF HOUR LATER...
YOU SAY THAT TWO OF THE BURGLARS APPEARED TO BE ORDINARY CROOKS, BUT THE ONE WHO KILLED THE COLONEL WAS A MADMAN?
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR-- A MADMAN! WHAT *ELSE* CAN YOU CALL SOMEONE WHO DELIBERATELY KILLS A PERSON IN COLD BLOOD JUST BECAUSE HE HAPPENS TO HAVE STUFFED ANIMALS AROUND THE ROOM?
AND IN A DOWNTOWN BISTRO...
WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST FOR A SPECIAL NEWS FLASH-- COLONEL PHILLIPS, INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN BIG-GAME HUNTER, WAS MURDERED TONIGHT BY A SENTIMENTAL GUNMAN WHO ALLEGEDLY SHOT THE COLONEL BECAUSE OF THE LATTER'S, QUOTE, "SINS AGAINST ANIMALS!"
HEAR THAT, FOLKS!? THERE'S A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART! IF A GUY CAN'T BE KIND TO ANIMALS HE DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE! HERE'S A TOAST TO THAT GUNMAN!
PSSST... QUIET, DINTON, YOU'RE ATTRACTING ATTENTION!
2

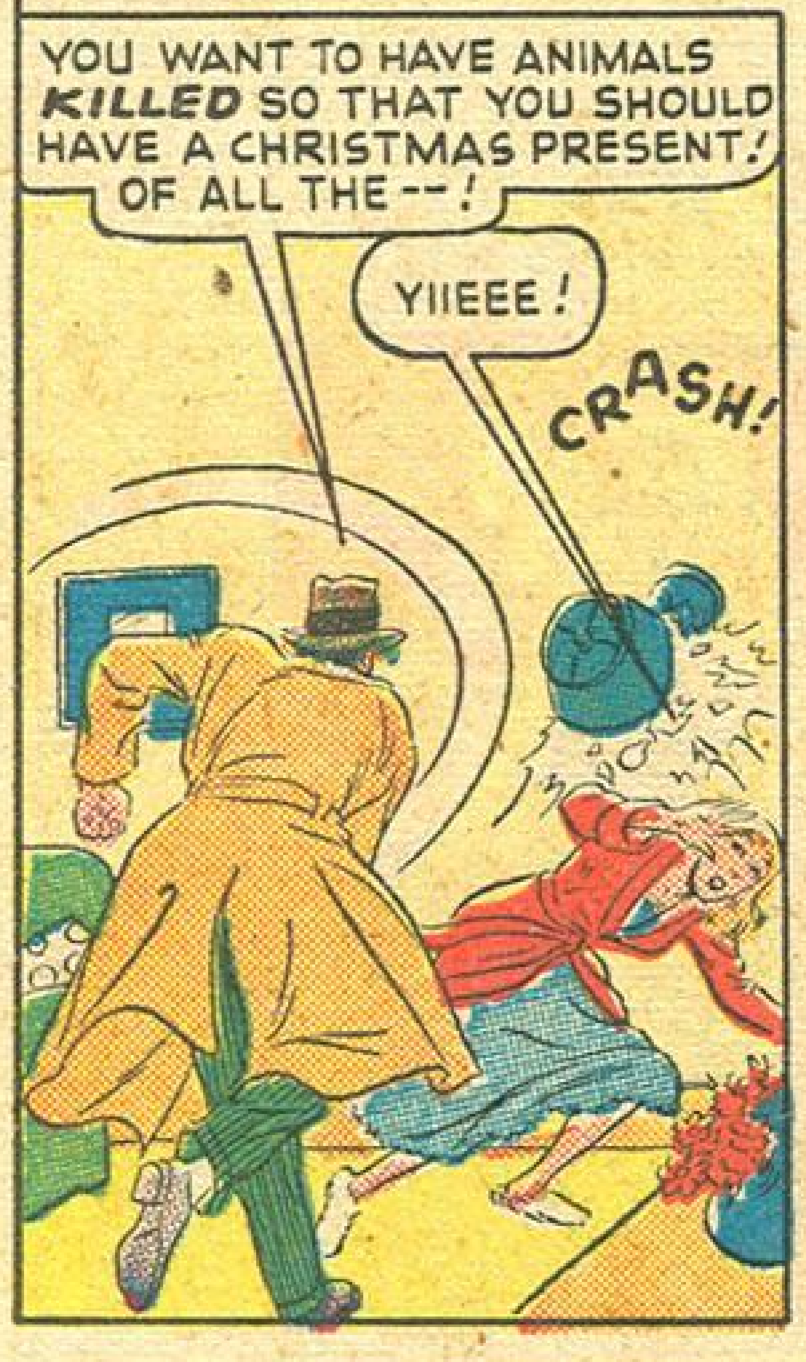

DON'T INTERRUPT ME! AS I SAID, HERE'S TO THAT GUNMAN! MAY HE KILL MORE LICE WHO AIN'T KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT GUY, FOLKS! THEY OFTEN GET MUSHY AFTER A COUPLE OF SNORTS, ESPECIALLY ABOUT DUMB ANIMALS!
THE DUMBEST OF THE ANIMALS IS DINTON! HE CARRIES HIS LOVE FOR ANIMALS TOO FAR! TONIGHT'S NUTTINESS CAN STICK ALL OF US IN THE HOT SEAT!
THE NEXT MORNING...
WAKE UP, DINTON! IT'S CHRISTMAS MORNING! GET A LOAD OF THAT SNOW THAT CAME DOWN DURING THE NIGHT!
...DID YOU WAKE ME UP JUST TO TELL ME **THAT?**
YOU'RE A DOPE, SAM! YOU OUGHTA KNOW THE ONLY WEATHER DINTON'S INTERESTED IN IS WHEN IT'S RAININ' **CATS AN' DOGS!** ...THERE'S **GOT** TO BE AN ANIMAL IN IT SOMEWHERE!
AHHHH! GIVE ME PIE AN' MILK FOR BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING -- YOU SHMOOS CAN CORRODE THE INSIDE OF YOUR GIZZARDS WITH RYE!
KI-KI! YOU DOPEY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING PIG! YOU'RE DRINKIN' UP THE MILK I SAVED FOR THE NEIGHBORHOOD **CATS!**
I OUGHTA CUT YOUR HEART OUT--EXCEPT A GUY LIKE YOU **AIN'T GOT** A HEART-- YOU'RE ALL **STOMACH!**
OWWWW!
SEE, WISE GUY? ME...I'M SMART! THE CATS AN' DOGS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD DON'T DRINK BOURBON!
I DON'T WANT TO MAKE YOU FEEL BAD, ANIMAL-LOVER! BUT THEM CATS DOUBLE-CROSS YOU EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK! YOU'RE A GRASS EATER-- YOU DON'T EAT MEAT-- YOU'RE A STRICT VEGETARIAN-- BUT THEM CATS EAT ALL THE **MICE** THEY CAN SINK THEIR TEETH INTO! AIN'T **MICE** ANIMALS TOO?
IT AIN'T THEIR FAULT! CATS GOTTA EAT SOMETHIN' TO STAY ALIVE! IF MORE PEOPLE GAVE CATS MILK, THEY'D BE VEGETARIANS TOO!
HMMM... SANTA CLAUS SURE GAVE **ME** THE GO-BY... MAYBE IT'S THE HOLE IN THE TOE! MAYBE SANTA FIGURED THAT WHATEVER HE'D PUT IN WOULD FALL OUT!
GIMME THAT BREAD! YOU KNOW I NEED IT FOR THE BIRDS! GO ANSWER THE PHONE!
BALONEY! THE SMELL SCARED HIM AWAY!
BRINNNGGG
IT'S FOR OUR BIRD LOVER... IT'S YOUR GIRL FRIEND, TILLY! TILLY WANTS TO KNOW WHAT YOU BOUGHT HER FOR CHRISTMAS! I TOLD HER A DOG COLLAR!
YOU GET SMARTER EVERYDAY, SAM! ONE OF THESE DAYS, YOU'RE GONNA GET TOO SMART TO **LIVE!**
I'M ANGRY AT YOU, DINTON! YOU BROKE OUR DATE LAST NIGHT TO GO TRAIPSING OFF SOMEWHERE! NOW I WAKE ON CHRISTMAS MORNING AND NO CHRISTMAS PRESENT!
THAT'S BECAUSE I GOTTA DELIVER MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT IN **PERSON!** YOU STAY PUT, TILLY, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
BUT WHERE'RE YOU GONNA FIND A STORE OPEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY?
LEAVE IT TO ME! I KNOW HOW TO OPEN THEM! NOW REMEMBER, BEN, I'M TRUSTIN' YOU! FEED THEM BIRDIES! SNOW'S MURDER FOR BIRDS UNLESS THEY FIND CRUMBS!
WHAT A CUCKOO! HOW'D I GET MIXED UP WITH THIS GUY?

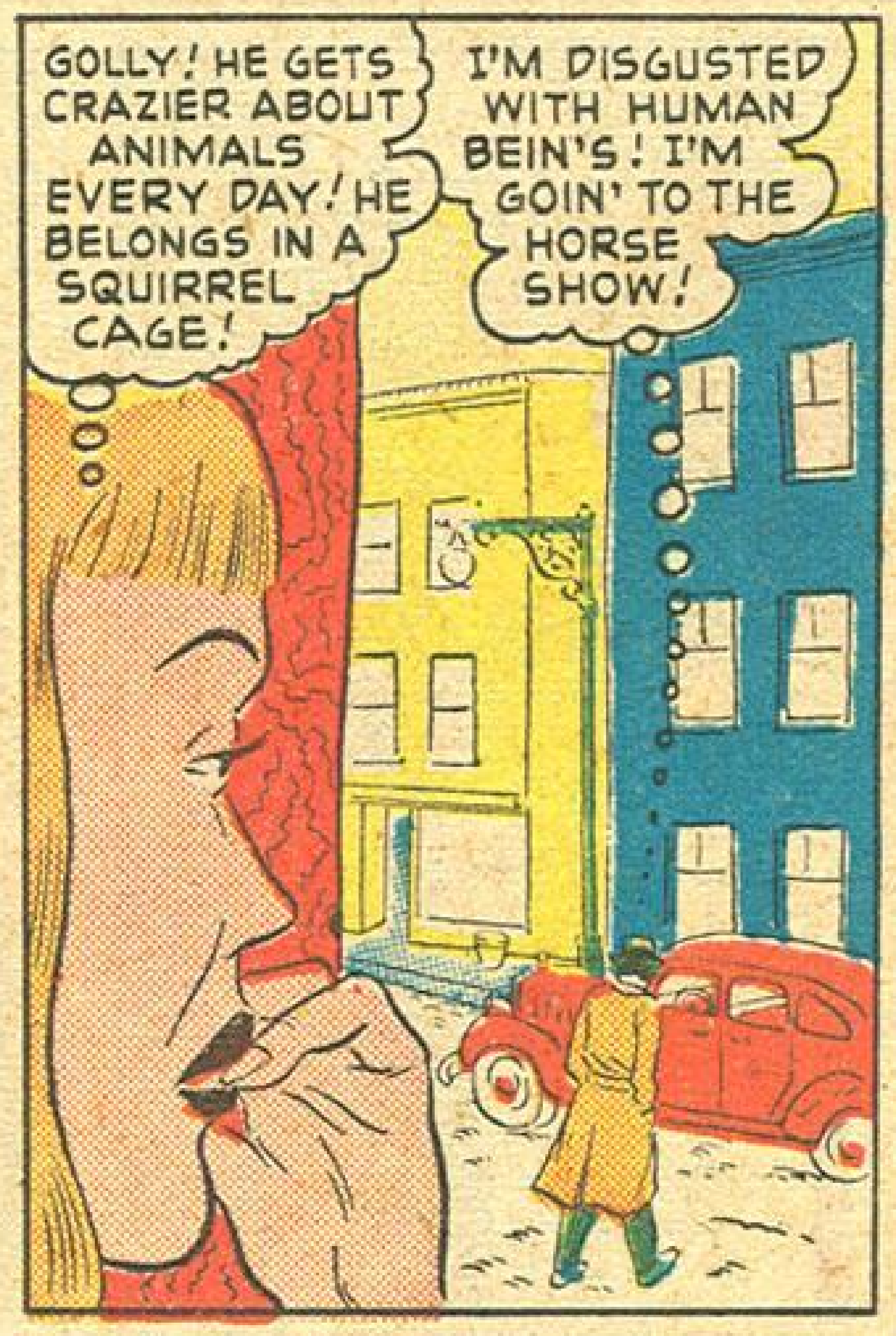

SHORTLY...
THIS IS IT! MOST OF THE PET SHOP OWNERS LIVE IN BACK OF THEIR STORES--I'LL GO UP TO THE ROOF AND COME DOWN ON THE FIRE ESCAPE!
PET SHOP
HEY, THERE, YOU OLD BUM! OPEN UP! I WANT TO BUY SOME PETS...
THIS IS CHRISTMAS DAY! THE STORE IS CLOSED! GO AWAY OR ILL CALL A COP!
IF THERE'S ONE THING THAT'LL MAKE ME CROAK A GUY, IT'S TO HEAR HIM SAY HE'LL CALL A COP! THIS GUY AIN'T GOT NO BUSINESS RUNNIN' A PET SHOP! HE'S A DOPE--I'LL BET HE STARVES HIS ANIMALS TO SAVE A COUPLA CENTS!
GOOD GOSH--HE'S BREAKING IN! (GROAN!) AND THE TENANTS UPSTAIRS WENT AWAY FOR CHRISTMAS! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
CRASH!
HMMM...I'D BETTER NOT BLAST HIM WITH THE GUN--BIRDS GOT VERY SENSITIVE AUDITORY SYSTEMS! EXPLOSIONS CAN DRIVE BIRDS CRAZY, POOR THINGS! I'D BETTER CHOKE THE OLD BUM!
OPERATOR! WHERE'S THE OPERATOR? (GASP!) I NEED THE POLICE! HE'S GOING TO KILL ME... (GASP!) OPERATOR!
NO! NO! DON'T YOU...UURGHHH...
ONLY A RIGHT GUY DESERVES TO BE WITH ANIMALS! A WRONGO LIKE YOU, POP, GOT NO BUSINESS BEIN' AROUND HERE!
♫ NUMBER PLEASE! ♫
I MIGHT'VE KNOWN IT! HE WAS STARVIN' HIS PETS! LOOK AT THEM CANARIES GO FOR THE SEEDS! THEY AIN'T EATEN IN A WEEK! YOU OLD BUM, IF YOU DON'T FEED THOSE BIRDS GOOD, I'M GONNA BE SORRY I LEGGO YER NECK WHILE YA WUZ STILL BREATHIN'!
AN HOUR LATER...
ON YOUR FEET, CHUMPS! I DROPPED IN BEFORE I WENT TO TILLY'S! SANTY CLAUS BRUNG YOU PRESENTS--EACH ONE HAND-PICKED!
FOR PETE'S SAKE, WHAT SMELLS SO BAD?!
SHUT UP! YOU'RE INSULTIN' AN ANIMAL... YOUR PRESENT IS A SKUNK, BECAUSE A SKUNK'S WHAT YOU REMIND ME OF!
OOWWWW!
I...I GET A PIG!
N' ME A... A... MONKEY?!
YOU DON'T DESERVE 'EM--BOTH OF YOU ARE A DISGRACE TO THE ANIMALS YOU RESEMBLE! SO LONG, BOYS, PLAY WITH YOUR PETS AND DON'T GO OUT IN THE COLD--ANIMALS CATCH COLD EASY! MERRY CHRISTMAS CHUMPS! HEH! HEH!

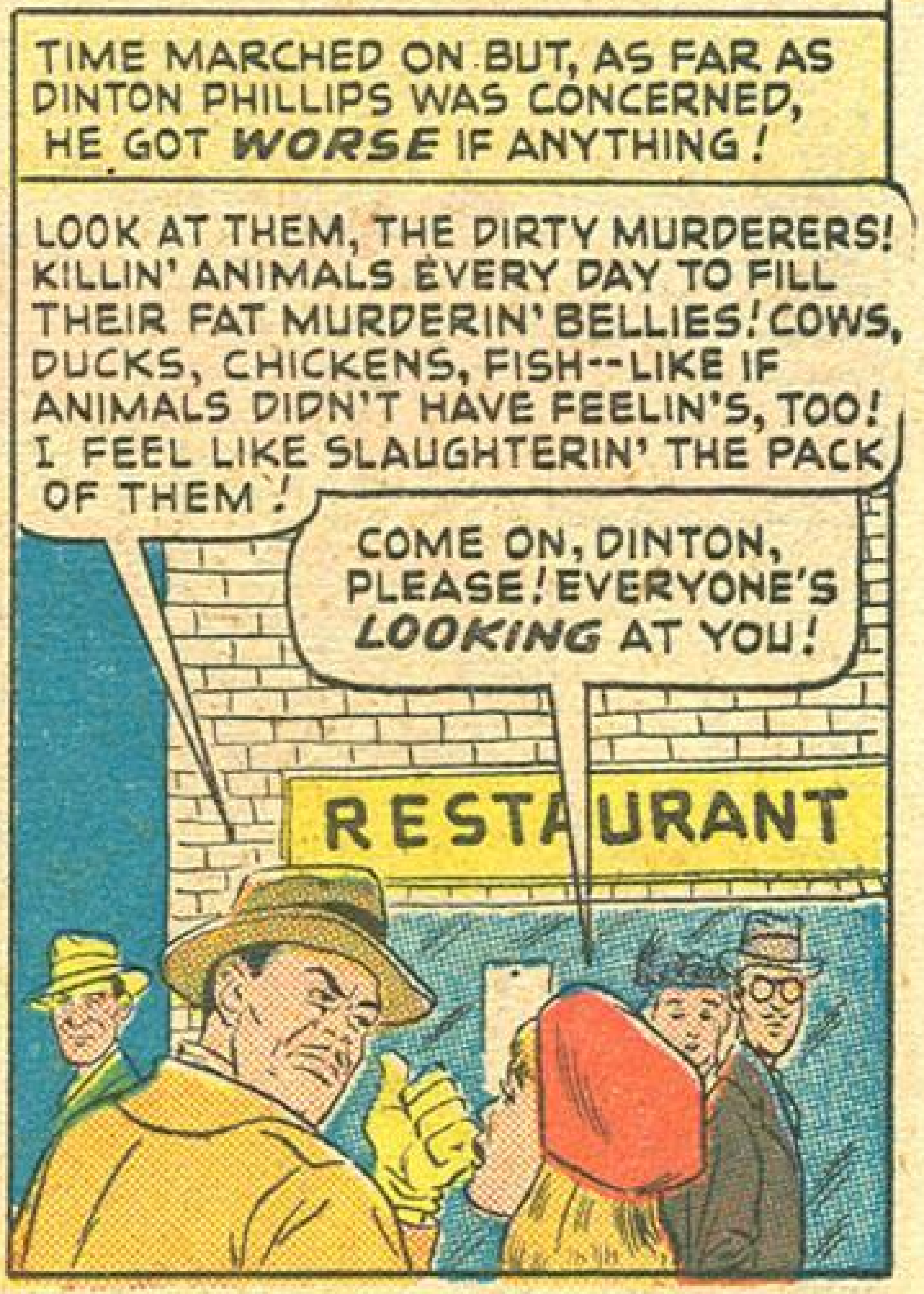

LATER, AT TILLY POWER'S APARTMENT...
FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, DINTON, WHAT ARE YOU TRUCKING INTO MY HOUSE?
YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT, BABY-- TWO SINGIN' CANARIES!

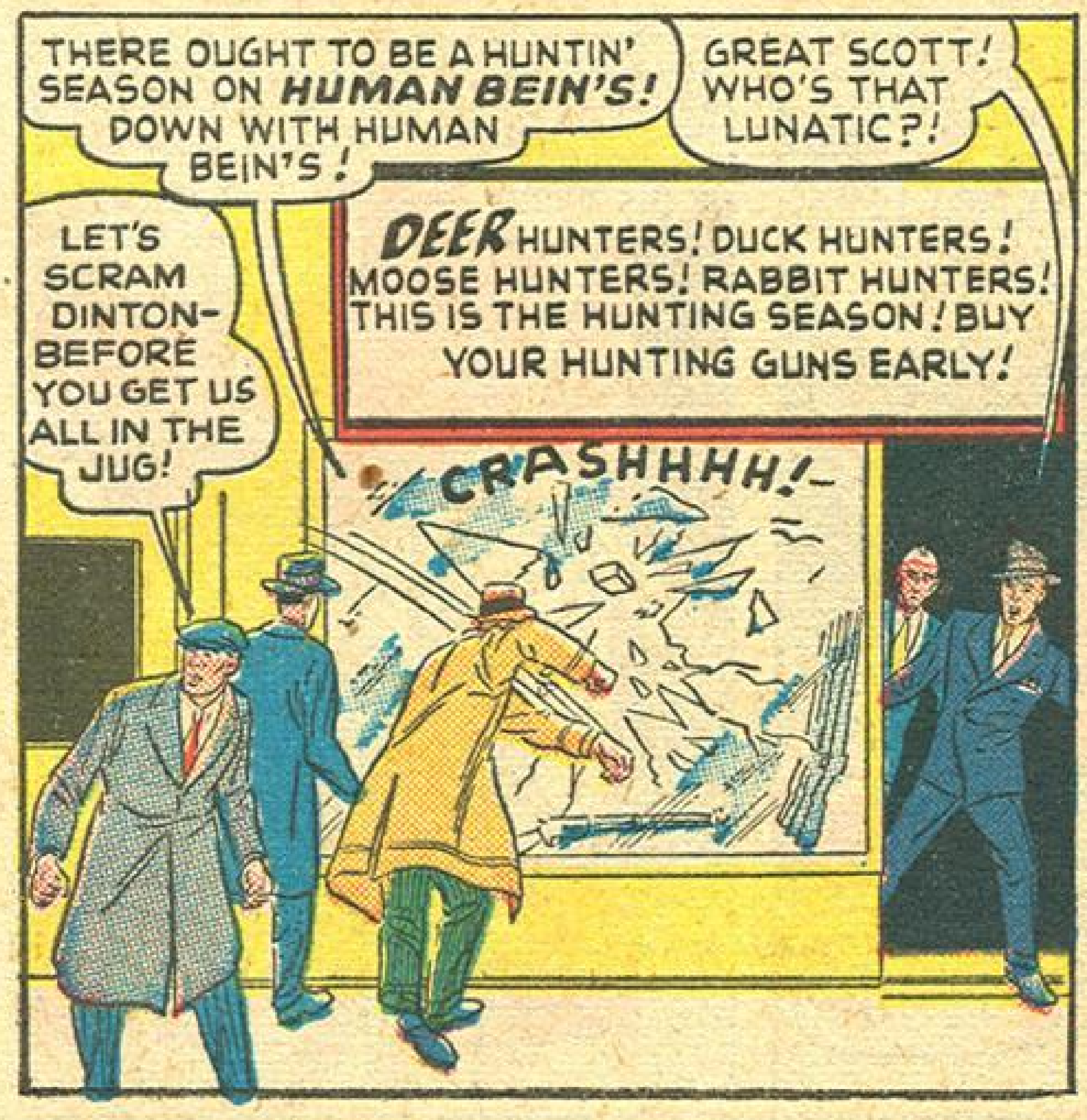

YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT'S ALL I'M GETTIN' FOR CHRISTMAS? TWO DUMB SINGIN' CANARIES?
YOU SING AT A NIGHT CLUB-- THESE LITTLE CUTIE PIES SING ANY PLACE! YOU'RE BOTH CANARIES! SO WHAT COULD BE NICER THAN TO GIVE A HUMAN CANARY SOME BIRD CANARIES? GET THE POINT, BABY?

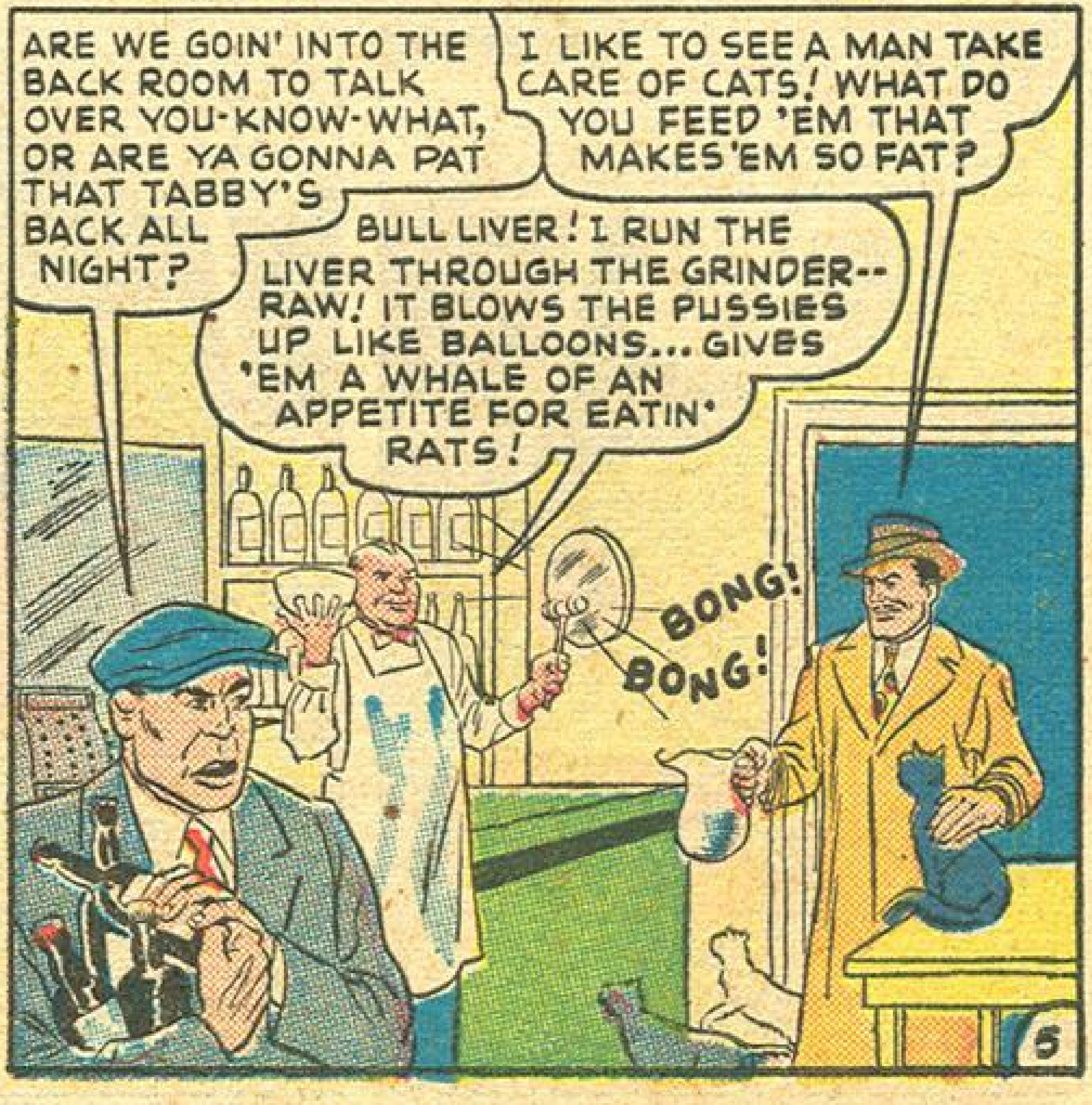

THE LEAST YOU COULD HAVE BROUGHT ME FOR CHRISTMAS WAS AN ERMINE JACKET OR A MINK COAT! BUT YOU, YOU PIKER, YOU WOULDN'T EVEN BRING ME A MONKEY WRAP!
JUST A MINUTE! CANARIES AIN'T DUMB! ANIMALS OR BIRDS ARE A DARN SIGHT LESS DUMB THAN HUMAN BEIN'S!

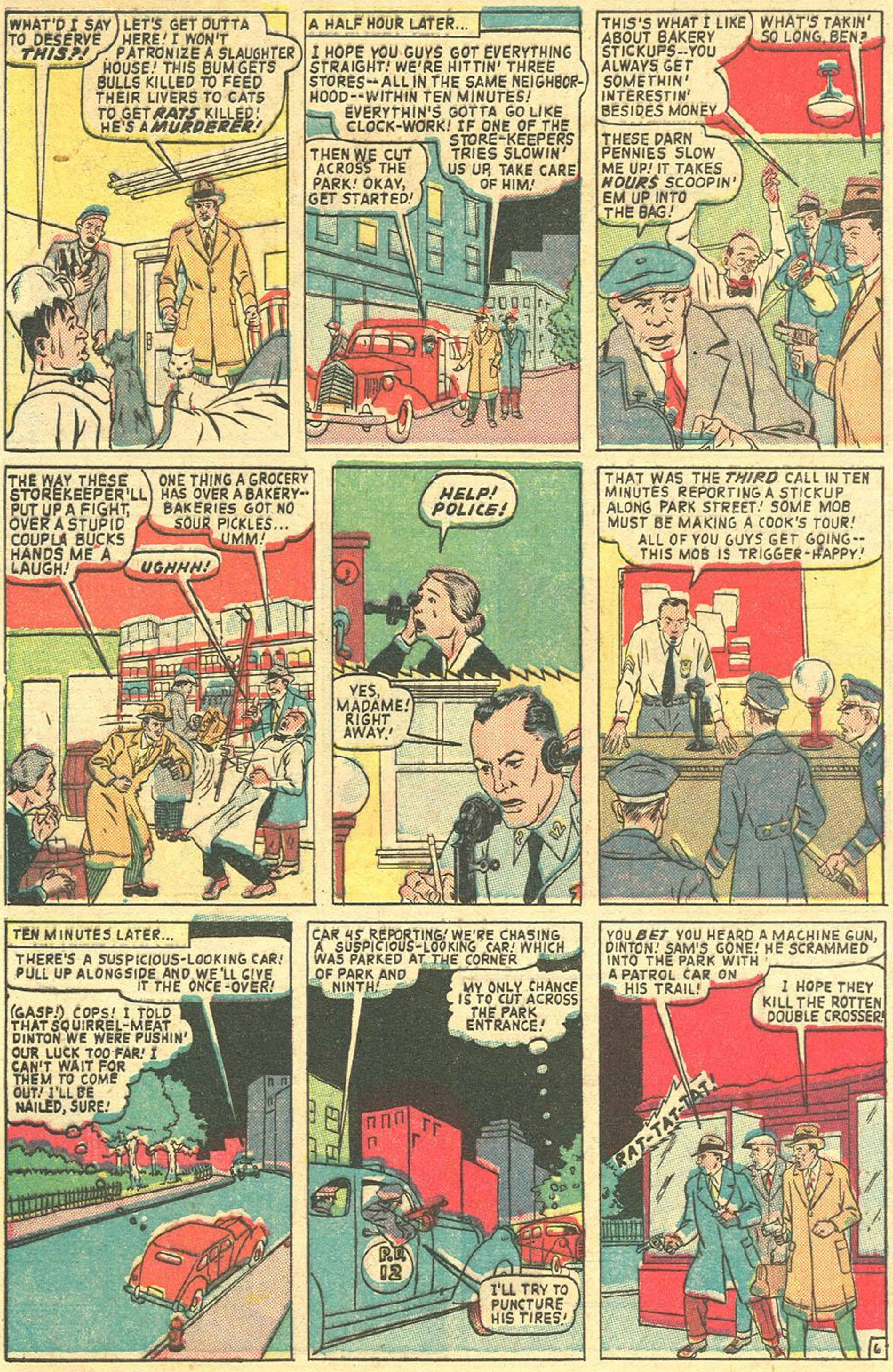

YOU WANT TO HAVE ANIMALS KILLED SO THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT! OF ALL THE --!
YIIEEE!
CRASH!

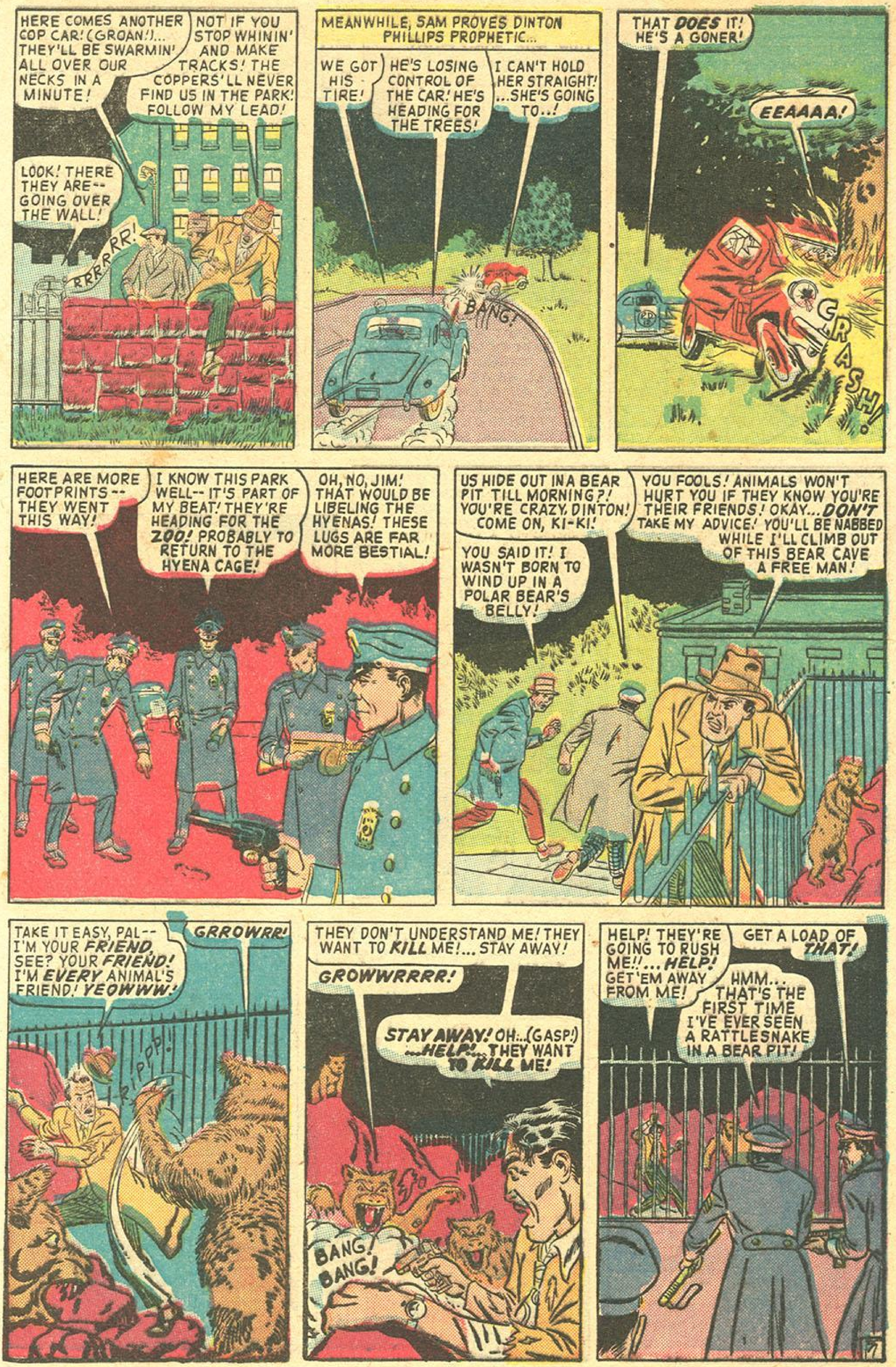

I'M DISGUSTED WITH HUMAN BEIN'S! I'M GOIN' TO THE HORSE SHOW!
GOLLY! HE GETS CRAZIER ABOUT ANIMALS EVERY DAY! HE BELONGS IN A SQUIRREL CAGE!

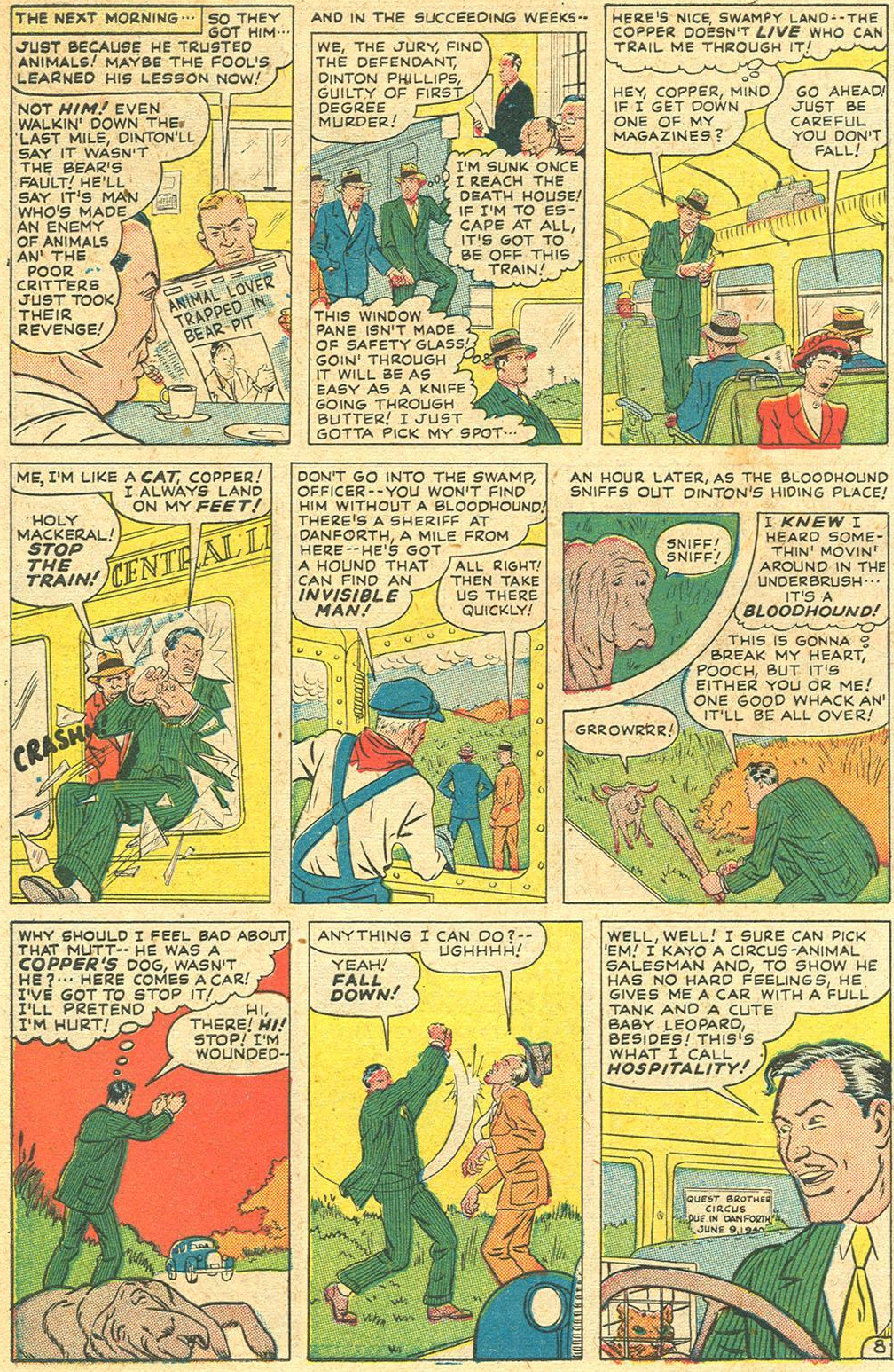

TIME MARCHED ON BUT, AS FAR AS DINTON PHILLIPS WAS CONCERNED, HE GOT WORSE IF ANYTHING!
LOOK AT THEM, THE DIRTY MURDERERS! KILLIN' ANIMALS EVERY DAY TO FILL THEIR FAT MURDERIN' BELLIES! COWS, DUCKS, CHICKENS, FISH--LIKE IF ANIMALS DIDN'T HAVE FEELIN'S, TOO! I FEEL LIKE SLAUGHTERIN' THE PACK OF THEM!
COME ON, DINTON, PLEASE! EVERYONE'S LOOKING AT YOU!
RESTAURANT

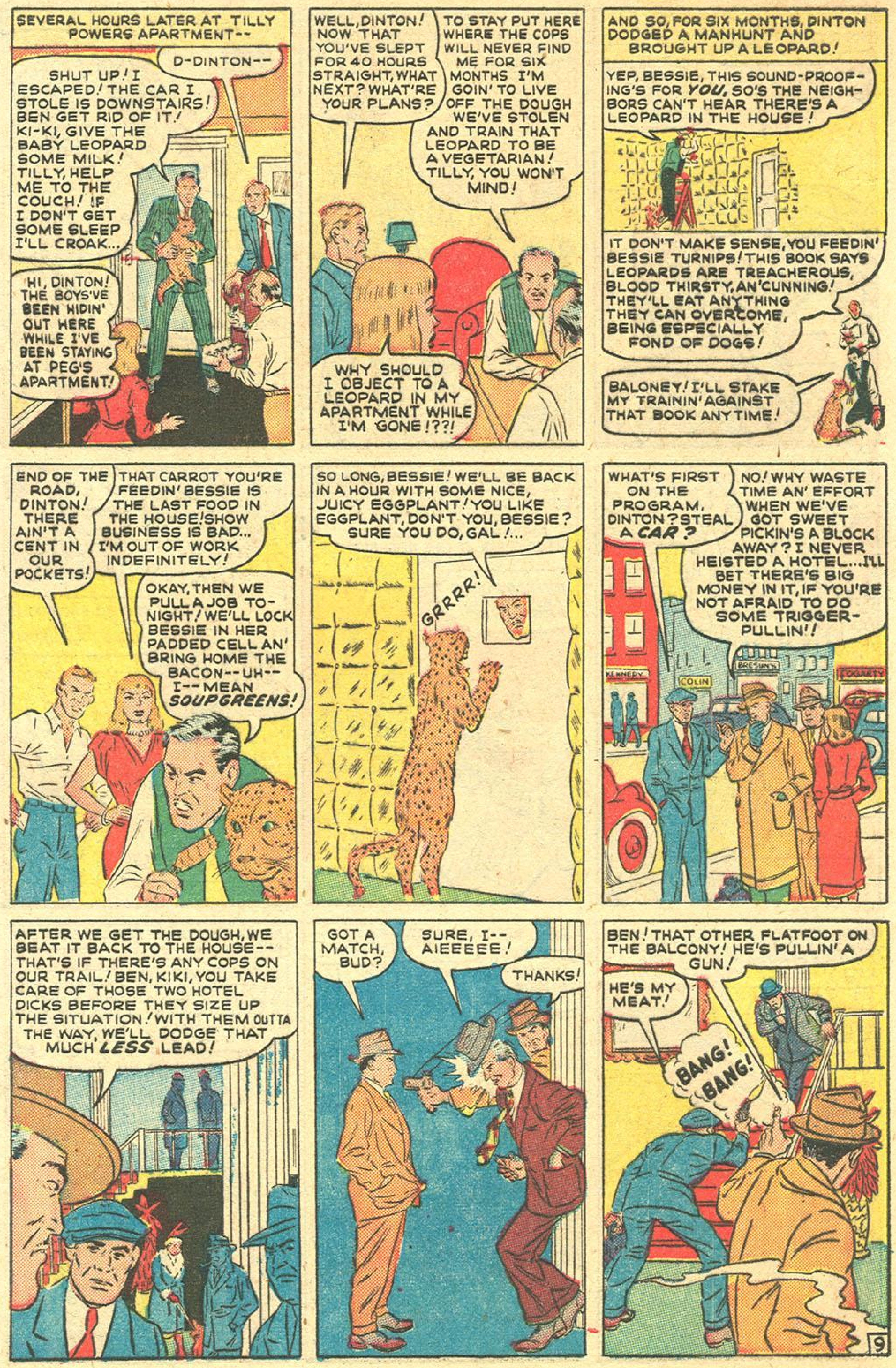

THERE OUGHT TO BE A HUNTIN' SEASON ON HUMAN BEIN'S! DOWN WITH HUMAN BEIN'S!
GREAT SCOTT! WHO'S THAT LUNATIC?!
LET'S SCRAM DINTON-BEFORE YOU GET US ALL IN THE JUG!
DEER HUNTERS! DUCK HUNTERS! MOOSE HUNTERS! RABBIT HUNTERS! THIS IS THE HUNTING SEASON! BUY YOUR HUNTING GUNS EARLY!
CRASHHHH!

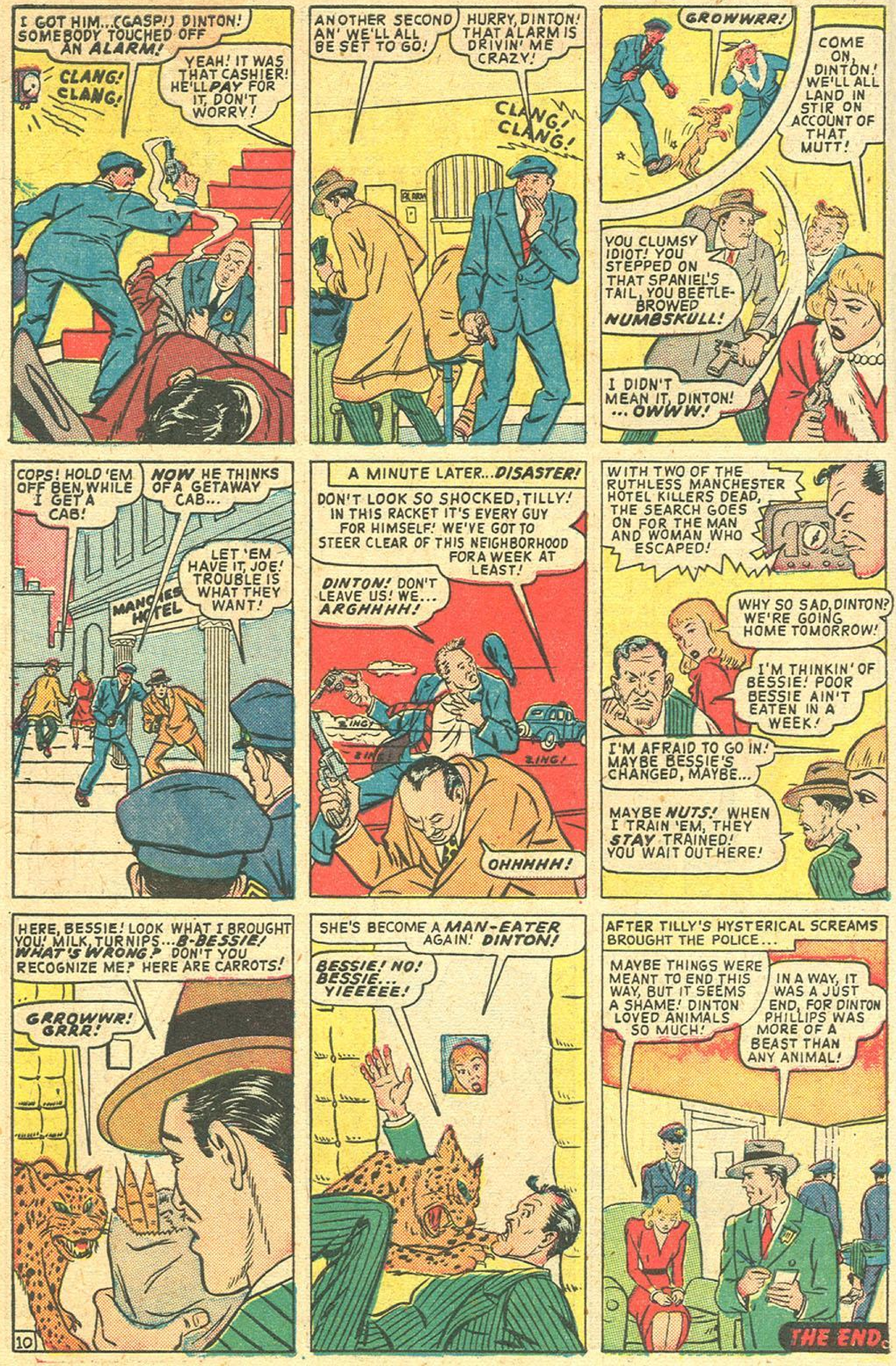

ARE WE GOIN' INTO THE BACK ROOM TO TALK OVER YOU-KNOW-WHAT, OR ARE YA GONNA PAT THAT TABBY'S BACK ALL NIGHT?
I LIKE TO SEE A MAN TAKE CARE OF CATS! WHAT DO YOU FEED 'EM THAT MAKES 'EM SO FAT?
BULL LIVER! I RUN THE LIVER THROUGH THE GRINDER--RAW! IT BLOWS THE PUSSIES UP LIKE BALLOONS... GIVES 'EM A WHALE OF AN APPETITE FOR EATIN' RATS!
BONG! BONG!


WHAT'D I SAY TO DESERVE *THIS?!*
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE! I WON'T PATRONIZE A SLAUGHTER HOUSE! THIS BUM GETS BULLS KILLED TO FEED THEIR LIVERS TO CATS TO GET *RATS* KILLED! HE'S A *MURDERER!*
A HALF HOUR LATER...
I HOPE YOU GUYS GOT EVERYTHING STRAIGHT! WE'RE HITTIN' THREE STORES--ALL IN THE SAME NEIGHBORHOOD--WITHIN TEN MINUTES! EVERYTHIN'S GOTTA GO LIKE CLOCK-WORK! IF ONE OF THE STORE-KEEPERS TRIES SLOWIN' US UP, TAKE CARE OF HIM!
THEN WE CUT ACROSS THE PARK! OKAY, GET STARTED!
THIS'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT BAKERY STICKUPS--YOU ALWAYS GET SOMETHIN' INTERESTIN' BESIDES MONEY
WHAT'S TAKIN' SO LONG, BEN?
THESE DARN PENNIES SLOW ME UP! IT TAKES *HOURS* SCOOPIN' EM UP INTO THE BAG!
THE WAY THESE STOREKEEPER'LL PUT UP A FIGHT, OVER A STUPID COUPLA BUCKS HANDS ME A LAUGH!
ONE THING A GROCERY HAS OVER A BAKERY--BAKERIES GOT NO SOUR PICKLES... UMM!
UGHHH!
HELP! POLICE!
YES, MADAME! RIGHT AWAY!
P.D. 12
THAT WAS THE *THIRD* CALL IN TEN MINUTES REPORTING A STICKUP ALONG PARK STREET! SOME MOB MUST BE MAKING A COOK'S TOUR! ALL OF YOU GUYS GET GOING--THIS MOB IS TRIGGER-HAPPY!
TEN MINUTES LATER...
THERE'S A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CAR! PULL UP ALONGSIDE AND WE'LL GIVE IT THE ONCE-OVER!
(GASP!) COPS! I TOLD THAT SQUIRREL-MEAT DINTON WE WERE PUSHIN' OUR LUCK TOO FAR! I CAN'T WAIT FOR THEM TO COME OUT! I'LL BE NAILED, SURE!
CAR 45 REPORTING! WE'RE CHASING A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CAR! WHICH WAS PARKED AT THE CORNER OF PARK AND NINTH!
MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO CUT ACROSS THE PARK ENTRANCE!
P.D. 12
I'LL TRY TO PUNCTURE HIS TIRES!
YOU *BET* YOU HEARD A MACHINE GUN, DINTON! SAM'S GONE! HE SCRAMMED INTO THE PARK WITH A PATROL CAR ON HIS TRAIL!
I HOPE THEY KILL THE ROTTEN DOUBLE CROSSER!
RAT-TAT-TAT!


HERE COMES ANOTHER COP CAR! (GROAN!)... THEY'LL BE SWARMIN' ALL OVER OUR NECKS IN A MINUTE!
NOT IF YOU STOP WHININ' AND MAKE TRACKS! THE COPPERS'LL NEVER FIND US IN THE PARK! FOLLOW MY LEAD!
LOOK! THERE THEY ARE-- GOING OVER THE WALL!
RRRRRRRR!
MEANWHILE, SAM PROVES DINTON PHILLIPS PROPHETIC...
WE GOT HIS TIRE!
HE'S LOSING CONTROL OF THE CAR! HE'S HEADING FOR THE TREES!
I CAN'T HOLD HER STRAIGHT! ...SHE'S GOING TO..!
BANG!
THAT *DOES* IT! HE'S A GONER!
EEAAAAA!
CRASH!
HERE ARE MORE FOOTPRINTS -- THEY WENT THIS WAY!
I KNOW THIS PARK WELL-- IT'S PART OF MY BEAT! THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE *ZOO!* PROBABLY TO RETURN TO THE HYENA CAGE!
OH, NO, JIM! THAT WOULD BE LIBELING THE HYENAS! THESE LUGS ARE FAR MORE BESTIAL!
US HIDE OUT IN A BEAR PIT TILL MORNING?! YOU'RE CRAZY, DINTON! COME ON, KI-KI!
YOU SAID IT! I WASN'T BORN TO WIND UP IN A POLAR BEAR'S BELLY!
YOU FOOLS! ANIMALS WON'T HURT YOU IF THEY KNOW YOU'RE THEIR *FRIENDS!* OKAY... *DON'T* TAKE MY ADVICE! YOU'LL BE NABBED WHILE I'LL CLIMB OUT OF THIS BEAR CAVE A FREE MAN!
TAKE IT EASY, PAL-- I'M YOUR *FRIEND*, SEE? YOUR *FRIEND!* I'M *EVERY* ANIMAL'S FRIEND! *YEOWWW!*
GRROWRR!
RIPPP!
THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND ME! THEY WANT TO *KILL* ME!... STAY AWAY!
GROWWRRRR!
STAY AWAY! OH...(GASP!) ...HELP!... THEY WANT TO KILL ME!
BANG! BANG!
HELP! THEY'RE GOING TO RUSH ME!!... *HELP!* GET 'EM AWAY FROM ME!
GET A LOAD OF *THAT!*
HMM... THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN A RATTLESNAKE IN A BEAR PIT!


THE NEXT MORNING...
SO THEY GOT HIM... JUST BECAUSE HE TRUSTED ANIMALS! MAYBE THE FOOL'S LEARNED HIS LESSON NOW!
NOT HIM! EVEN WALKIN' DOWN THE 'LAST MILE, DINTON'LL SAY IT WASN'T THE BEAR'S FAULT! HE'LL SAY IT'S MAN WHO'S MADE AN ENEMY OF ANIMALS AN' THE POOR CRITTERS JUST TOOK THEIR REVENGE!
ANIMAL LOVER TRAPPED IN BEAR PIT
AND IN THE SUCCEEDING WEEKS--
WE, THE JURY, FIND THE DEFENDANT, DINTON PHILLIPS, GUILTY OF FIRST DEGREE MURDER!
I'M SUNK ONCE I REACH THE DEATH HOUSE! IF I'M TO ESCAPE AT ALL, IT'S GOT TO BE OFF THIS TRAIN!
THIS WINDOW PANE ISN'T MADE OF SAFETY GLASS! GOIN' THROUGH IT WILL BE AS EASY AS A KNIFE GOING THROUGH BUTTER! I JUST GOTTA PICK MY SPOT...
HERE'S NICE, SWAMPY LAND--THE COPPER DOESN'T LIVE WHO CAN TRAIL ME THROUGH IT!
HEY, COPPER, MIND IF I GET DOWN ONE OF MY MAGAZINES?
GO AHEAD! JUST BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T FALL!
ME, I'M LIKE A CAT, COPPER! I ALWAYS LAND ON MY FEET!
HOLY MACKERAL! STOP THE TRAIN!
CENTRAL LI
CRASH!
DON'T GO INTO THE SWAMP, OFFICER--YOU WON'T FIND HIM WITHOUT A BLOODHOUND! THERE'S A SHERIFF AT DANFORTH, A MILE FROM HERE--HE'S GOT A HOUND THAT CAN FIND AN INVISIBLE MAN!
ALL RIGHT! THEN TAKE US THERE QUICKLY!
AN HOUR LATER, AS THE BLOODHOUND SNIFFS OUT DINTON'S HIDING PLACE!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
I KNEW I HEARD SOMETHIN' MOVIN' AROUND IN THE UNDERBRUSH... IT'S A BLOODHOUND!
THIS IS GONNA BREAK MY HEART, POOCH, BUT IT'S EITHER YOU OR ME! ONE GOOD WHACK AN' IT'LL BE ALL OVER!
GRROWRRR!
WHY SHOULD I FEEL BAD ABOUT THAT MUTT--HE WAS A COPPER'S DOG, WASN'T HE?... HERE COMES A CAR! I'VE GOT TO STOP IT! I'LL PRETEND I'M HURT!
HI, THERE! HI! STOP! I'M WOUNDED--
ANYTHING I CAN DO?--UGHHHH!
YEAH! FALL DOWN!
WELL, WELL! I SURE CAN PICK 'EM! I KAYO A CIRCUS-ANIMAL SALESMAN AND, TO SHOW HE HAS NO HARD FEELINGS, HE GIVES ME A CAR WITH A FULL TANK AND A CUTE BABY LEOPARD, BESIDES! THIS'S WHAT I CALL HOSPITALITY!
QUEST BROTHER CIRCUS DUE IN DANFORTH JUNE 9, 1940


SEVERAL HOURS LATER AT TILLY POWERS APARTMENT--
D-DINTON--
SHUT UP! I ESCAPED! THE CAR I STOLE IS DOWNSTAIRS! BEN GET RID OF IT! KI-KI, GIVE THE BABY LEOPARD SOME MILK! TILLY, HELP ME TO THE COUCH! IF I DON'T GET SOME SLEEP I'LL CROAK...
HI, DINTON! THE BOYS'VE BEEN HIDIN' OUT HERE WHILE I'VE BEEN STAYING AT PEG'S APARTMENT!
WELL, DINTON! NOW THAT YOU'VE SLEPT FOR 40 HOURS STRAIGHT, WHAT NEXT? WHAT'RE YOUR PLANS?
TO STAY PUT HERE WHERE THE COPS WILL NEVER FIND ME FOR SIX MONTHS I'M GOIN' TO LIVE OFF THE DOUGH WE'VE STOLEN AND TRAIN THAT LEOPARD TO BE A VEGETARIAN! TILLY, YOU WON'T MIND!
WHY SHOULD I OBJECT TO A LEOPARD IN MY APARTMENT WHILE I'M GONE!??!
AND SO, FOR SIX MONTHS, DINTON DODGED A MANHUNT AND BROUGHT UP A LEOPARD!
YEP, BESSIE, THIS SOUND-PROOFING'S FOR *YOU*, SO'S THE NEIGHBORS CAN'T HEAR THERE'S A LEOPARD IN THE HOUSE!
IT DON'T MAKE SENSE, YOU FEEDIN' BESSIE TURNIPS! THIS BOOK SAYS LEOPARDS ARE TREACHEROUS, BLOOD THIRSTY, AN' CUNNING! THEY'LL EAT ANYTHING THEY CAN OVERCOME, BEING ESPECIALLY FOND OF DOGS!
BALONEY! I'LL STAKE MY TRAININ' AGAINST THAT BOOK ANYTIME!
END OF THE ROAD, DINTON! THERE AIN'T A CENT IN OUR POCKETS!
THAT CARROT YOU'RE FEEDIN' BESSIE IS THE LAST FOOD IN THE HOUSE! SHOW BUSINESS IS BAD... I'M OUT OF WORK INDEFINITELY!
OKAY, THEN WE PULL A JOB TONIGHT! WE'LL LOCK BESSIE IN HER PADDED CELL AN' BRING HOME THE BACON--UH--I--MEAN *SOUPGREENS!*
SO LONG, BESSIE! WE'LL BE BACK IN A HOUR WITH SOME NICE, JUICY EGGPLANT! YOU LIKE EGGPLANT, DON'T YOU, BESSIE? SURE YOU DO, GAL!...
GRRRR!
WHAT'S FIRST ON THE PROGRAM, DINTON? STEAL A *CAR?*
NO! WHY WASTE TIME AN' EFFORT WHEN WE'VE GOT SWEET PICKIN'S A BLOCK AWAY? I NEVER HEISTED A HOTEL...I'LL BET THERE'S BIG MONEY IN IT, IF YOU'RE NOT AFRAID TO DO SOME TRIGGER-PULLIN'!
KENNEDY
COLIN
BRESLIN'S
FOGARTY
AFTER WE GET THE DOUGH, WE BEAT IT BACK TO THE HOUSE--THAT'S IF THERE'S ANY COPS ON OUR TRAIL! BEN, KIKI, YOU TAKE CARE OF THOSE TWO HOTEL DICKS BEFORE THEY SIZE UP THE SITUATION! WITH THEM OUTTA THE WAY, WE'LL DODGE THAT MUCH *LESS* LEAD!
GOT A MATCH, BUD?
SURE, I--AIEEEEE!
THANKS!
BEN! THAT OTHER FLATFOOT ON THE BALCONY! HE'S PULLIN' A GUN!
HE'S MY MEAT!
BANG! BANG!


I GOT HIM...(GASP!) DINTON! SOMEBODY TOUCHED OFF AN *ALARM!*
CLANG! CLANG!
YEAH! IT WAS THAT CASHIER! HE'LL *PAY* FOR IT, DON'T WORRY!
ANOTHER SECOND AN' WE'LL ALL BE SET TO GO!
HURRY, DINTON! THAT ALARM IS DRIVIN' ME CRAZY!
CLANG! CLANG!
GROWWRR!
COME ON, DINTON! WE'LL ALL LAND IN STIR ON ACCOUNT OF THAT MUTT!
YOU CLUMSY IDIOT! YOU STEPPED ON THAT SPANIEL'S TAIL, YOU BEETLE-BROWED *NUMBSKULL!*
I DIDN'T MEAN IT, DINTON! ...*OWWW!*
COPS! HOLD 'EM OFF BEN, WHILE I GET A CAB!
NOW HE THINKS OF A GETAWAY CAB...
MANCHES HOTEL
LET 'EM HAVE IT, JOE! TROUBLE IS WHAT THEY WANT!
A MINUTE LATER...*DISASTER!*
DON'T LOOK SO SHOCKED, TILLY! IN THIS RACKET IT'S EVERY GUY FOR HIMSELF! WE'VE GOT TO STEER CLEAR OF THIS NEIGHBORHOOD FOR A WEEK AT LEAST!
DINTON! DON'T LEAVE US! WE... *ARGHHHH!*
ZING!
ZING!
ZING!
OHHHHH!
WITH TWO OF THE RUTHLESS MANCHESTER HOTEL KILLERS DEAD, THE SEARCH GOES ON FOR THE MAN AND WOMAN WHO ESCAPED!
WHY SO SAD, DINTON? WE'RE GOING HOME TOMORROW!
I'M THINKIN' OF BESSIE! POOR BESSIE AIN'T EATEN IN A WEEK!
I'M AFRAID TO GO IN! MAYBE BESSIE'S CHANGED, MAYBE...
MAYBE *NUTS!* WHEN I TRAIN 'EM, THEY *STAY* TRAINED! YOU WAIT OUT HERE!
HERE, BESSIE! LOOK WHAT I BROUGHT YOU! MILK, TURNIPS... *B-BESSIE! WHAT'S WRONG?* DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME? HERE ARE CARROTS!
GRROWWR! GRRR!
SHE'S BECOME A *MAN-EATER* AGAIN! *DINTON!*
BESSIE! NO! BESSIE... YIEEEEE!
AFTER TILLY'S HYSTERICAL SCREAMS BROUGHT THE POLICE...
MAYBE THINGS WERE MEANT TO END THIS WAY, BUT IT SEEMS A SHAME! DINTON LOVED ANIMALS SO MUCH!
IN A WAY, IT WAS A JUST END, FOR DINTON PHILLIPS WAS MORE OF A BEAST THAN ANY ANIMAL!
THE END.

MARVEL COMIC GROUP

A letter to our readers and their PARENTS!

HI, FRIENDS:

It has been reliably reported that in England, back in the 18th Century, book stores were called "slop shops of literature," simply because they sold novels. And that was the century in which some of our greatest classics were written; the century of Dafoe, who wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, and Swift and his *Gulliver's Travels*. It was also the century of Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the brightest stars in the history of English literature. And it was Dr. Johnson who most vociferously defended the right of booksellers to sell the new, much abused novels and the right of authors to express themselves in this medium if they desired.

But what Dr. Johnson defended most enthusiastically was the right of the public to *read what they wanted to read*. And what we are defending is the right of youngsters to read whichever they like of the many, many good, clean comics currently being published.

Just as the critics of the 18th Century rapped the books which are now classics, in the same way there are critics of today, screaming and tearing out their hair, because a new kind of magazine, still in its infancy, is not to their liking. And as in the case of the novel, it is still too early for any man to pass judgment on the comics.

Let these critics of today look to their history. Let them decide if they want to be remembered as the 20th Century counterpart of the people who called Robinson Crusoe "slop".

And let the people of America decide if they want to be swayed by critics exercising premature judgment . . . or if they want to wait and watch, and soon realize that most comic magazines are really good, clean, healthful and entertaining reading matter.

THE EDITORS,
MARVEL COMIC GROUP

P. S.—Remember: Dr. Jean Thompson, School Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau, New York City Board of Education, is now our Editorial Consultant. Dr. Thompson's professional examination of our magazines, as advisor to our staff, (see Page 1) is your guarantee that the Marvel Comic Group magazines are striving to bring you the very best in reading matter . . . and it is also your best argument that no one should ever take away your right to read these magazines.

RED UNIT

ALL WESTERN WINNERS
BLAZE CARSON
BLONDE PHANTOM
CAPTAIN AMERICA
CINDY
COMEDY COMICS
GEORGIE AND JUDY
HEDY DeVINE
HUMAN TORCH
JEANIE
JOKER COMICS
KID COLT
LANA
MARGIE
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS
MILLIE THE MODEL
NELLIE THE NURSE
PATSY WALKER
SUB MARINER
TEEN COMICS
TESSIE THE TYPIST
TEX MORGAN
TEX TAYLOR
TWO GUN KID
WILD WESTERN
WILLIE

BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

ALL TRUE CRIME CASES
COMPLETE MYSTERY
CRIMEFIGHTERS ALWAYS WIN
FRANKIE AND LANA
GAY COMICS
IDEAL COMICS
JUNIOR MISS
JUSTICE COMICS
LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE
MITZI'S BOY FRIEND
MY ROMANCE
OSCAR

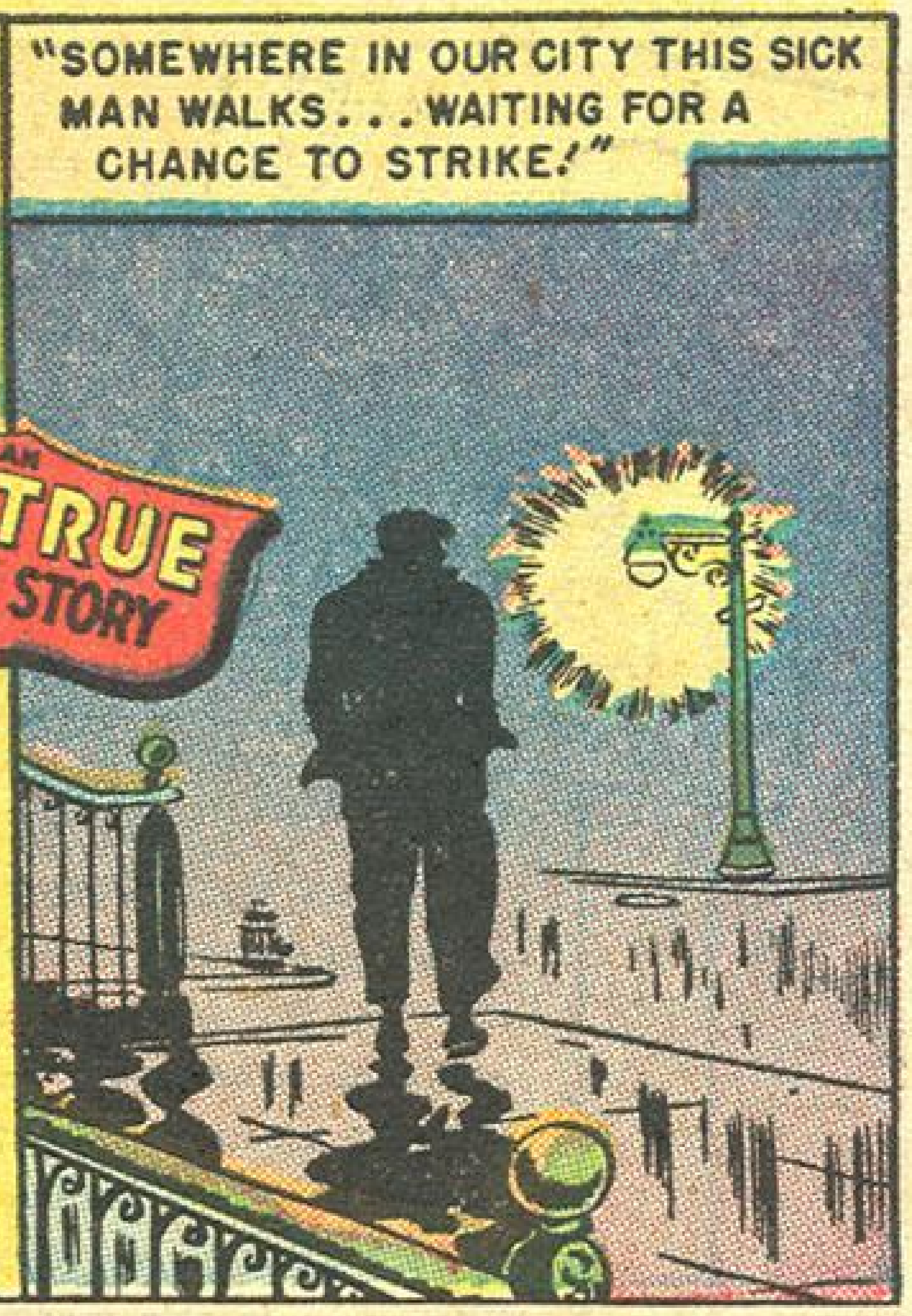
FRANK LEASON
THE MAN THEY CALLED: "MADMAN!"

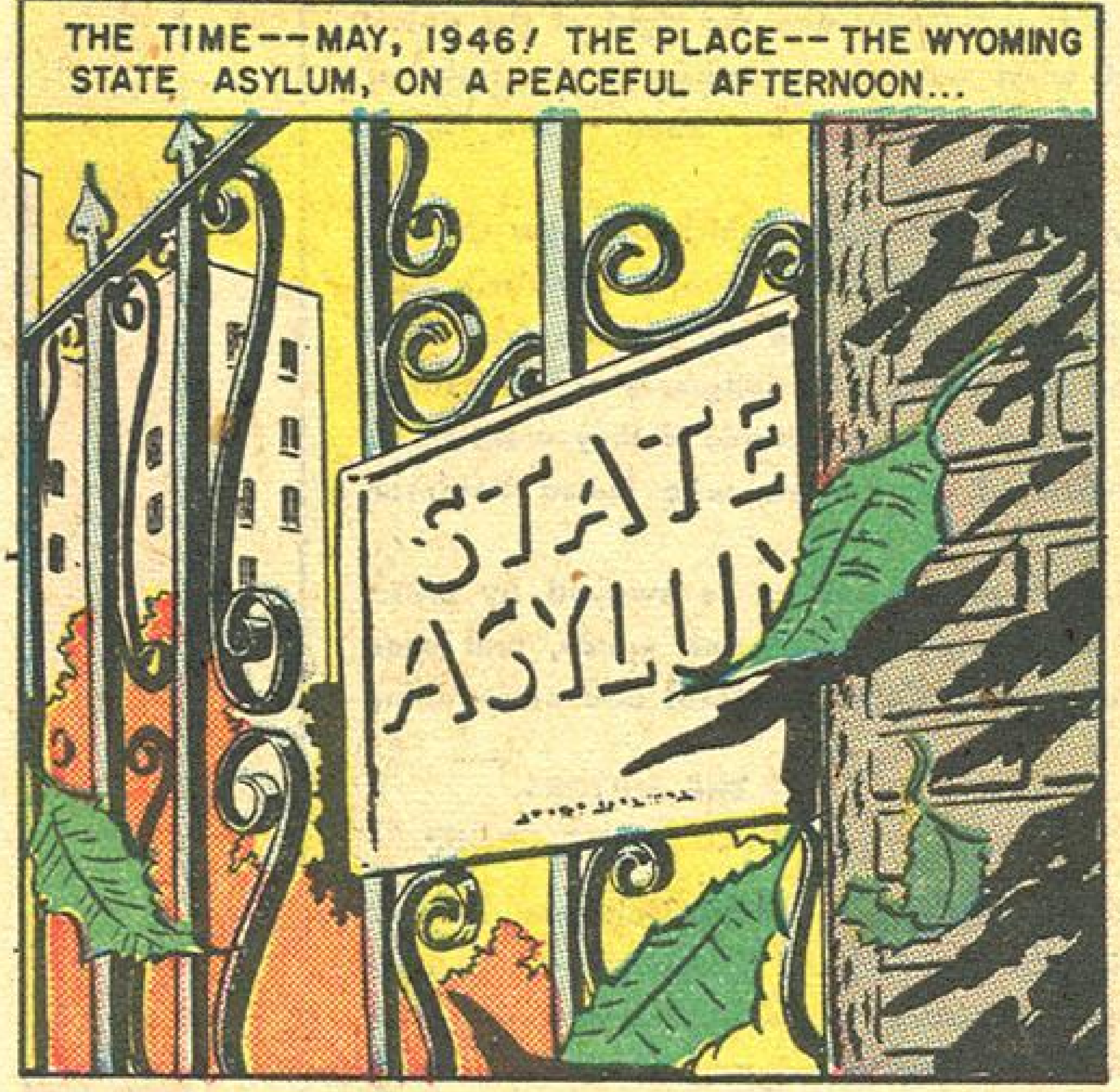
AN ALL-TRUE CRIME STORY

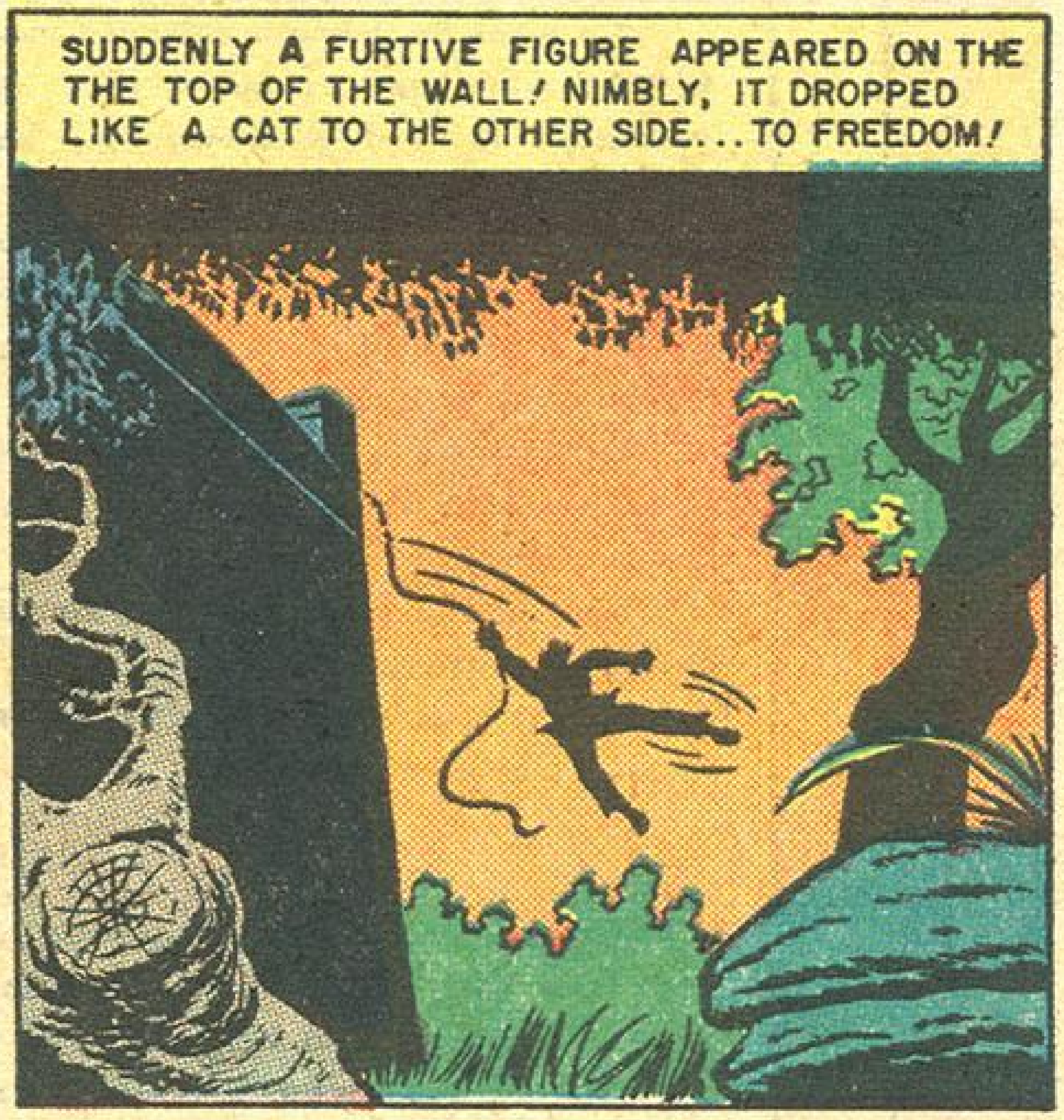
THE TRAGIC EVIL HISTORY OF "MADMAN LEASON" BEGINS BEFORE OUR STORY... AT THE AGE OF 24 HE WAS A HARDENED CRIMINAL... CRUEL, LAWLESS, DEADLY! ON NOV. 16, 1936, HE SUSTAINED A HEAD INJURY IN A BATTLE WITH A POLICEMAN WHEN HE WAS CAUGHT ROBBING A JEWELRY STORE! LEASON WAS SENTENCED TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN AN ASYLUM WHERE HE REMAINED... UNTIL...

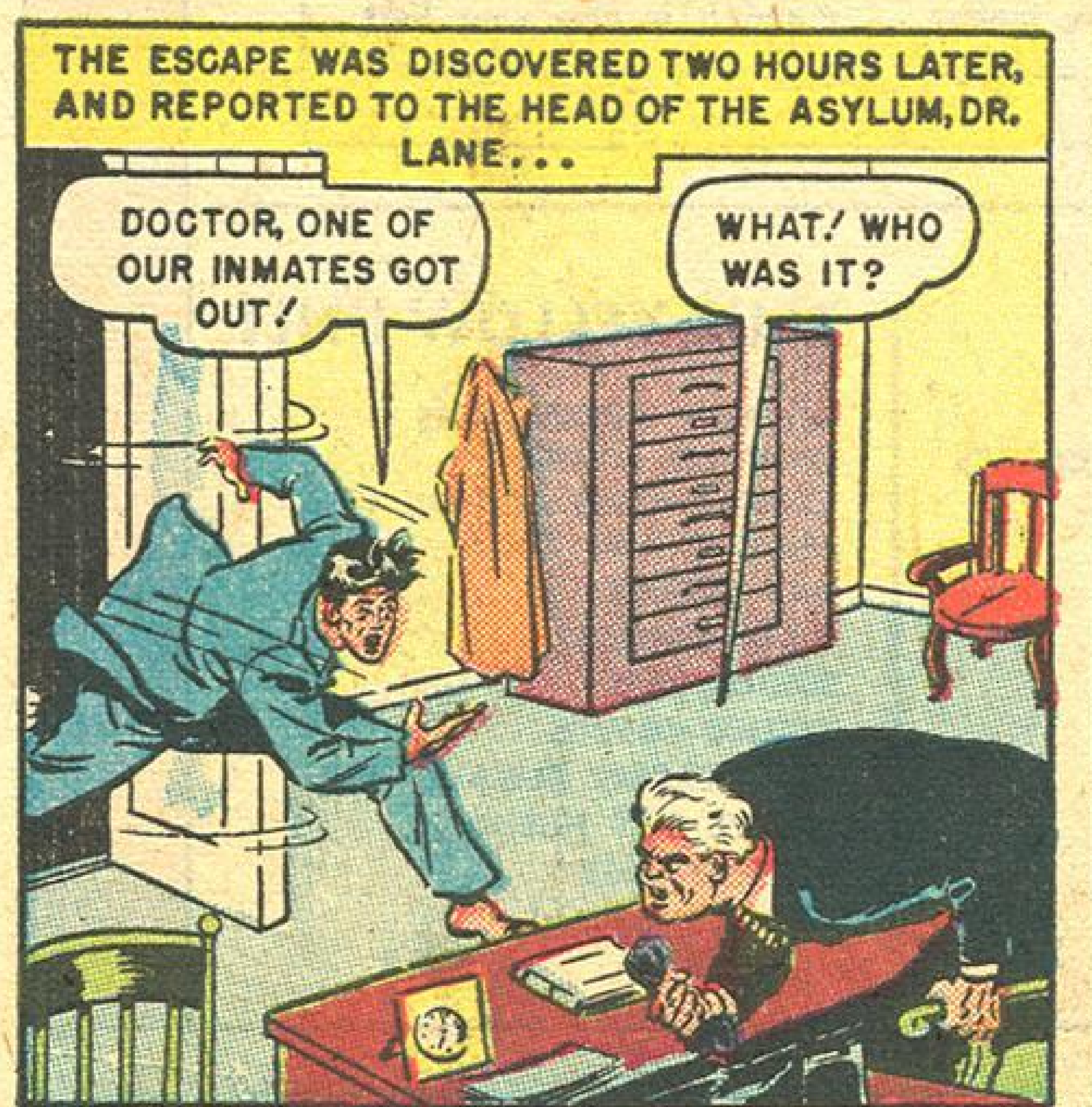
BORN-
1912
DIED-
1946

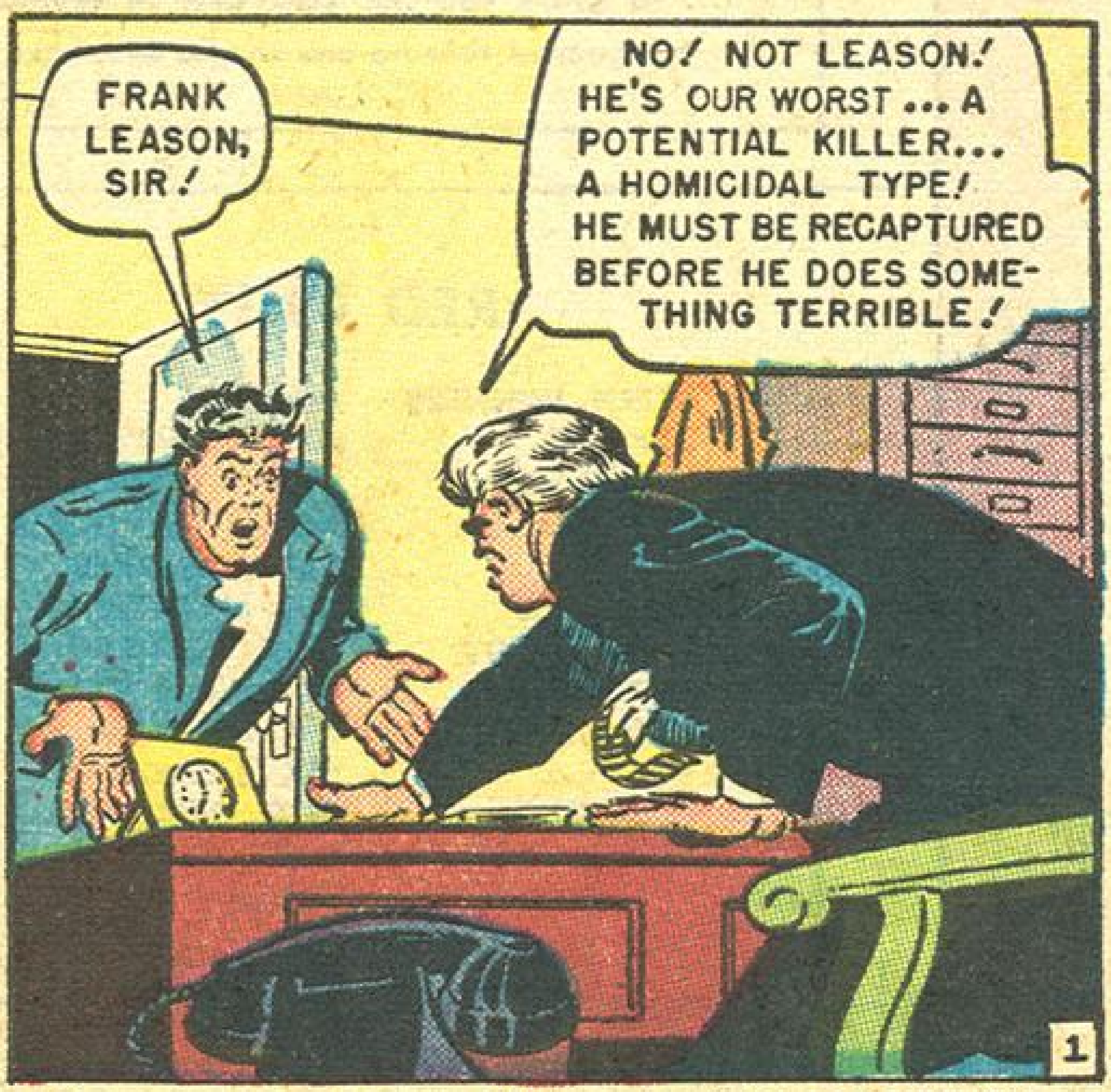
5038


"SOMEWHERE IN OUR CITY THIS SICK MAN WALKS... WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO STRIKE!"

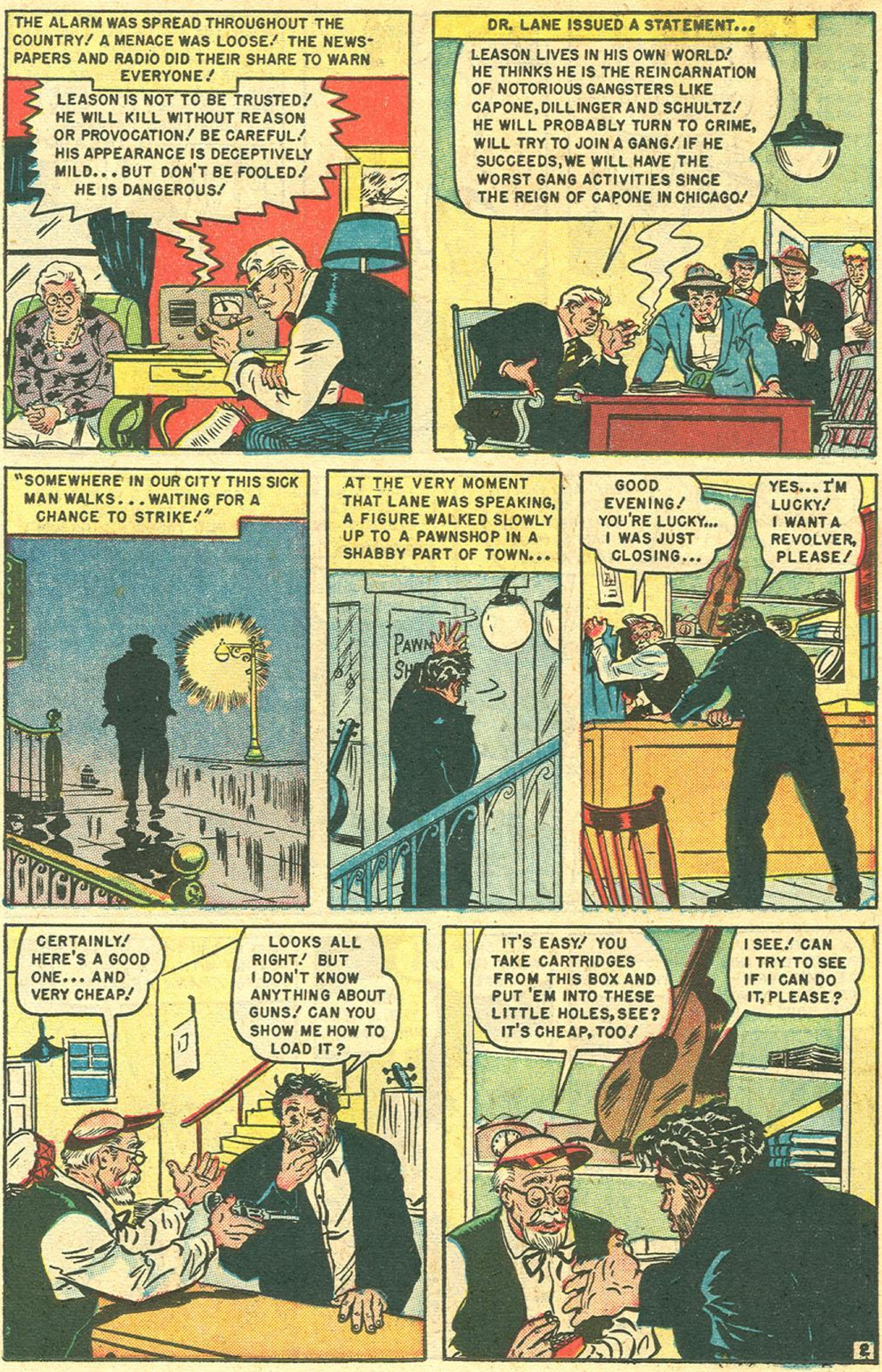

THE TIME--MAY, 1946! THE PLACE-- THE WYOMING STATE ASYLUM, ON A PEACEFUL AFTERNOON...
STATE ASYLUM

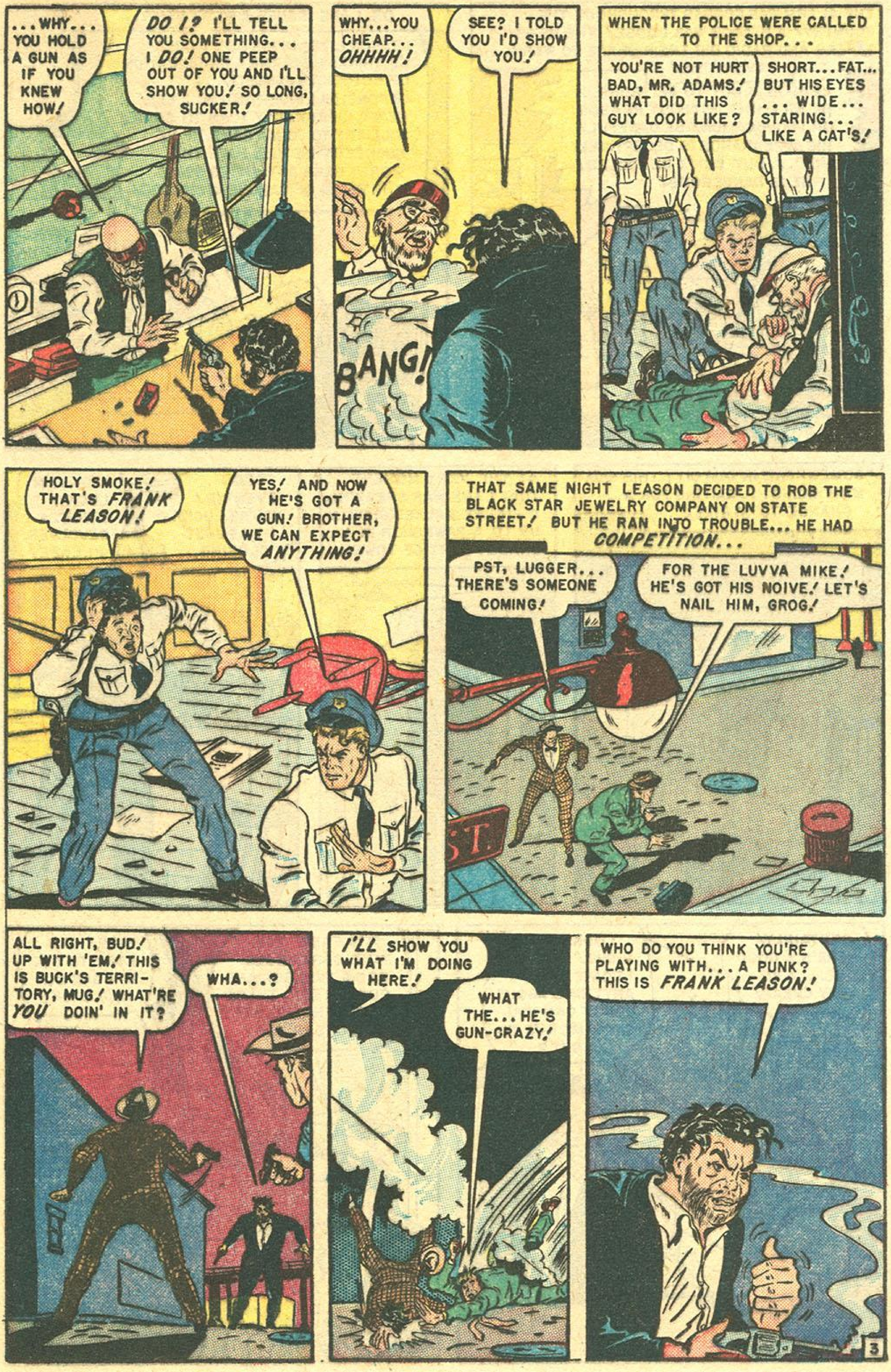

SUDDENLY A FURTIVE FIGURE APPEARED ON THE THE TOP OF THE WALL! NIMBLY, IT DROPPED LIKE A CAT TO THE OTHER SIDE... TO FREEDOM!

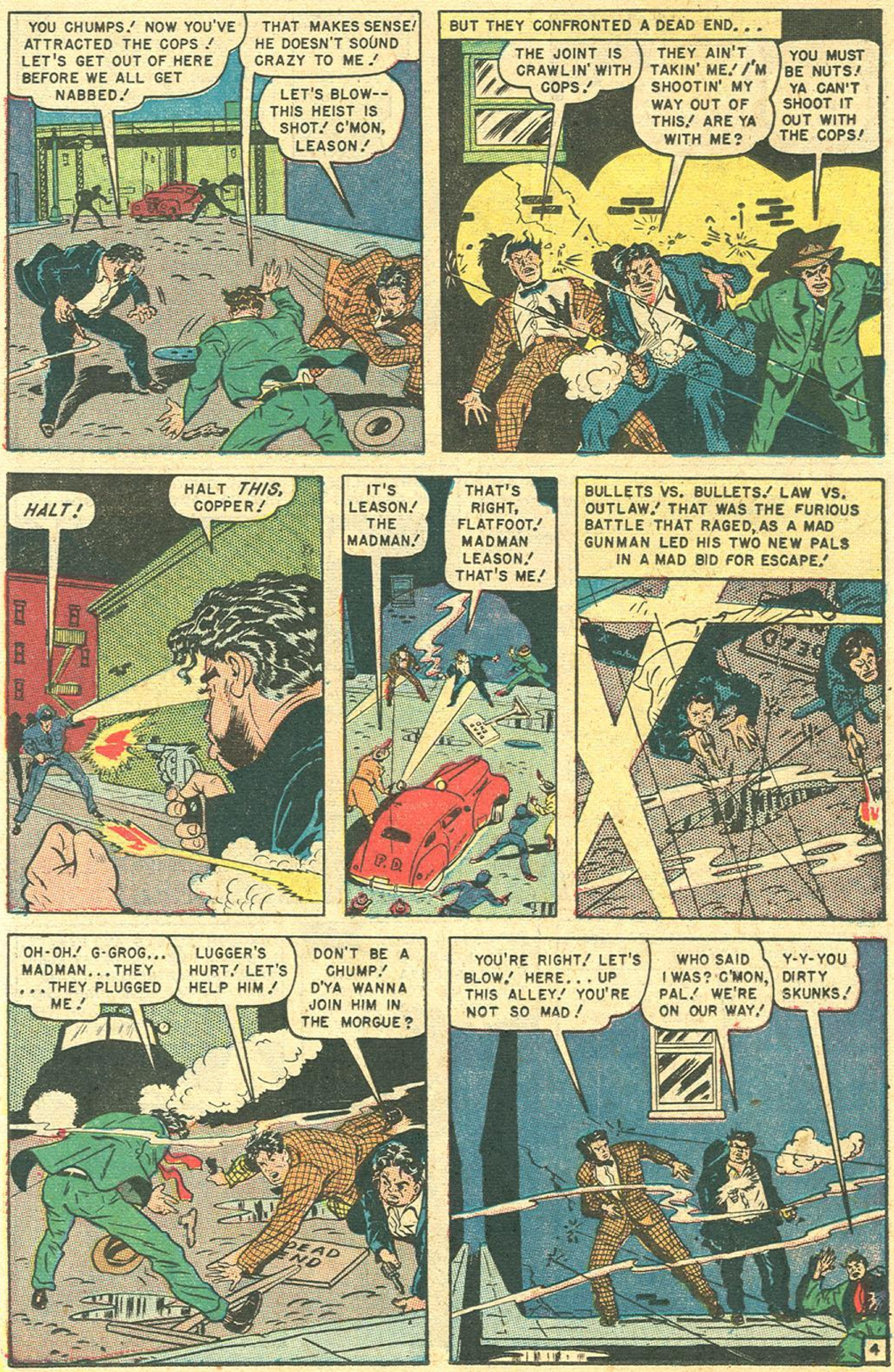

THE ESCAPE WAS DISCOVERED TWO HOURS LATER, AND REPORTED TO THE HEAD OF THE ASYLUM, DR. LANE...
DOCTOR, ONE OF OUR INMATES GOT OUT!
WHAT! WHO WAS IT?

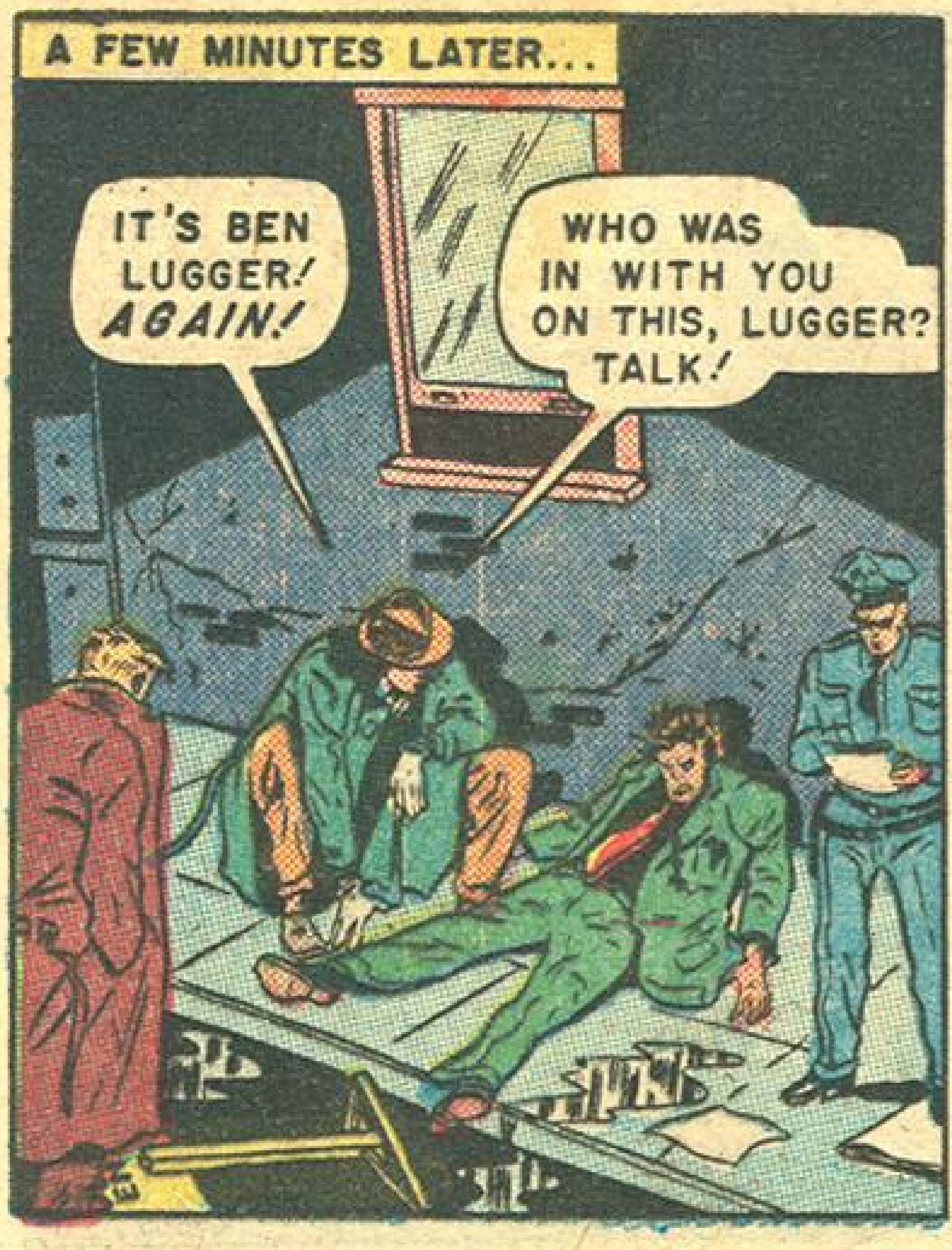

FRANK LEASON, SIR!
NO! NOT LEASON! HE'S OUR WORST ... A POTENTIAL KILLER... A HOMICIDAL TYPE! HE MUST BE RECAPTURED BEFORE HE DOES SOMETHING TERRIBLE!

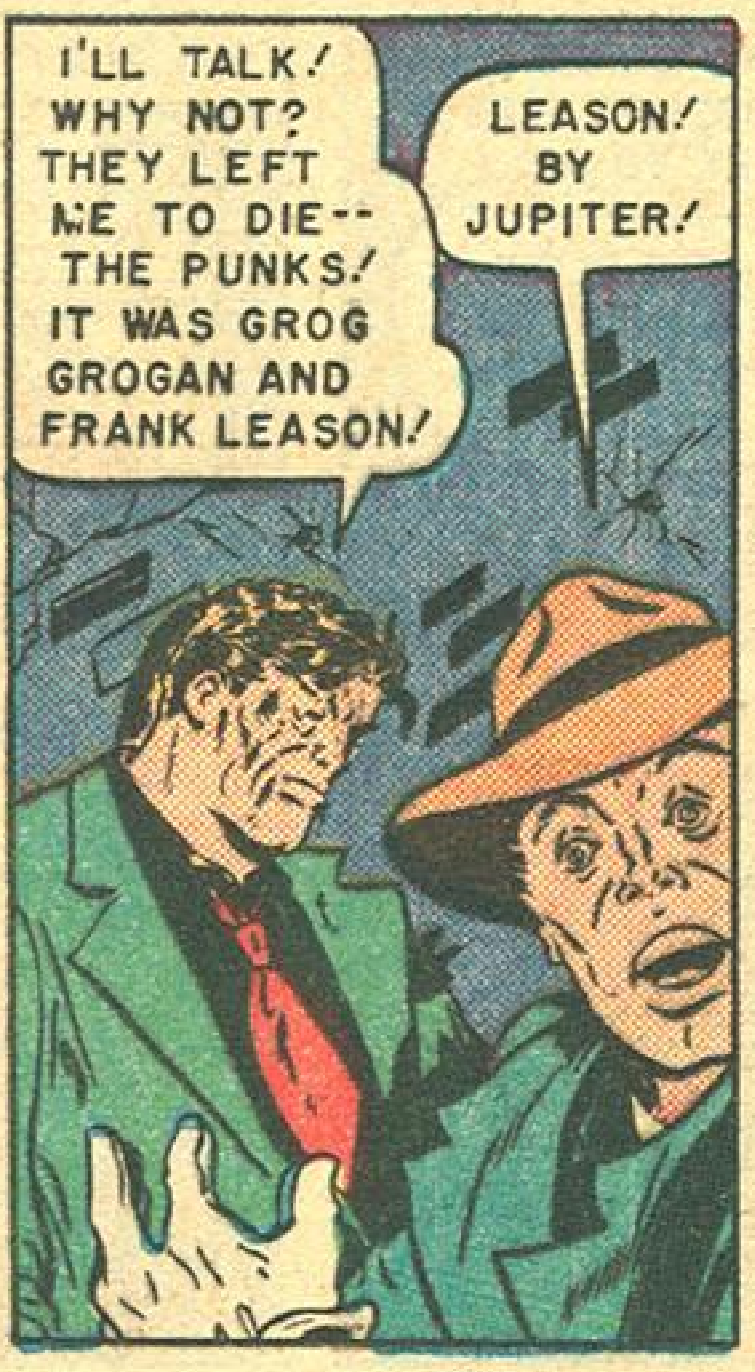
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

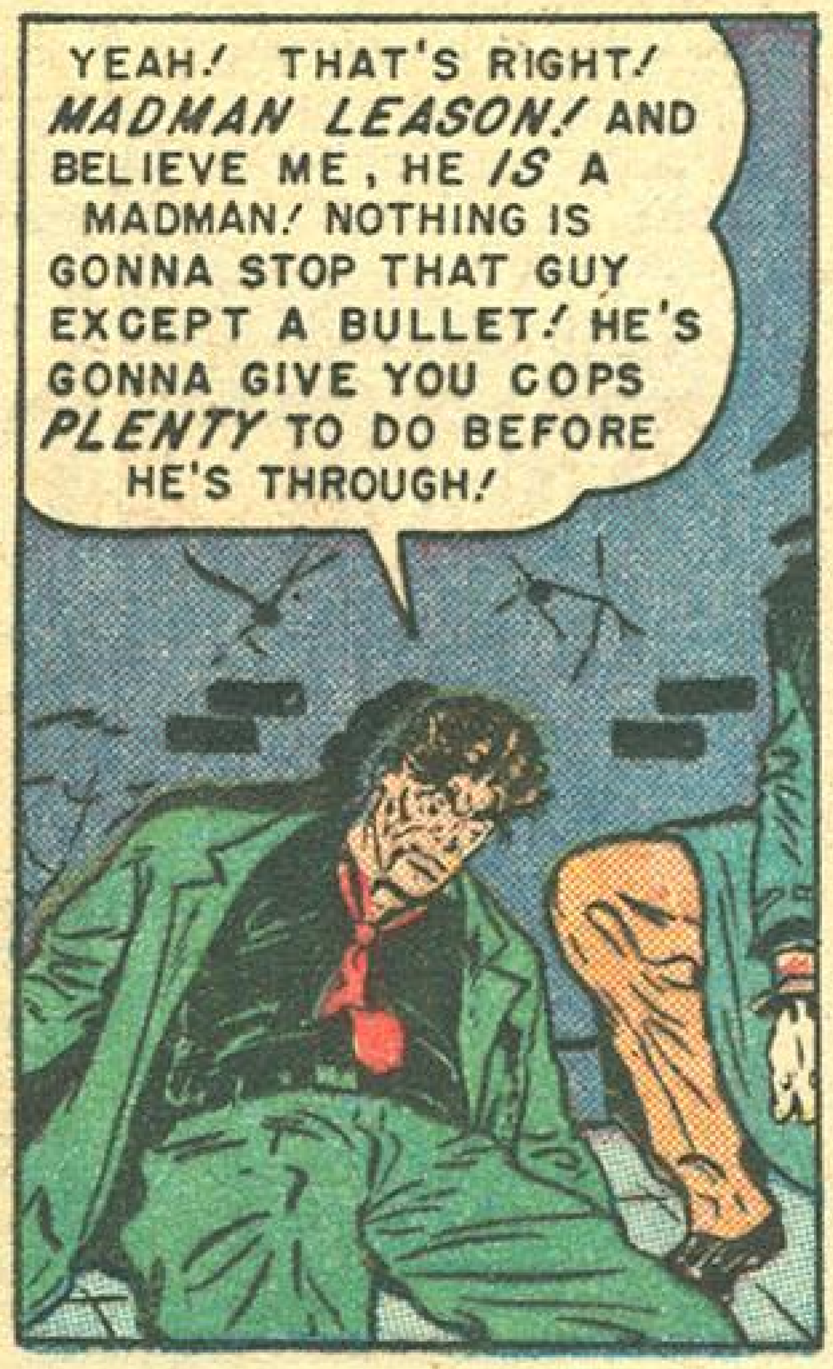

THE ALARM WAS SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY! A MENACE WAS LOOSE! THE NEWSPAPERS AND RADIO DID THEIR SHARE TO WARN EVERYONE!
LEASON IS NOT TO BE TRUSTED! HE WILL KILL WITHOUT REASON OR PROVOCATION! BE CAREFUL! HIS APPEARANCE IS DECEPTIVELY MILD... BUT DON'T BE FOOLED! HE IS DANGEROUS!
DR. LANE ISSUED A STATEMENT...
LEASON LIVES IN HIS OWN WORLD! HE THINKS HE IS THE REINCARNATION OF NOTORIOUS GANGSTERS LIKE CAPONE, DILLINGER AND SCHULTZ! HE WILL PROBABLY TURN TO CRIME, WILL TRY TO JOIN A GANG! IF HE SUCCEEDS, WE WILL HAVE THE WORST GANG ACTIVITIES SINCE THE REIGN OF CAPONE IN CHICAGO!
"SOMEWHERE IN OUR CITY THIS SICK MAN WALKS... WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO STRIKE!"
AT THE VERY MOMENT THAT LANE WAS SPEAKING, A FIGURE WALKED SLOWLY UP TO A PAWNSHOP IN A SHABBY PART OF TOWN...
PAWN SH
GOOD EVENING! YOU'RE LUCKY... I WAS JUST CLOSING...
YES... I'M LUCKY! I WANT A REVOLVER, PLEASE!
CERTAINLY! HERE'S A GOOD ONE... AND VERY CHEAP!
LOOKS ALL RIGHT! BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT GUNS! CAN YOU SHOW ME HOW TO LOAD IT?
IT'S EASY! YOU TAKE CARTRIDGES FROM THIS BOX AND PUT 'EM INTO THESE LITTLE HOLES, SEE? IT'S CHEAP, TOO!
I SEE! CAN I TRY TO SEE IF I CAN DO IT, PLEASE?

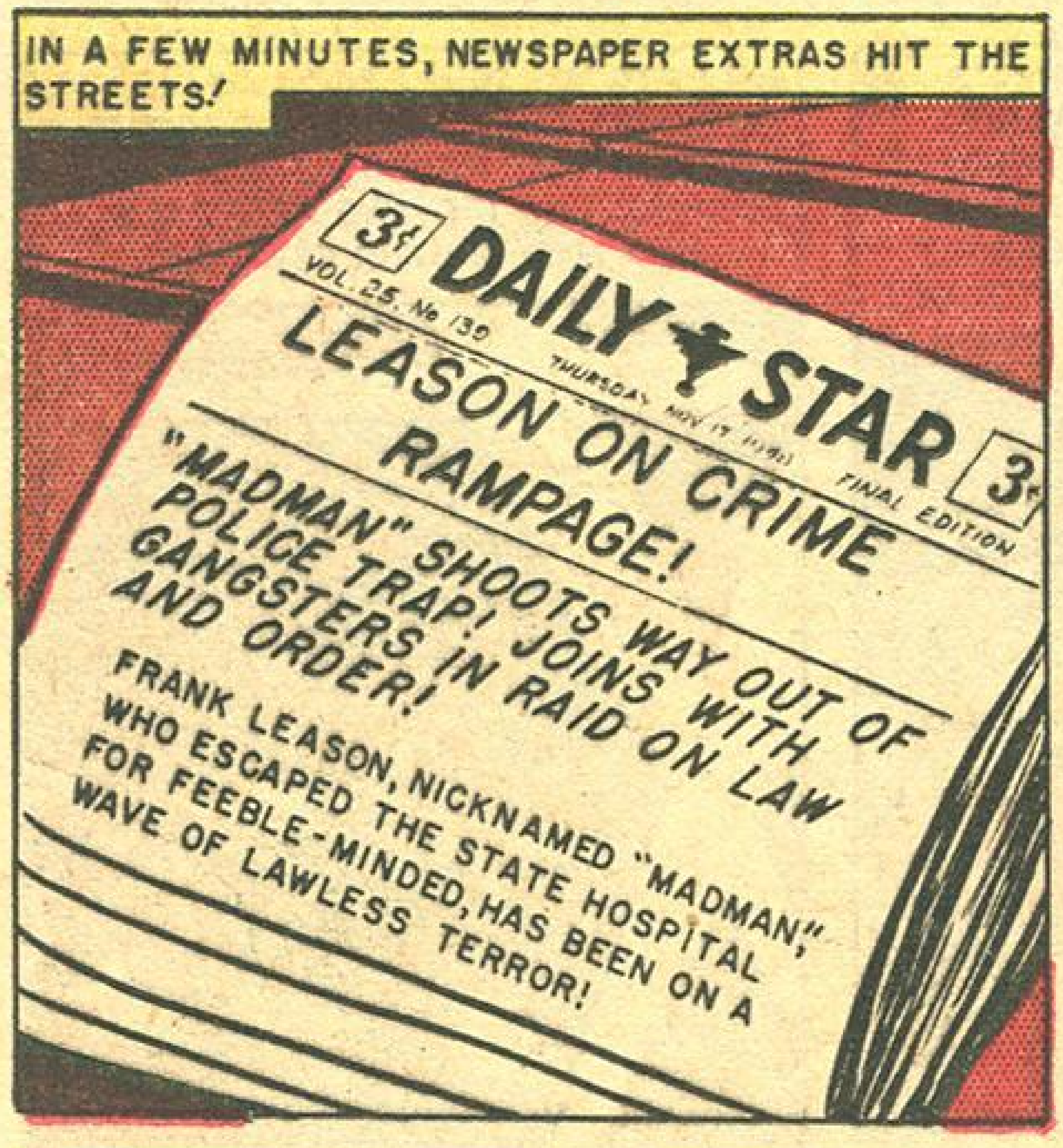

...WHY... YOU HOLD A GUN AS IF YOU KNEW HOW!
DO I? I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING... I DO! ONE PEEP OUT OF YOU AND I'LL SHOW YOU! SO LONG, SUCKER!
WHY... YOU CHEAP... OHHHH!
SEE? I TOLD YOU I'D SHOW YOU!
BANG!
WHEN THE POLICE WERE CALLED TO THE SHOP...
YOU'RE NOT HURT BAD, MR. ADAMS! WHAT DID THIS GUY LOOK LIKE?
SHORT... FAT... BUT HIS EYES ... WIDE... STARING... LIKE A CAT'S!
HOLY SMOKE! THAT'S FRANK LEASON!
YES! AND NOW HE'S GOT A GUN! BROTHER, WE CAN EXPECT ANYTHING!
THAT SAME NIGHT LEASON DECIDED TO ROB THE BLACK STAR JEWELRY COMPANY ON STATE STREET! BUT HE RAN INTO TROUBLE... HE HAD COMPETITION...
PST, LUGGER... THERE'S SOMEONE COMING!
FOR THE LUVVA MIKE! HE'S GOT HIS NOIVE! LET'S NAIL HIM, GROG!
ST.
ALL RIGHT, BUD! UP WITH 'EM! THIS IS BUCK'S TERRITORY, MUG! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' IN IT?
WHA...?
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I'M DOING HERE!
WHAT THE... HE'S GUN-CRAZY!
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE PLAYING WITH... A PUNK? THIS IS FRANK LEASON!

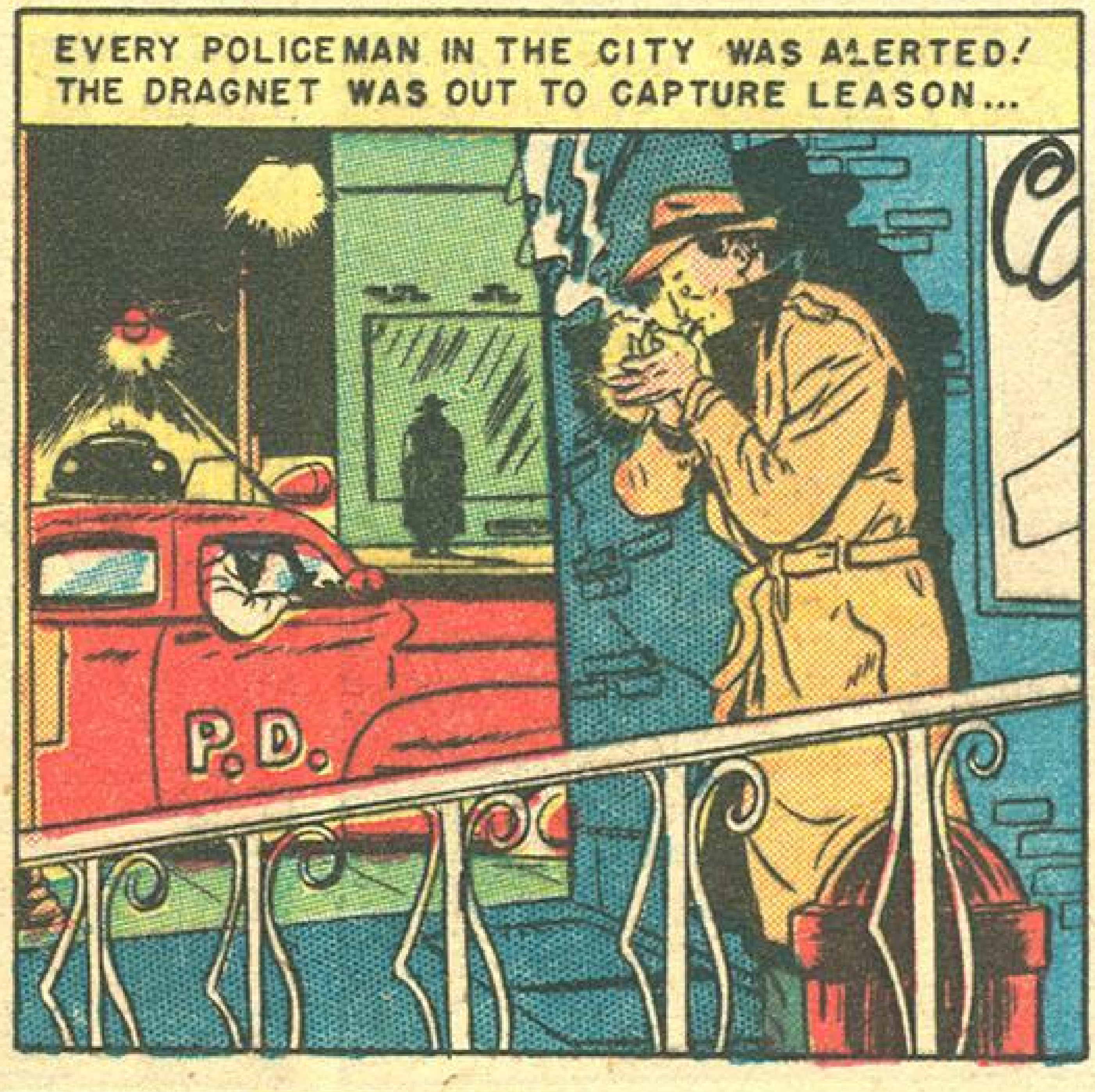

YOU CHUMPS! NOW YOU'VE ATTRACTED THE COPS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE ALL GET NABBED!
THAT MAKES SENSE! HE DOESN'T SOUND CRAZY TO ME!
LET'S BLOW-- THIS HEIST IS SHOT! C'MON, LEASON!
BUT THEY CONFRONTED A DEAD END. . .
THE JOINT IS CRAWLIN' WITH COPS!
THEY AIN'T TAKIN' ME! I'M SHOOTIN' MY WAY OUT OF THIS! ARE YA WITH ME?
YOU MUST BE NUTS! YA CAN'T SHOOT IT OUT WITH THE COPS!
HALT!
HALT THIS, COPPER!
IT'S LEASON! THE MADMAN!
THAT'S RIGHT, FLATFOOT! MADMAN LEASON! THAT'S ME!
P.D.
BULLETS VS. BULLETS! LAW VS. OUTLAW! THAT WAS THE FURIOUS BATTLE THAT RAGED, AS A MAD GUNMAN LED HIS TWO NEW PALS IN A MAD BID FOR ESCAPE!
OH-OH! G-GROG... MADMAN... THEY . . . THEY PLUGGED ME!
LUGGER'S HURT! LET'S HELP HIM!
DON'T BE A CHUMP! D'YA WANNA JOIN HIM IN THE MORGUE?
DEAD END
YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S BLOW! HERE. . . UP THIS ALLEY! YOU'RE NOT SO MAD!
WHO SAID I WAS? C'MON, PAL! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
Y-Y-YOU DIRTY SKUNKS!

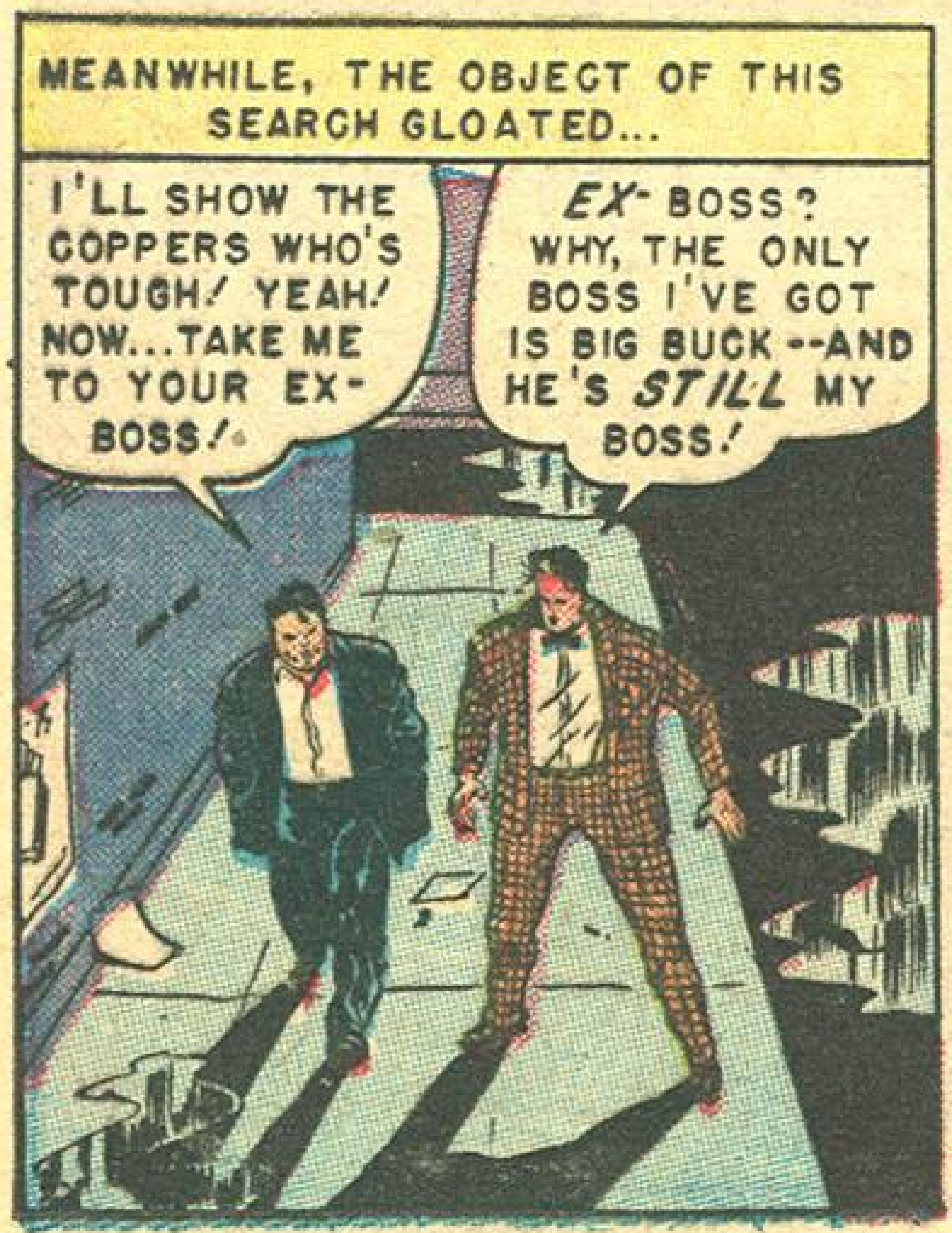

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
IT'S BEN LUGGER! *AGAIN!*
WHO WAS IN WITH YOU ON THIS, LUGGER? TALK!

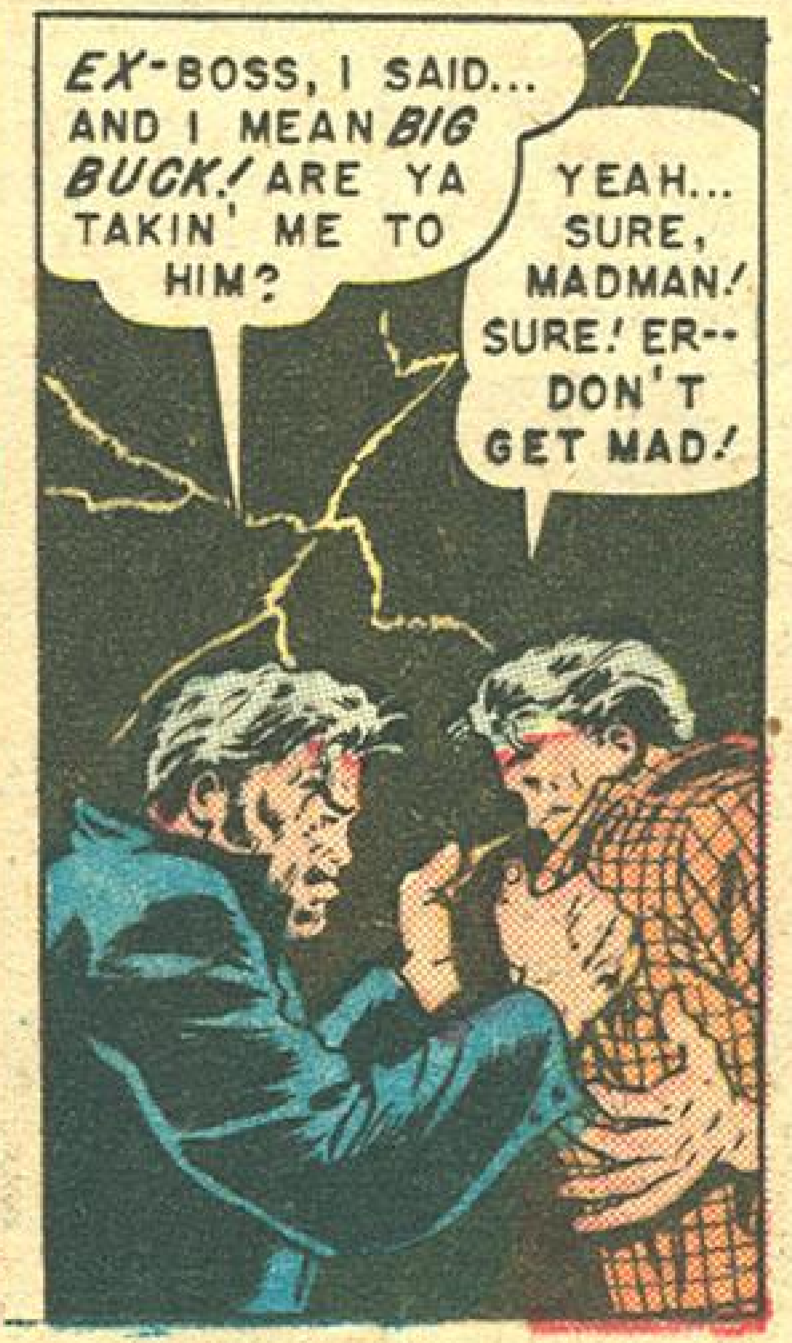

I'LL TALK! WHY NOT? THEY LEFT ME TO DIE-- THE PUNKS! IT WAS GROG GROGAN AND FRANK LEASON!
LEASON! BY JUPITER!

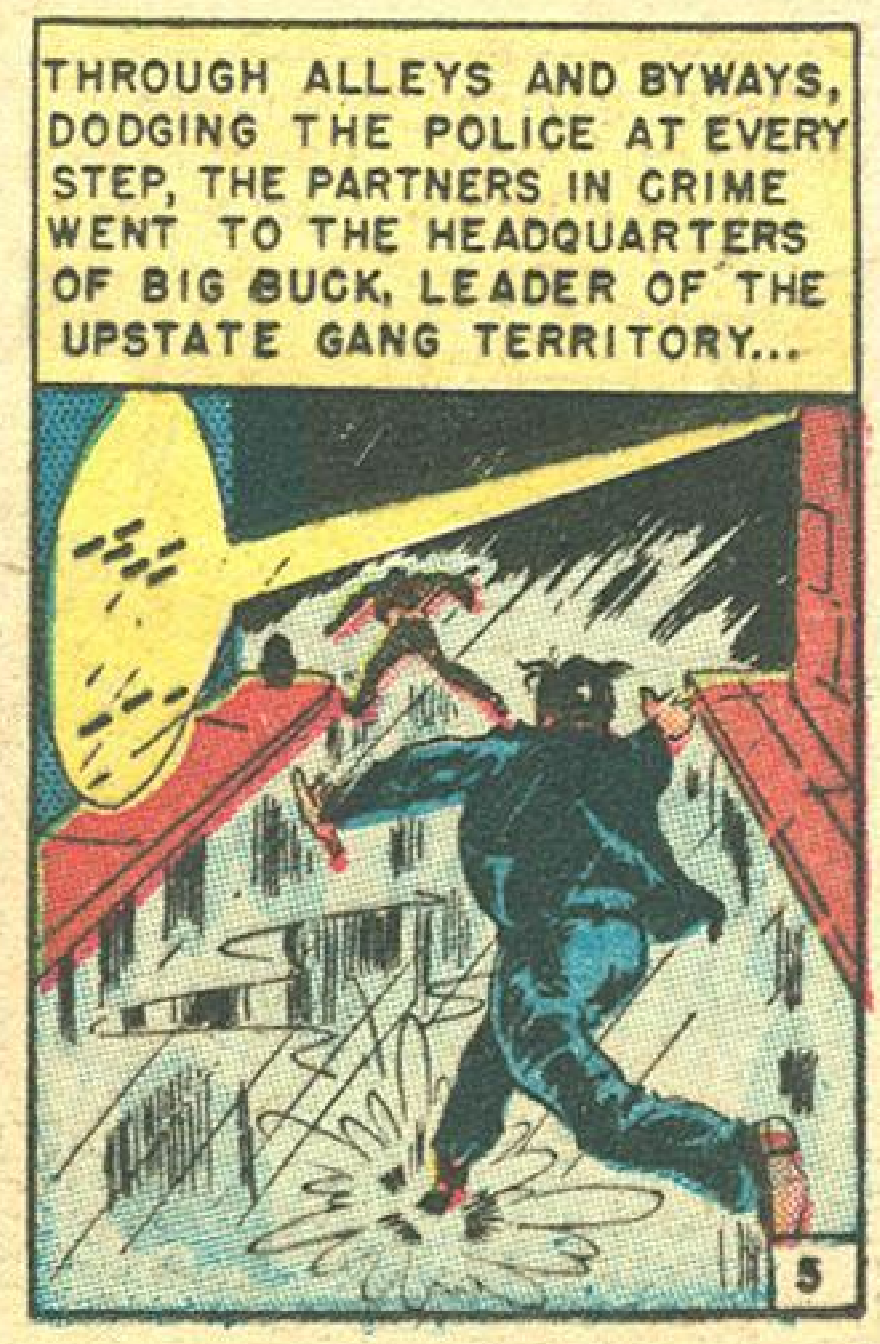

YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT! *MADMAN LEASON!* AND BELIEVE ME, HE *IS* A MADMAN! NOTHING IS GONNA STOP THAT GUY EXCEPT A BULLET! HE'S GONNA GIVE YOU COPS *PLENTY* TO DO BEFORE HE'S THROUGH!

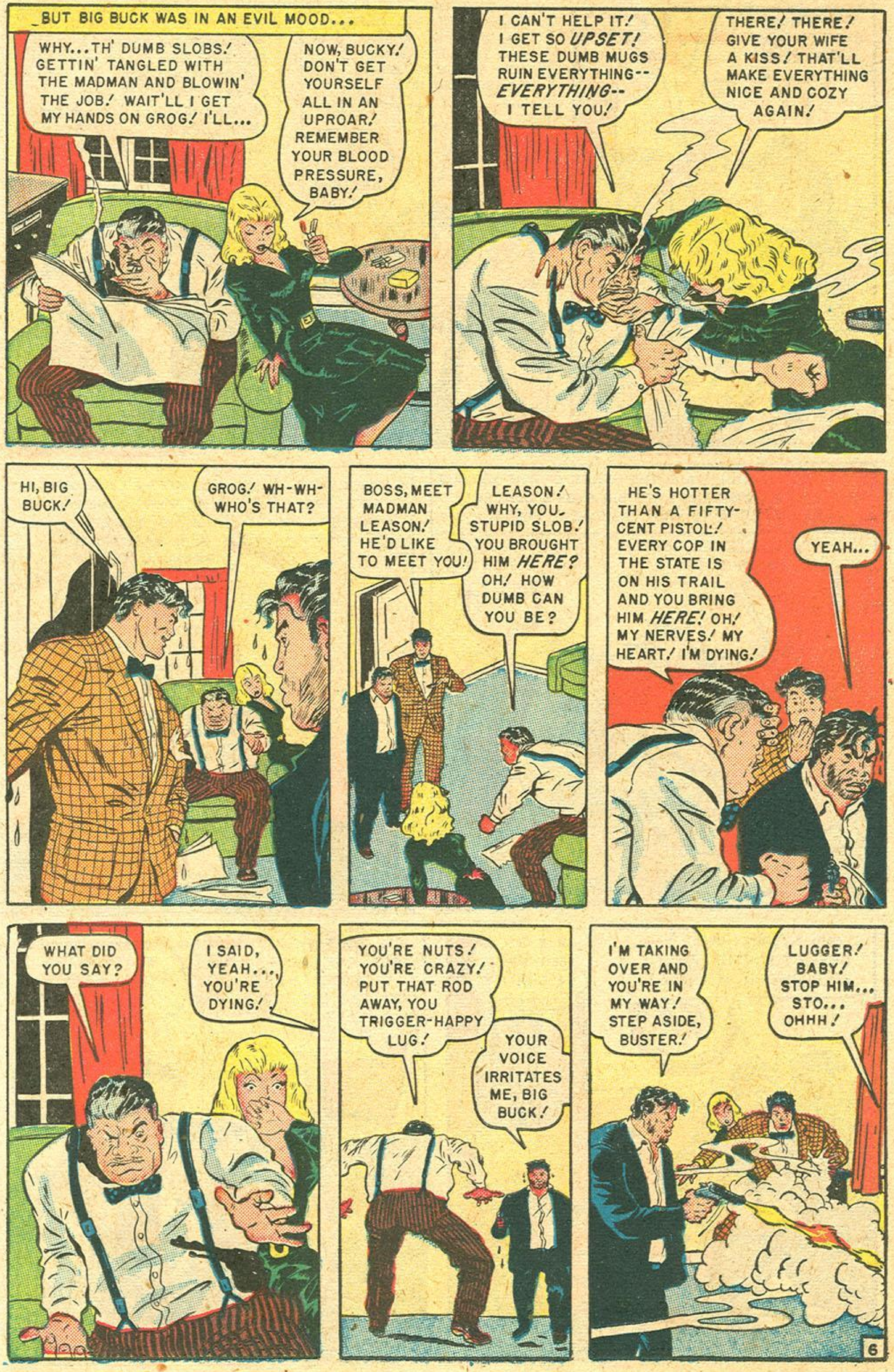

IN A FEW MINUTES, NEWSPAPER EXTRAS HIT THE STREETS!
3¢
DAILY STAR
3¢
VOL. 25, No 139
THURSDAY NOV 17
FINAL EDITION
LEASON ON CRIME RAMPAGE!
"MADMAN" SHOOTS WAY OUT OF POLICE TRAP! JOINS WITH GANGSTERS IN RAID ON LAW AND ORDER!
FRANK LEASON, NICKNAMED "MADMAN," WHO ESCAPED THE STATE HOSPITAL FOR FEEBLE-MINDED, HAS BEEN ON A WAVE OF LAWLESS TERROR!

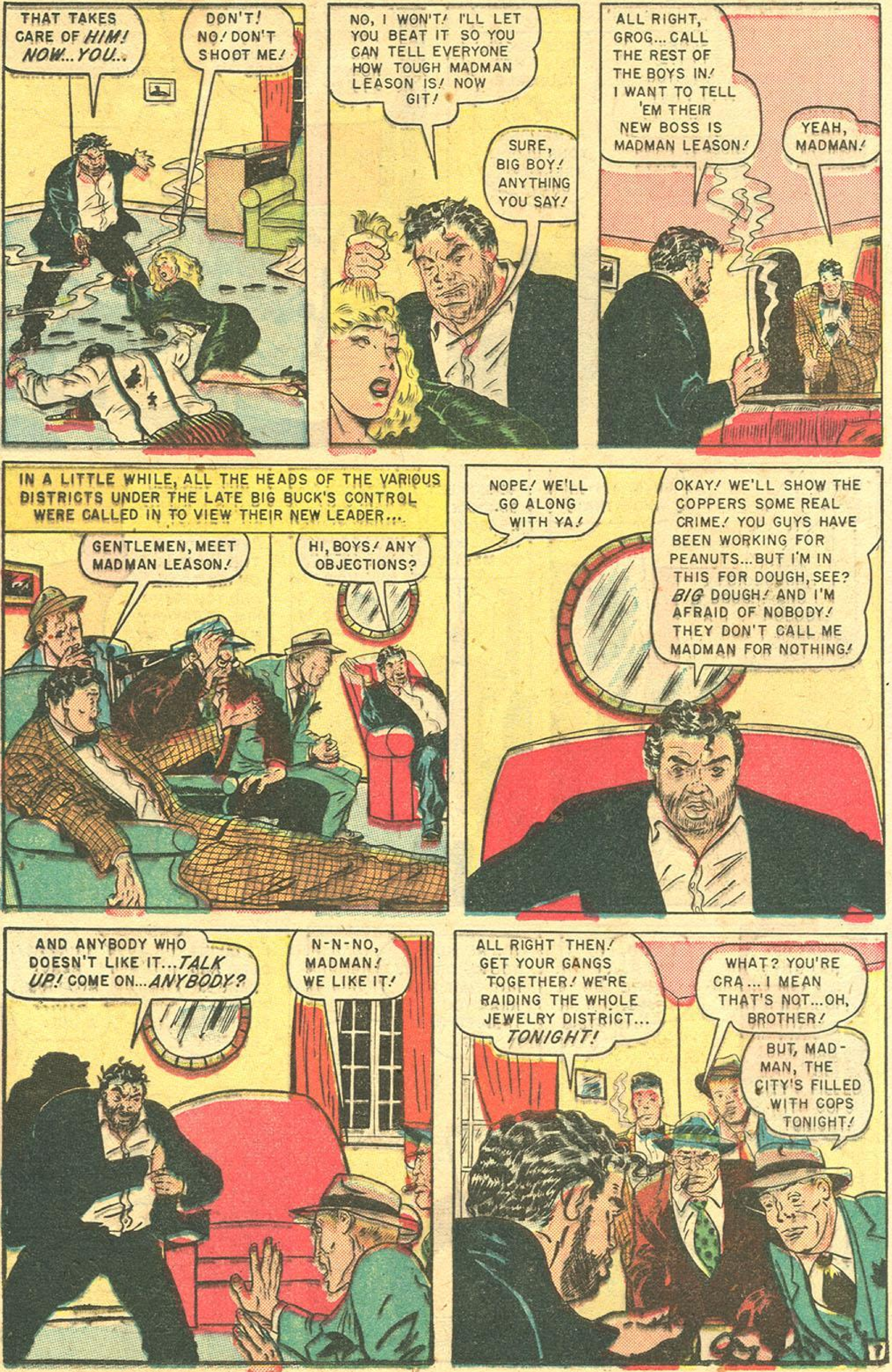

EVERY POLICEMAN IN THE CITY WAS ALERTED! THE DRAGNET WAS OUT TO CAPTURE LEASON...
P.D.

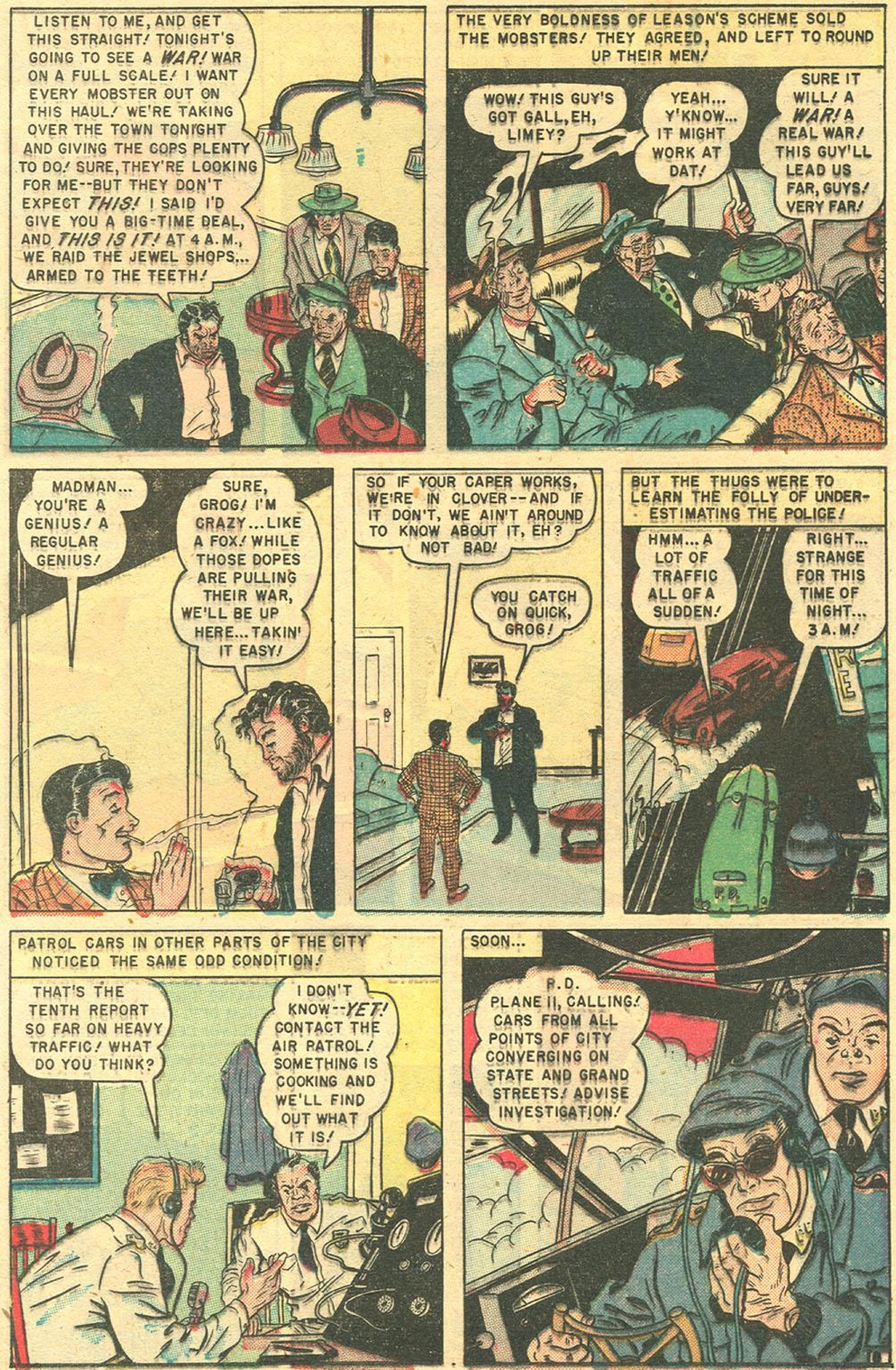

MEANWHILE, THE OBJECT OF THIS SEARCH GLOATED...
I'LL SHOW THE COPPERS WHO'S TOUGH! YEAH! NOW...TAKE ME TO YOUR EX-BOSS!
EX- BOSS? WHY, THE ONLY BOSS I'VE GOT IS BIG BUCK --AND HE'S *STILL* MY BOSS!

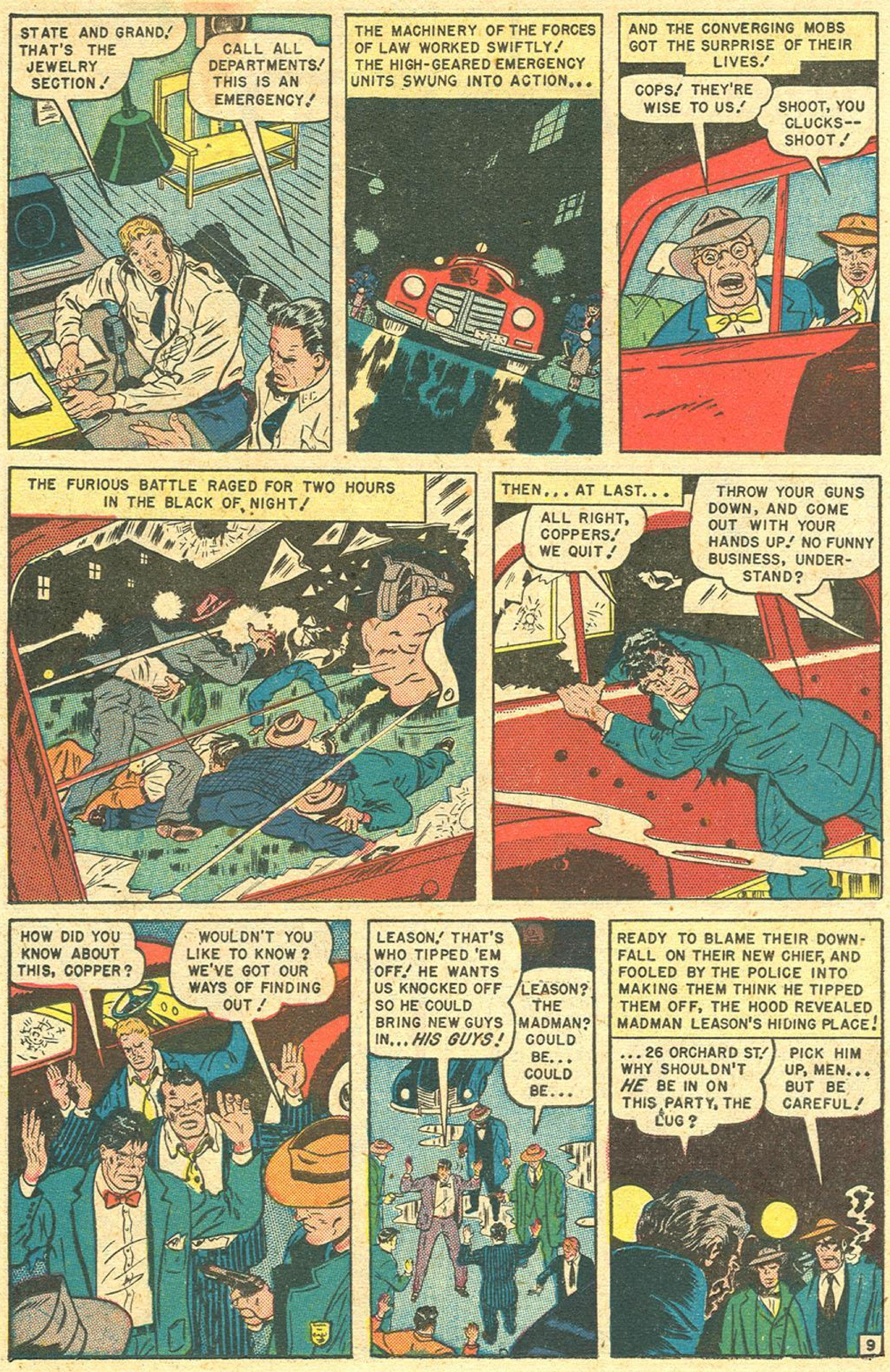

EX-BOSS, I SAID... AND I MEAN *BIG BUCK!* ARE YA TAKIN' ME TO HIM?
YEAH... SURE, MADMAN! SURE! ER-- DON'T GET MAD!

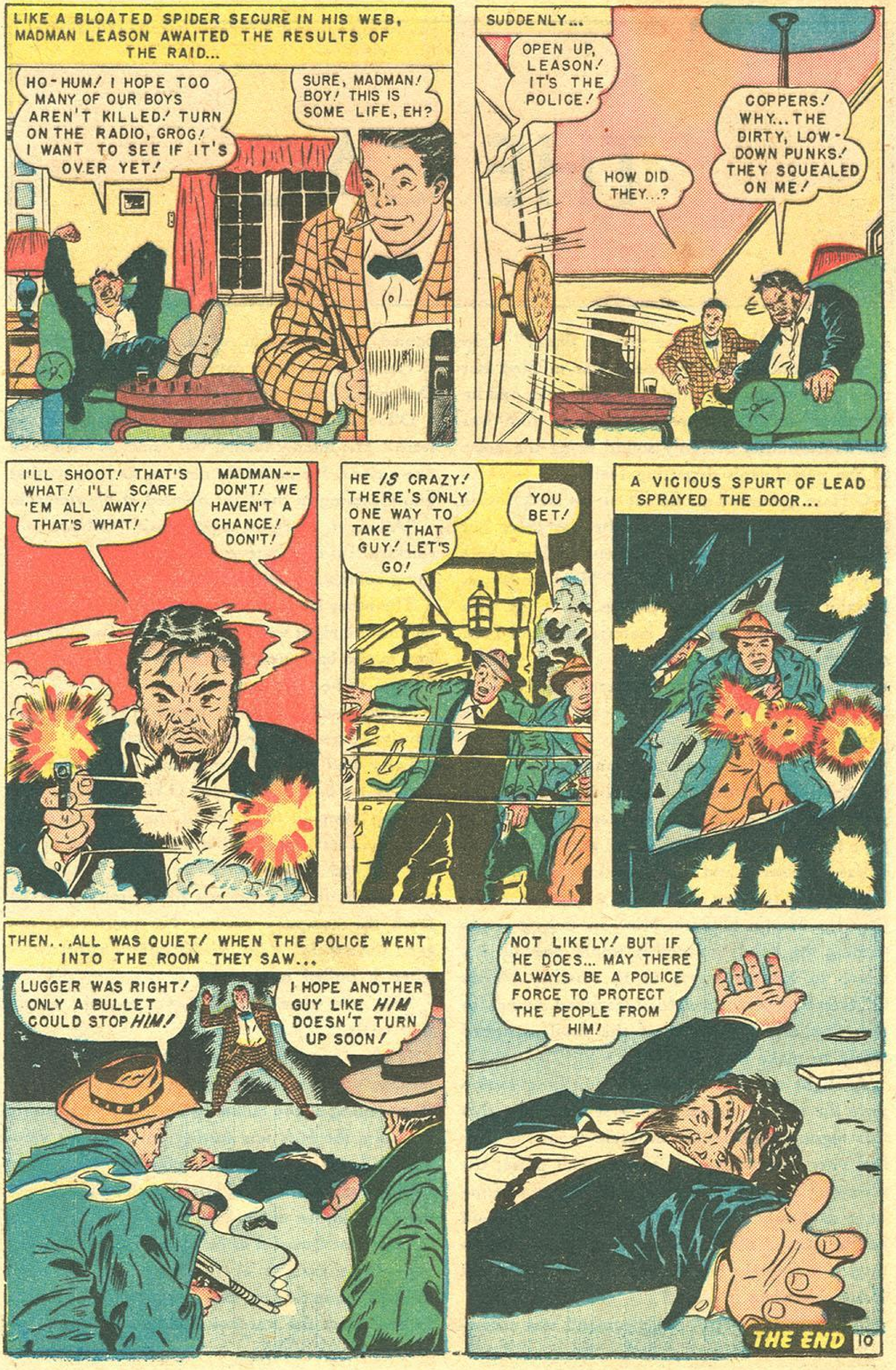

THROUGH ALLEYS AND BYWAYS, DODGING THE POLICE AT EVERY STEP, THE PARTNERS IN CRIME WENT TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF BIG BUCK, LEADER OF THE UPSTATE GANG TERRITORY...


_BUT BIG BUCK WAS IN AN EVIL MOOD...
WHY...TH' DUMB SLOBS! GETTIN' TANGLED WITH THE MADMAN AND BLOWIN' THE JOB! WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON GROG! I'LL...
NOW, BUCKY! DON'T GET YOURSELF ALL IN AN UPROAR! REMEMBER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE, BABY!
I CAN'T HELP IT! I GET SO *UPSET!* THESE DUMB MUGS RUIN EVERYTHING-- *EVERYTHING*-- I TELL YOU!
THERE! THERE! GIVE YOUR WIFE A KISS! THAT'LL MAKE EVERYTHING NICE AND COZY AGAIN!
HI, BIG BUCK!
GROG! WH-WH-WHO'S THAT?
BOSS, MEET MADMAN LEASON! HE'D LIKE TO MEET YOU!
LEASON! WHY, YOU STUPID SLOB! YOU BROUGHT HIM *HERE?* OH! HOW DUMB CAN YOU BE?
HE'S HOTTER THAN A FIFTY-CENT PISTOL! EVERY COP IN THE STATE IS ON HIS TRAIL AND YOU BRING HIM *HERE!* OH! MY NERVES! MY HEART! I'M DYING!
YEAH...
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
I SAID, YEAH..., YOU'RE DYING!
YOU'RE NUTS! YOU'RE CRAZY! PUT THAT ROD AWAY, YOU TRIGGER-HAPPY LUG!
YOUR VOICE IRRITATES ME, BIG BUCK!
I'M TAKING OVER AND YOU'RE IN MY WAY! STEP ASIDE, BUSTER!
LUGGER! BABY! STOP HIM... STO... OHHH!


THAT TAKES CARE OF *HIM!* *NOW...YOU..*
DON'T! NO! DON'T SHOOT ME!
NO, I WON'T! I'LL LET YOU BEAT IT SO YOU CAN TELL EVERYONE HOW TOUGH MADMAN LEASON IS! NOW GIT!
SURE, BIG BOY! ANYTHING YOU SAY!
ALL RIGHT, GROG... CALL THE REST OF THE BOYS IN! I WANT TO TELL 'EM THEIR NEW BOSS IS MADMAN LEASON!
YEAH, MADMAN!
IN A LITTLE WHILE, ALL THE HEADS OF THE VARIOUS DISTRICTS UNDER THE LATE BIG BUCK'S CONTROL WERE CALLED IN TO VIEW THEIR NEW LEADER...
GENTLEMEN, MEET MADMAN LEASON!
HI, BOYS! ANY OBJECTIONS?
NOPE! WE'LL GO ALONG WITH YA!
OKAY! WE'LL SHOW THE COPPERS SOME REAL CRIME! YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN WORKING FOR PEANUTS... BUT I'M IN THIS FOR DOUGH, SEE? *BIG* DOUGH! AND I'M AFRAID OF NOBODY! THEY DON'T CALL ME MADMAN FOR NOTHING!
AND ANYBODY WHO DOESN'T LIKE IT... *TALK UP!* COME ON... *ANYBODY?*
N-N-NO, MADMAN! WE LIKE IT!
ALL RIGHT THEN! GET YOUR GANGS TOGETHER! WE'RE RAIDING THE WHOLE JEWELRY DISTRICT... *TONIGHT!*
WHAT? YOU'RE CRA... I MEAN THAT'S NOT... OH, BROTHER!
BUT, MADMAN, THE CITY'S FILLED WITH COPS TONIGHT!


LISTEN TO ME, AND GET THIS STRAIGHT! TONIGHT'S GOING TO SEE A *WAR!* WAR ON A FULL SCALE! I WANT EVERY MOBSTER OUT ON THIS HAUL! WE'RE TAKING OVER THE TOWN TONIGHT AND GIVING THE COPS PLENTY TO DO! SURE, THEY'RE LOOKING FOR ME--BUT THEY DON'T EXPECT *THIS!* I SAID I'D GIVE YOU A BIG-TIME DEAL, AND *THIS IS IT!* AT 4 A.M., WE RAID THE JEWEL SHOPS... ARMED TO THE TEETH!
THE VERY BOLDNESS OF LEASON'S SCHEME SOLD THE MOBSTERS! THEY AGREED, AND LEFT TO ROUND UP THEIR MEN!
WOW! THIS GUY'S GOT GALL, EH, LIMEY?
YEAH... Y'KNOW... IT MIGHT WORK AT DAT!
SURE IT WILL! A *WAR!* A REAL WAR! THIS GUY'LL LEAD US FAR, GUYS! VERY FAR!
MADMAN... YOU'RE A GENIUS! A REGULAR GENIUS!
SURE, GROG! I'M CRAZY... LIKE A FOX! WHILE THOSE DOPES ARE PULLING THEIR WAR, WE'LL BE UP HERE... TAKIN' IT EASY!
SO IF YOUR CAPER WORKS, WE'RE IN CLOVER--AND IF IT DON'T, WE AIN'T AROUND TO KNOW ABOUT IT, EH? NOT BAD!
YOU CATCH ON QUICK, GROG!
BUT THE THUGS WERE TO LEARN THE FOLLY OF UNDERESTIMATING THE POLICE!
HMM... A LOT OF TRAFFIC ALL OF A SUDDEN!
RIGHT... STRANGE FOR THIS TIME OF NIGHT... 3 A.M!
P.D.
PATROL CARS IN OTHER PARTS OF THE CITY NOTICED THE SAME ODD CONDITION!
THAT'S THE TENTH REPORT SO FAR ON HEAVY TRAFFIC! WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I DON'T KNOW--*YET!* CONTACT THE AIR PATROL! SOMETHING IS COOKING AND WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!
SOON...
P.D. PLANE 11, CALLING! CARS FROM ALL POINTS OF CITY CONVERGING ON STATE AND GRAND STREETS! ADVISE INVESTIGATION!


STATE AND GRAND! THAT'S THE JEWELRY SECTION!
CALL ALL DEPARTMENTS! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!
THE MACHINERY OF THE FORCES OF LAW WORKED SWIFTLY! THE HIGH-GEARED EMERGENCY UNITS SWUNG INTO ACTION...
AND THE CONVERGING MOBS GOT THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES!
COPS! THEY'RE WISE TO US!
SHOOT, YOU CLUCKS-- SHOOT!
THE FURIOUS BATTLE RAGED FOR TWO HOURS IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT!
THEN... AT LAST...
ALL RIGHT, COPPERS! WE QUIT!
THROW YOUR GUNS DOWN, AND COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP! NO FUNNY BUSINESS, UNDERSTAND?
HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS, COPPER?
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW? WE'VE GOT OUR WAYS OF FINDING OUT!
LEASON! THAT'S WHO TIPPED 'EM OFF! HE WANTS US KNOCKED OFF SO HE COULD BRING NEW GUYS IN... *HIS GUYS!*
LEASON? THE MADMAN? COULD BE... COULD BE...
READY TO BLAME THEIR DOWNFALL ON THEIR NEW CHIEF, AND FOOLED BY THE POLICE INTO MAKING THEM THINK HE TIPPED THEM OFF, THE HOOD REVEALED MADMAN LEASON'S HIDING PLACE!
...26 ORCHARD ST! WHY SHOULDN'T *HE* BE IN ON THIS PARTY, THE LUG?
PICK HIM UP, MEN... BUT BE CAREFUL!


LIKE A BLOATED SPIDER SECURE IN HIS WEB, MADMAN LEASON AWAITED THE RESULTS OF THE RAID...
HO-HUM! I HOPE TOO MANY OF OUR BOYS AREN'T KILLED! TURN ON THE RADIO, GROG! I WANT TO SEE IF IT'S OVER YET!
SURE, MADMAN! BOY! THIS IS SOME LIFE, EH?
SUDDENLY...
OPEN UP, LEASON! IT'S THE POLICE!
HOW DID THEY...?
COPPERS! WHY... THE DIRTY, LOW-DOWN PUNKS! THEY SQUEALED ON ME!
I'LL SHOOT! THAT'S WHAT! I'LL SCARE 'EM ALL AWAY! THAT'S WHAT!
MADMAN-- DON'T! WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE! DON'T!
HE *IS* CRAZY! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO TAKE THAT GUY! LET'S GO!
YOU BET!
A VICIOUS SPURT OF LEAD SPRAYED THE DOOR...
THEN...ALL WAS QUIET! WHEN THE POLICE WENT INTO THE ROOM THEY SAW...
LUGGER WAS RIGHT! ONLY A BULLET COULD STOP *HIM*!
I HOPE ANOTHER GUY LIKE *HIM* DOESN'T TURN UP SOON!
NOT LIKELY! BUT IF HE DOES... MAY THERE ALWAYS BE A POLICE FORCE TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE FROM HIM!
THE END

THE GAG

"HEY, O'HARA, are you in there?" Valo shouted. The response was muffled but the answer seemed to satisfy the policeman and he sauntered on. The warehouse behind him was quiet once more, the only sound being the noise of the patrolman's departing feet.

O'Hara grimaced as he sat at his desk inside the dark building. Valo knew he was there but he always tried to knock talk out of him these days. It was part of his job, O'Hara knew, especially now that the warehouse was filled with bales of silk, the first fine material brought back since the end of the war.

O'Hara glanced at the battered alarm clock ticking away on the top of the desk. Two minutes to twelve and time he made his hourly rounds. He grunted as he got up and muttered curses at the dampness of the building that made him so stiff. The time clock in its leather case and sling gave him something else to growl at. It was heavy, it was a nuisance and it was his lord and master. If it wasn't for that clock, life would indeed be easy for Martin O'Hara. Now, its ticking works turning the hands inexorably would provide evidence to his employers as to whether Martin O'Hara had performed his prescribed rounds or not. One more invention of the devil, designed solely to make man miserable.

A slight noise at his fourth punching station gave the night watchman his first intimation that this night would be any different from the endless ones preceding it. It was a small noise; the scurrying of a rat across the dark floor, a shifting of a carelessly stowed bale of silk, or it could be the scrape of leather soles. O'Hara's nerves tingled warningly but the grating voice was still a surprise when it came.

"Get 'em up, Pop!" the command was accompanied by the beam of a powerful light in O'Hara's eyes. "I'm covering you with a gun! One quick move and you're finished!"

O'Hara's hands went up and he stopped in his tracks. His mind churned but came up with only one answer. He could do nothing as long as that gun gleaming in the light pointed at his stomach.

"All right, all right, take it easy!" O'Hara said thickly. "I'll do whatever you say! Just point that thing someplace else!"

The other laughed and rapid footsteps sounded behind the night watchman. "Hey, Lefty, take this guy in the back near the truck! Tie him up and fix him so he can't make a squawk!"

"Okay, boss, but hurry it up!" Lefty said nervously. "This joint gives me the jitters!"

Lefty had a hand torch and he lighted the way as he held his gun to O'Hara's back. The loading ramp in the back of the warehouse was their destination and O'Hara's eyes bulged at the sight of the huge red trailer and big tractor. It was one of the warehouse's own, probably taken from the company garage. No policeman, not even the careful Valo, would question this truck when it pulled out.

"Get over there, Pop!" Lefty rasped. "Sit in that chair!"

O'Hara sat down obediently in one of the checker's chairs. Lefty signed okay to the two men waiting at the tailboard and they went inside to where the boss was sorting out the most valuable silks. It was a well planned job, going through without a hitch, now that the night watchman was under control.

Lefty was cheerful as he took a length of heavy rope from the cab of the truck. He answered O'Hara's questioning look happily. "We've been in here since the warehouse closed up this afternoon. One of the boys sat in the cab while the rest of us waited in the trailer in back! The platform boss figured the trailer was waiting for a load in the morning so the driver checked out and left the truck here! The boss is a pretty slick article!"

O'Hara groaned. It was indeed slick and it was of no importance that he, Martin O'Hara would be out of a job in the morning. He hadn't felt this bad since he lost the fight to McNulty two weeks ago and he'd felt pretty bad then.

The loading went smoothly. Lefty's boss had a good eye and the cream of the shipment disappeared into the vast maw of the huge trailer. One hour after they began, the doors of the big red trailer swung shut on a shipment worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"Okay, boss, we're ready to roll!" one of the loaders said happily. "Want to take the old guy along or knock him on the head?"

The boss shook his head. "Neither. He didn't make any trouble for us so we'll treat him just as good! Gag him and make sure his arms and legs are tied good and tight!"

O'Hara came to life at that. "No, you *can't* do that! I tell you I won't yell!" O'Hara's voice was thick and the words blurred. Lefty laughed and untied the knots behind him while the loader picked up some waste from the floor.

"We won't hurt you, Pop!" Lefty said amusedly. "I'll just fix the ropes so you don't pull anything fancy while Bobo fixes you a nice little gag!"

Bobo laughed as he came over with the cotton waste. "Don't worry, Pop, I know how to fix a gag so you can still breathe! Open wide!"

O'Hara squirmed and pushed away from Bobo's prying fingers. Lefty cursed him heartily and tried to draw the ropes tighter but O'Hara was going crazy. He freed one hand and pushed Bobo away, then Lefty and Bobo both grabbed him.

"No, no! I tell you, you can't do that . . . Aaanh!" the thickly uttered words were interrupted by a scream of real pain. The next minute, O'Hara, Bobo and Lefty were a scrambled mess of flailing arms, gouging fingers and kicking feet on the cement floor.

The boss was startled but he swung into action. "Break that up, *quick!* We'll have every badge toter in New York on our ears in a minute!"

O'Hara was a whirlwind of action. Disregarding Lefty's frantically clutching hands around his neck, he swung one hamlike hand and Bobo's head smacked sharply back onto the cement floor. The next instant, O'Hara had Bobo's gun and it boomed twice at the oncoming boss. He coughed once and fell on his face.

"That'll bring the coppers sure!" the remaining loader yelled. "I'm getting out of here!"

Lefty seemed to agree as he released his grip on the aroused night watchman but O'Hara was started now. He grabbed one leg as the other started to run and brought him down with a crash. A police whistle blasted outside, then the sharp yammer of Valo's night stick sounded the alarm to brother officers in the district.

O'Hara had Lefty's throat in two powerful hands when Valo arrived on the scene. Lefty's face was turning blue and Valo had trouble getting O'Hara to turn him loose. Lefty rubbed his neck and looked at O'Hara in surprised awe.

"Pop, you're a humdinger when you get started!" he croaked ruefully. "I cased this job with the boss and we both figured you for a soft touch!"

Valo turned the body of the slain boss and whistled in surprise.

"O'Hara, this guy you put two slugs into is none other than Lou Heller, a boy the department's been after for a long time!"

A siren wailed outside and two more policemen came in with the second loader walking ahead of their drawn guns. "Found this guy running after we heard shots! Was he on this job?"

O'Hara nodded and rubbed his jaw. Lefty was still looking at him in reluctant admiration as Valo snapped handcuffs on him. "I still can't see why he jumped on us like that!"

Valo stooped and picked the cotton waste they had attempted to gag O'Hara with.

"You were going to gag O'Hara?" Lefty nodded and Valo chuckled. "That's why O'Hara turned into a bearcat! McNulty broke his jaw in a fight two weeks ago! It's been wired together ever since! O'Hara'd rather be shot than have someone pry that jaw apart!"

THE END

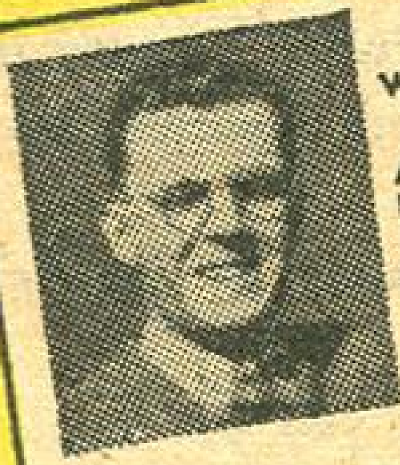
SL-4174

WANTED BY THE F.B.I.

$100 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES!

WILLIAM M. FARLEY



With aliases: Bill Farley, Maltbie Farley

DESCRIPTION

Age, 34, born June 20, 1913, White Bluffs, Washington; Height, 5'8"; Weight, 175 pounds; Eyes, brown, squints continually; Hair, dark brown; Complexion, medium; Build, heavy; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, high school; Occupation, bank teller, clerk; Scars and marks; mole each side of upper lip; ½" scar center forehead right side near hairline; 1" scar on right side of neck. Scar on right knee; Peculiarities, crooked right elbow, is excellent horseman.

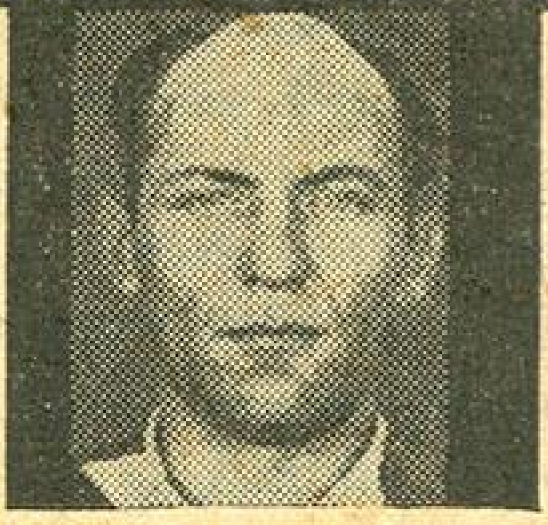
BANK EMBEZZLER

CRIMINAL RECORD

An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Spokane, Washington, on July 1, 1941, charging subject with a violation of the Federal Reserve Act in that he did, on or about March 20, 1941, unlawfully and with intent to defraud, embezzle and convert to his own use, certain monies of the Miners and Merchants Bank of Chelan, Washington.

Fingerprint Classification: (none available)

EVERETT ORAN PEACOCK



With aliases: Ralph Eddy Dunlap, Benjamin Eagan, Benny Gordon, William Patterson, Ralph Watson, Jesse C. Winters

DESCRIPTION

Age, 37, born May 18, 1910, Seymour, Indiana; Height, 5 feet, 7 inches; Weight, 135 pounds; Build, medium; Eyes, blue; Hair, dark brown, curly, bald on top; Complexion, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Occupations, lathe sander, planer operator, textile worker; Scars and marks, hypodermic scars on arms, 3 inch burn scar on neck, 1 inch burn scar on chin.

ESCAPED FEDERAL PRISONER

CRIMINAL RECORD

Since 1928, Everett Oran Peacock has been arrested on numerous occasions in several states on charges which include larceny, vagrancy, shoplifting, jail breaking, violation of Narcotics Laws, and violations of the White Slave Traffic Act. On January 13, 1946, Everett Oran Peacock escaped from the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital, Lexington, Kentucky, where he was being held temporarily as a federal prisoner after being sentenced to serve five years' imprisonment for a violation of the White Slave Traffic Act.

Fingerprint Classification:

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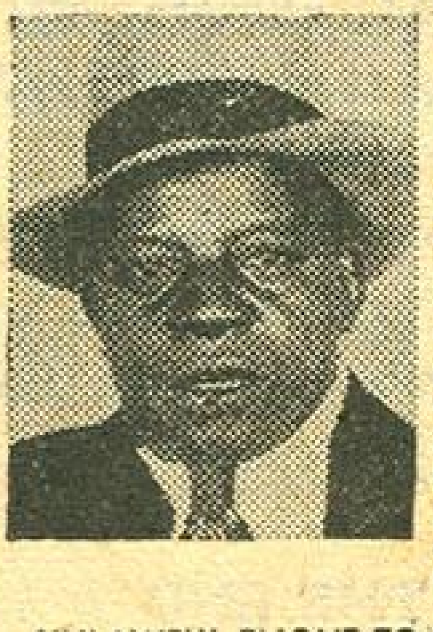
JOHN ANDERSON



With alias: "Mule"

DESCRIPTION

Age, 51, born August 10, 1896, Birmingham, Alabama (not verified); Height, 5 feet 1¾ inches; Weight, 135 pounds; Build, medium; Hair, black; Eyes, dark; Complexion, black; Race, Negro; Nationality, American; Occupation, laborer; Scars and marks, three one-inch scars on right side of nose, numerous gold teeth; Characteristic, walks with limp in right leg.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO ESCAPE PROSECUTION FOR MURDER

CRIMINAL RECORD

Anderson has been convicted and served a sentence for the crime of murder. A complaint was filed before a U.S. Commissioner at Benton, Illinois, on November 1, 1946, charging John Anderson with violating Section 408e, Title 18, U.S. Code, in that he fled from the State of Illinois to avoid prosecution for the crime of murder with which he was charged.

Fingerprint Classification:

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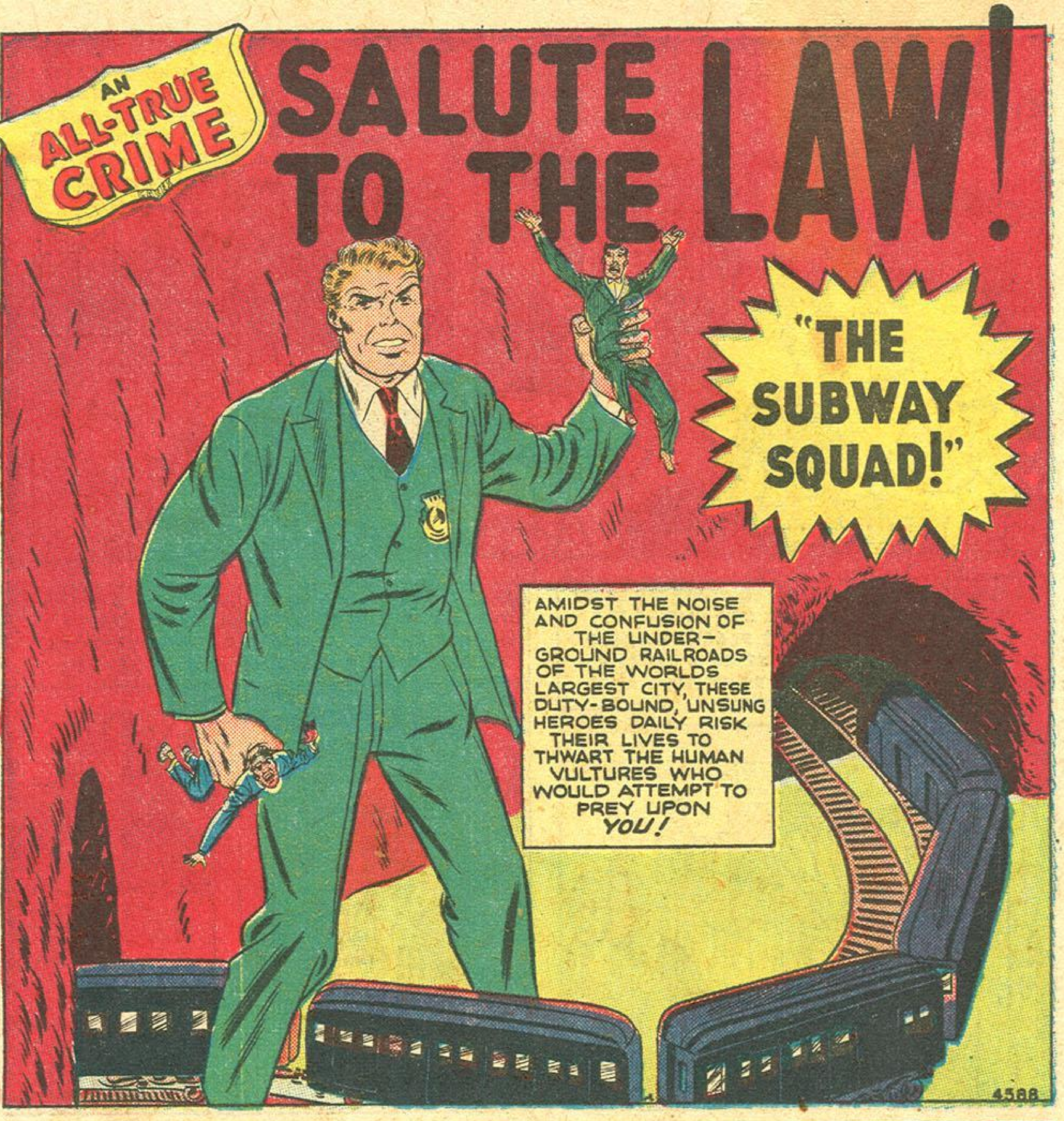
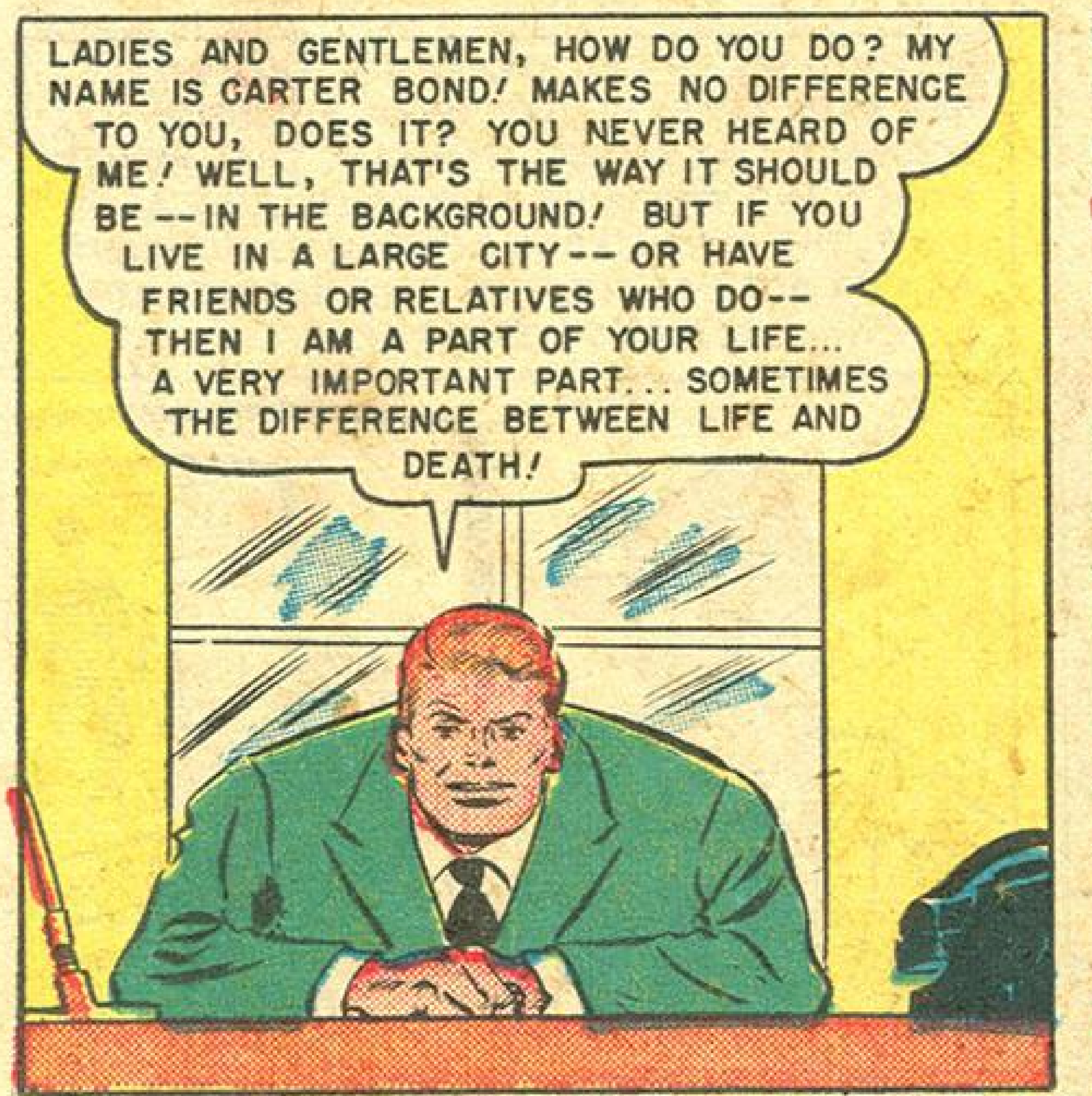
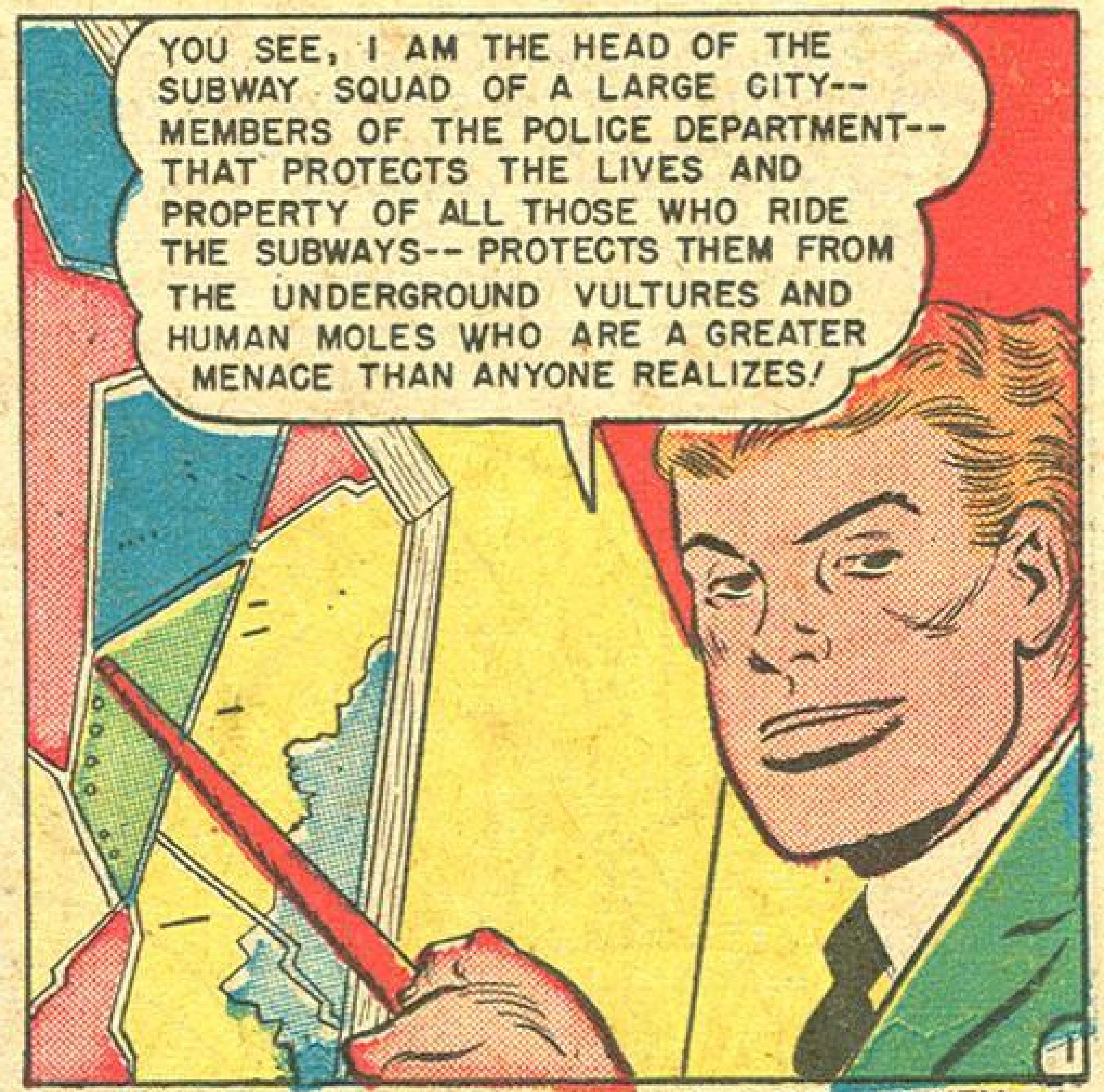
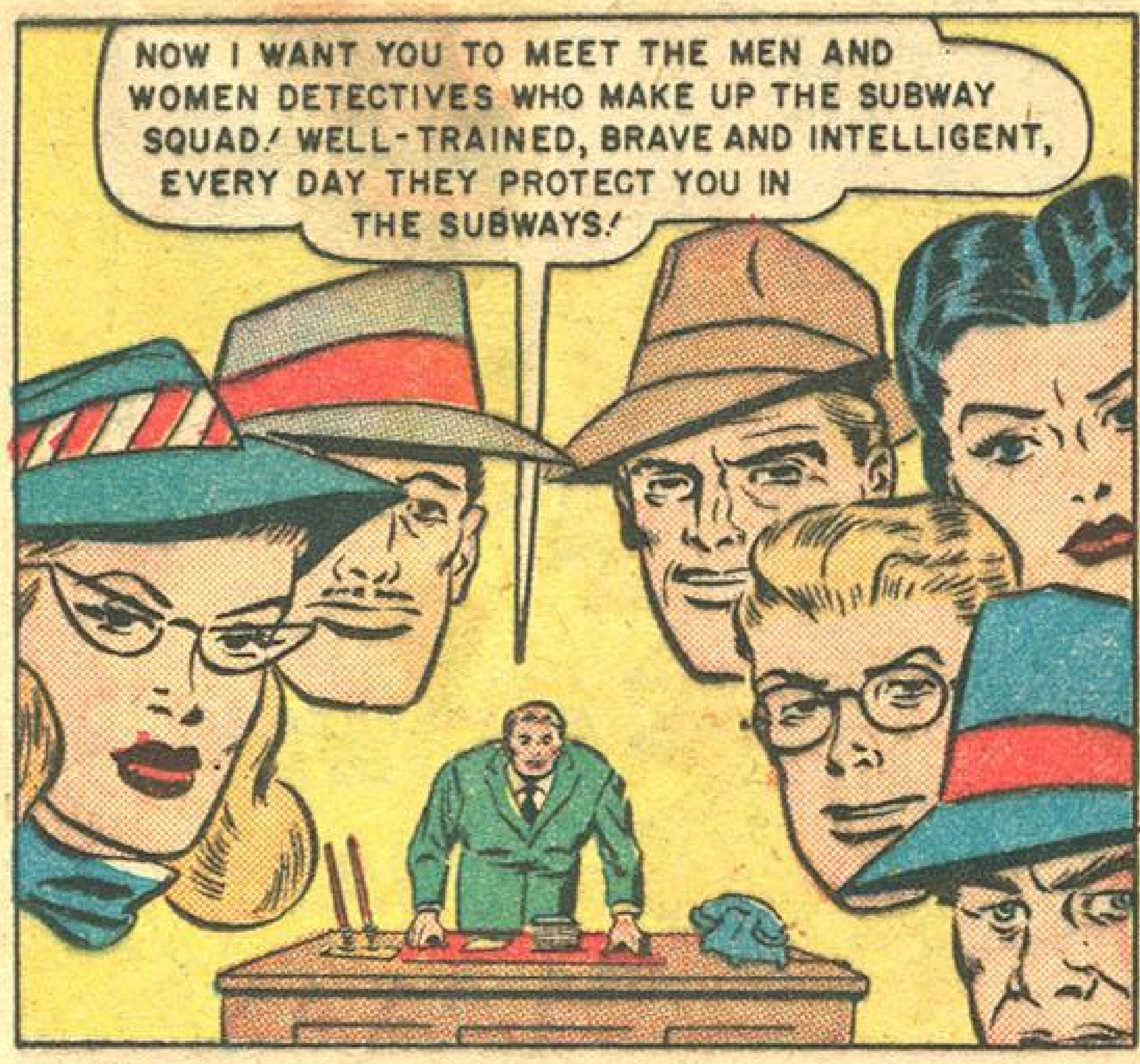
SALUTE TO THE LAW!


AN ALL-TRUE CRIME
"THE SUBWAY SQUAD!"
AMIDST THE NOISE AND CONFUSION OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROADS OF THE WORLDS LARGEST CITY, THESE DUTY-BOUND, UNSUNG HEROES DAILY RISK THEIR LIVES TO THWART THE HUMAN VULTURES WHO WOULD ATTEMPT TO PREY UPON *YOU!*
4588

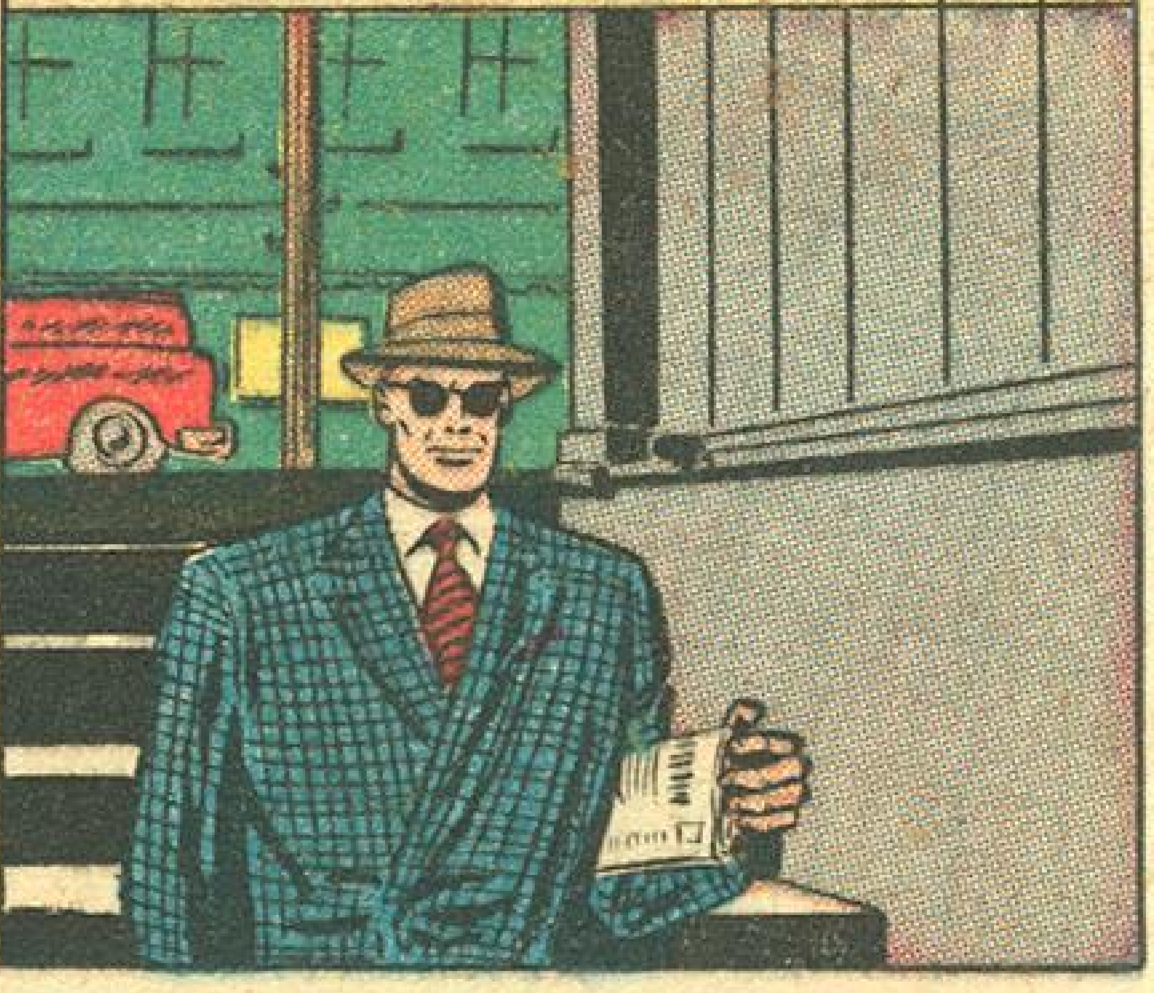

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HOW DO YOU DO? MY NAME IS CARTER BOND! MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO YOU, DOES IT? YOU NEVER HEARD OF ME! WELL, THAT'S THE WAY IT SHOULD BE -- IN THE BACKGROUND! BUT IF YOU LIVE IN A LARGE CITY -- OR HAVE FRIENDS OR RELATIVES WHO DO -- THEN I AM A PART OF YOUR LIFE... A VERY IMPORTANT PART... SOMETIMES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH!


YOU SEE, I AM THE HEAD OF THE SUBWAY SQUAD OF A LARGE CITY -- MEMBERS OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT -- THAT PROTECTS THE LIVES AND PROPERTY OF ALL THOSE WHO RIDE THE SUBWAYS -- PROTECTS THEM FROM THE UNDERGROUND VULTURES AND HUMAN MOLES WHO ARE A GREATER MENACE THAN ANYONE REALIZES!
1

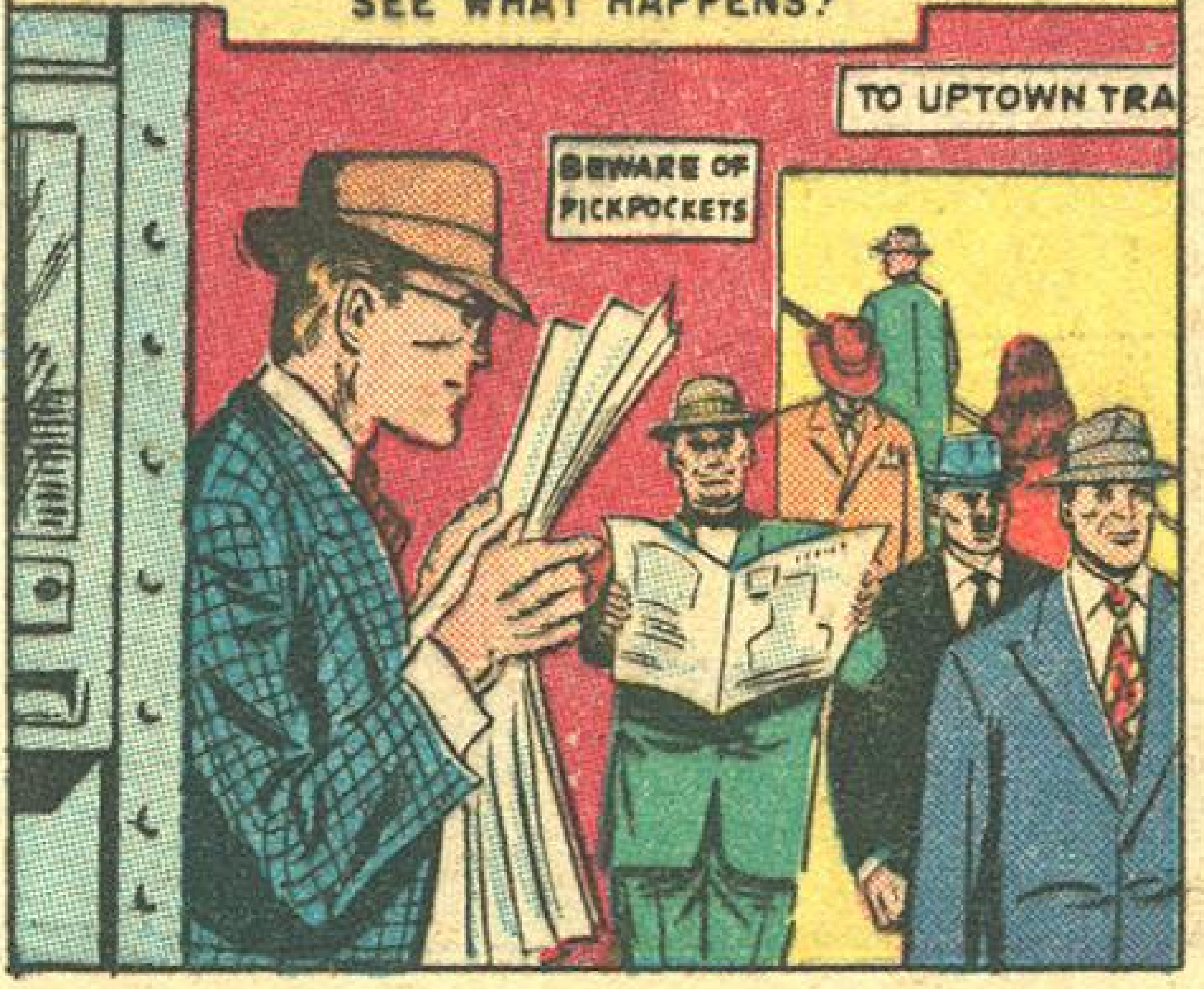
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL


NOW I WANT YOU TO MEET THE MEN AND WOMEN DETECTIVES WHO MAKE UP THE SUBWAY SQUAD! WELL-TRAINED, BRAVE AND INTELLIGENT, EVERY DAY THEY PROTECT YOU IN THE SUBWAYS!

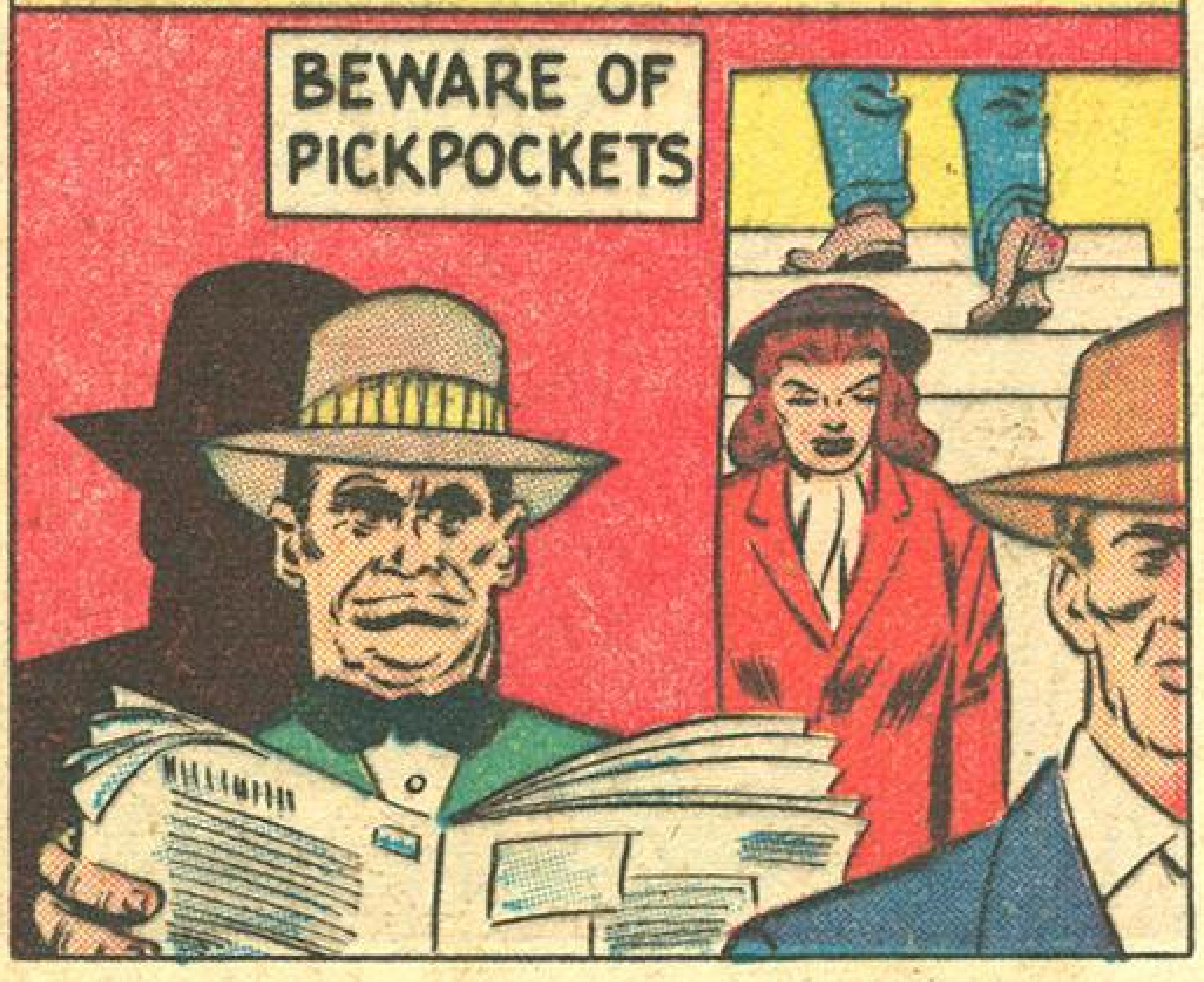
SUPPOSE *YOU* PLAY DETECTIVE AND FOLLOW THIS MAN! WATCH THE WAY HE OPERATES, AND SEE IF *YOU* COULD DO THE SAME! HE IS DETECTIVE SPEARS, ONE OF THE BEST MEN WE HAVE, AND HE IS STARTING ON HIS DAILY ASSIGNMENT...



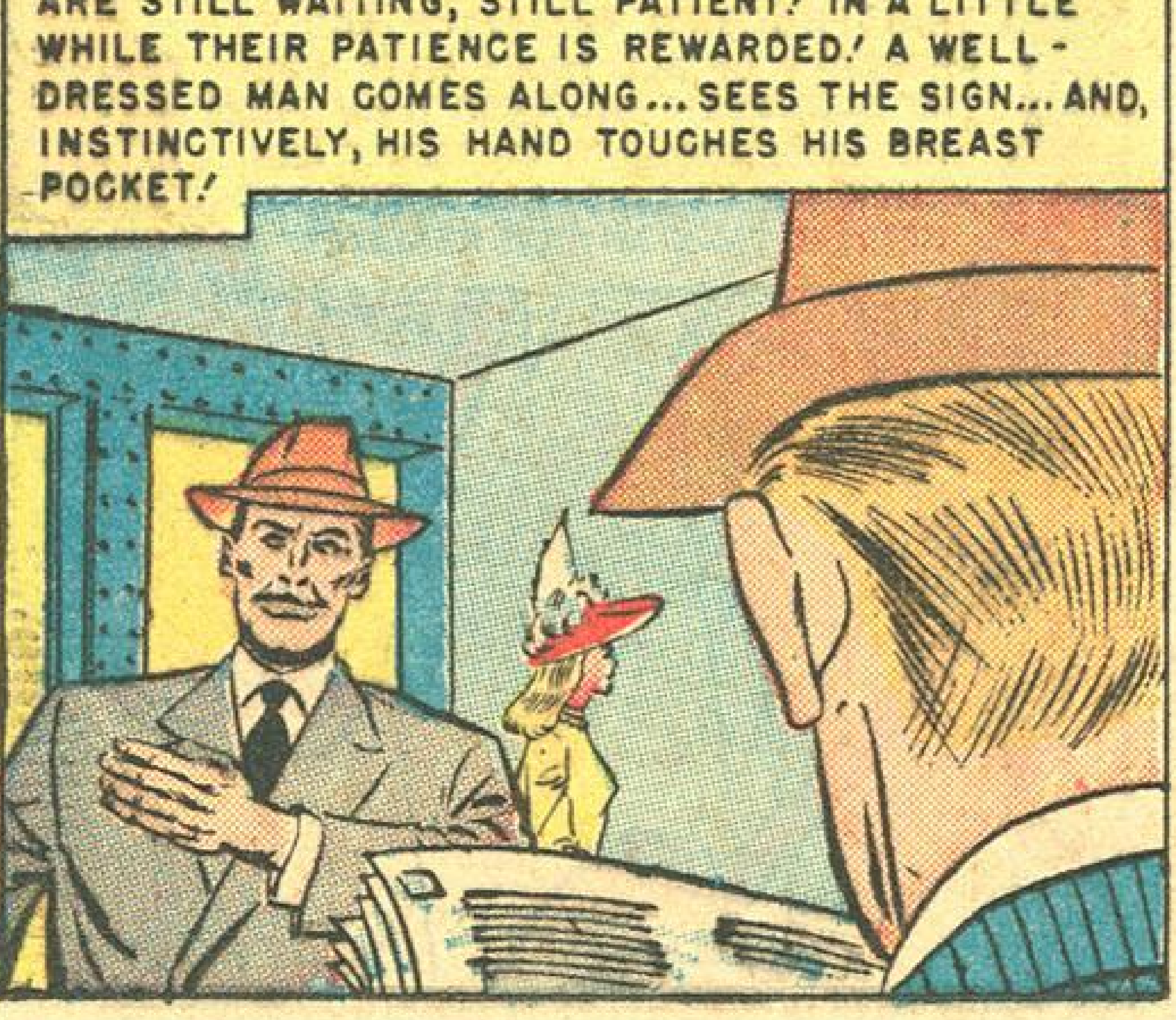
AS YOU SEE, HE'S NOT DRESSED CONSPICUOUSLY! JUST AN ORDINARY LOOKING GUY, WAITING FOR HIS TRAIN! BUT LOOK! HE'S PLACED HIMSELF WHERE HE CAN KEEP HIS EYE ON A CERTAIN SPOT! NOW KEEP YOUR EYE THERE, TOO... AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!


TO UPTOWN TRA
BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS

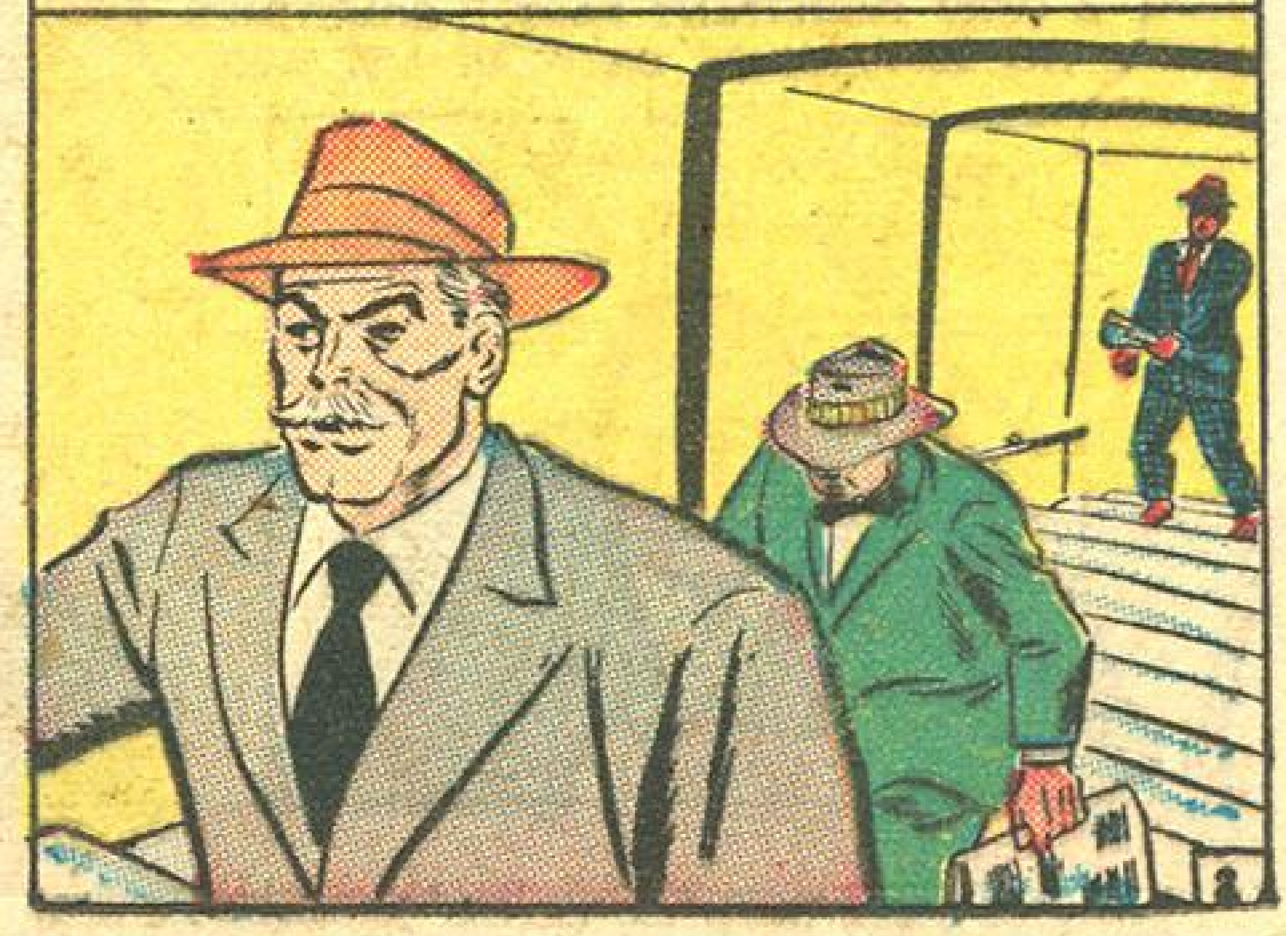
PRETTY SOON A MAN COMES ALONG! HE SEES THE SIGN AND KEEPS ON GOING! HE RATES ONLY A GLANCE FROM THAT MAN NEAR THE STEPS--AS HE TAKES UP HIS POSITION NEAR THE GATE!


BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS

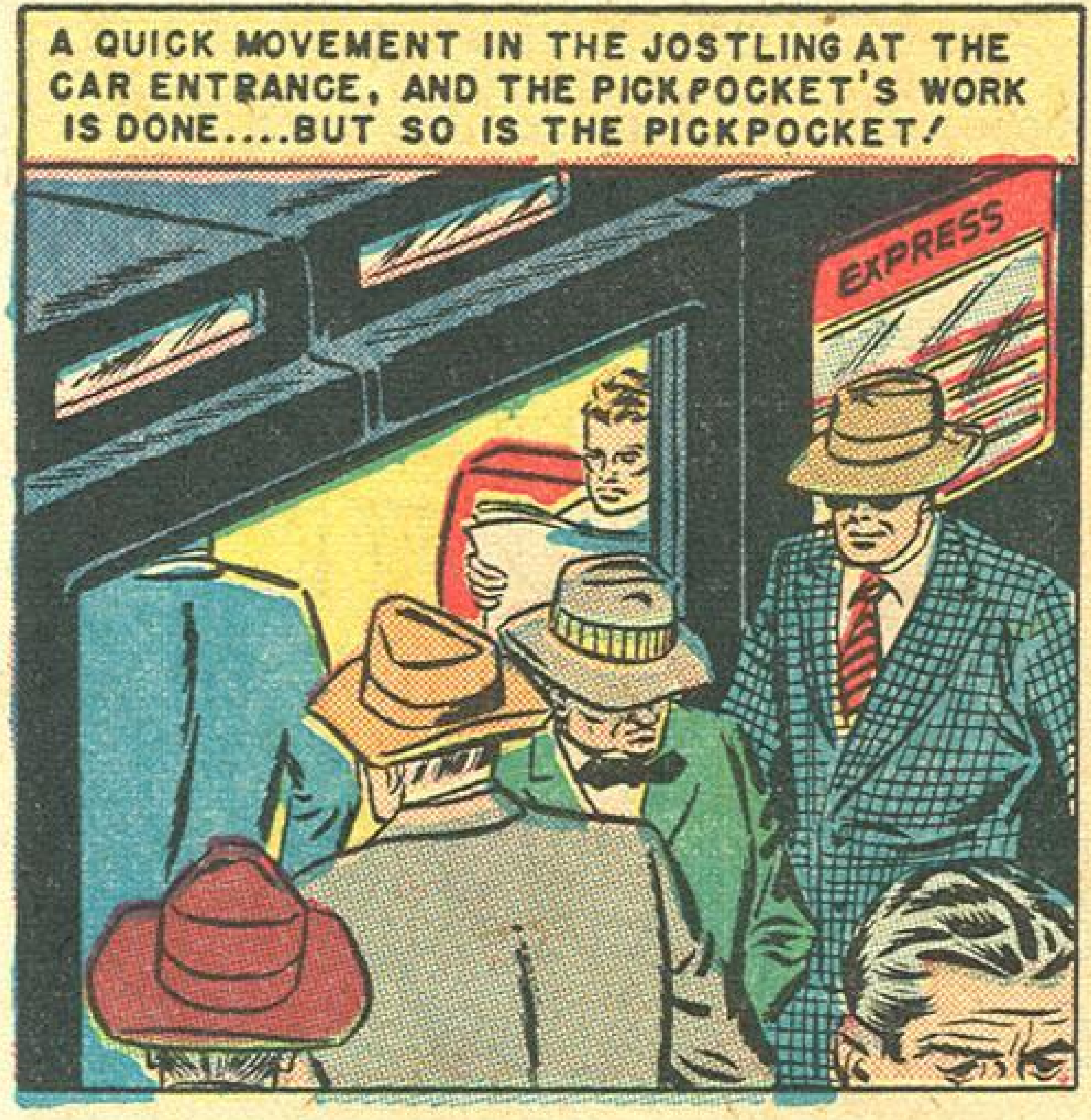
SEVERAL PEOPLE PASS BY THIS SPOT, AND SO FAR NOTHING HAPPENS! BUT THE STRANGER AND SPEARS ARE STILL WAITING, STILL PATIENT! IN A LITTLE WHILE THEIR PATIENCE IS REWARDED! A WELL-DRESSED MAN COMES ALONG... SEES THE SIGN... AND, INSTINCTIVELY, HIS HAND TOUCHES HIS BREAST POCKET!

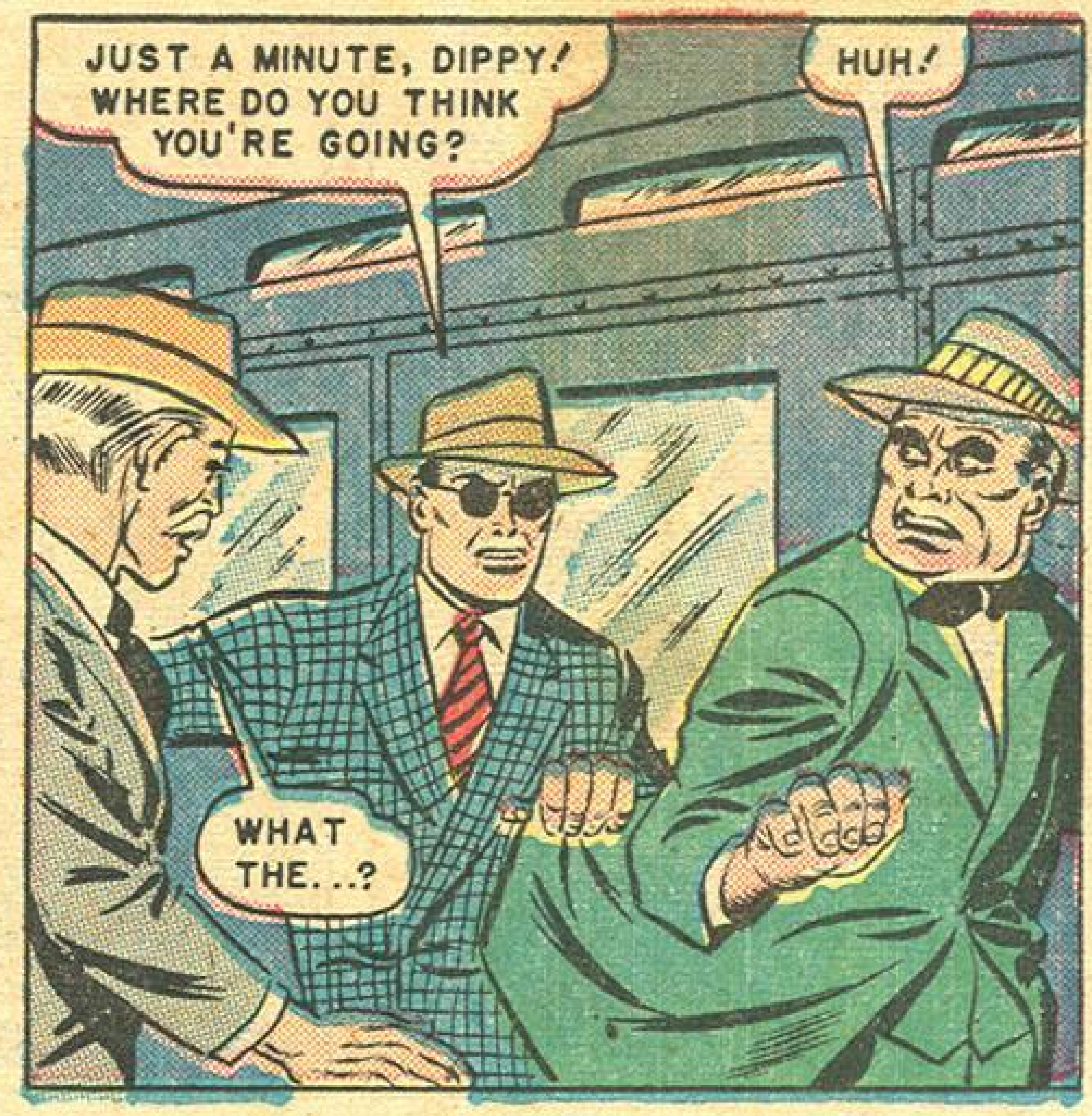


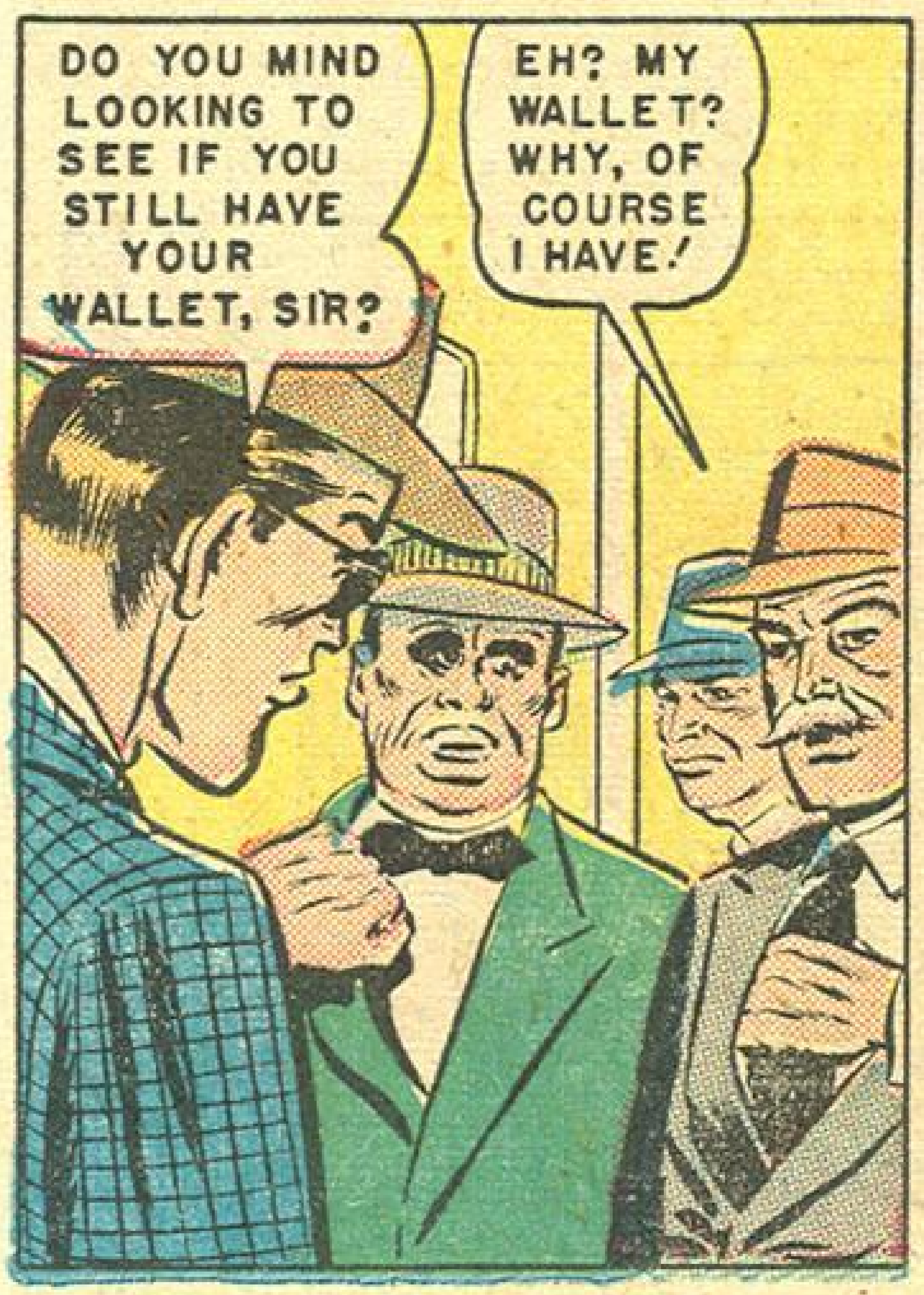
HE, TOO, GOES UP THE STEPS! BUT THE DAMAGE HAS BEEN DONE! HE HAS REVEALED, UNCONSCIOUSLY, TWO THINGS... THE FACT THAT HE HAS MONEY, AND WHERE HE CARRIES IT! LIKE A SHOT, THE STRANGER IS AFTER HIM! BUT RIGHT BEHIND BOTH OF THEM IS--YOU GUESSED IT--DETECTIVE SPEARS!.

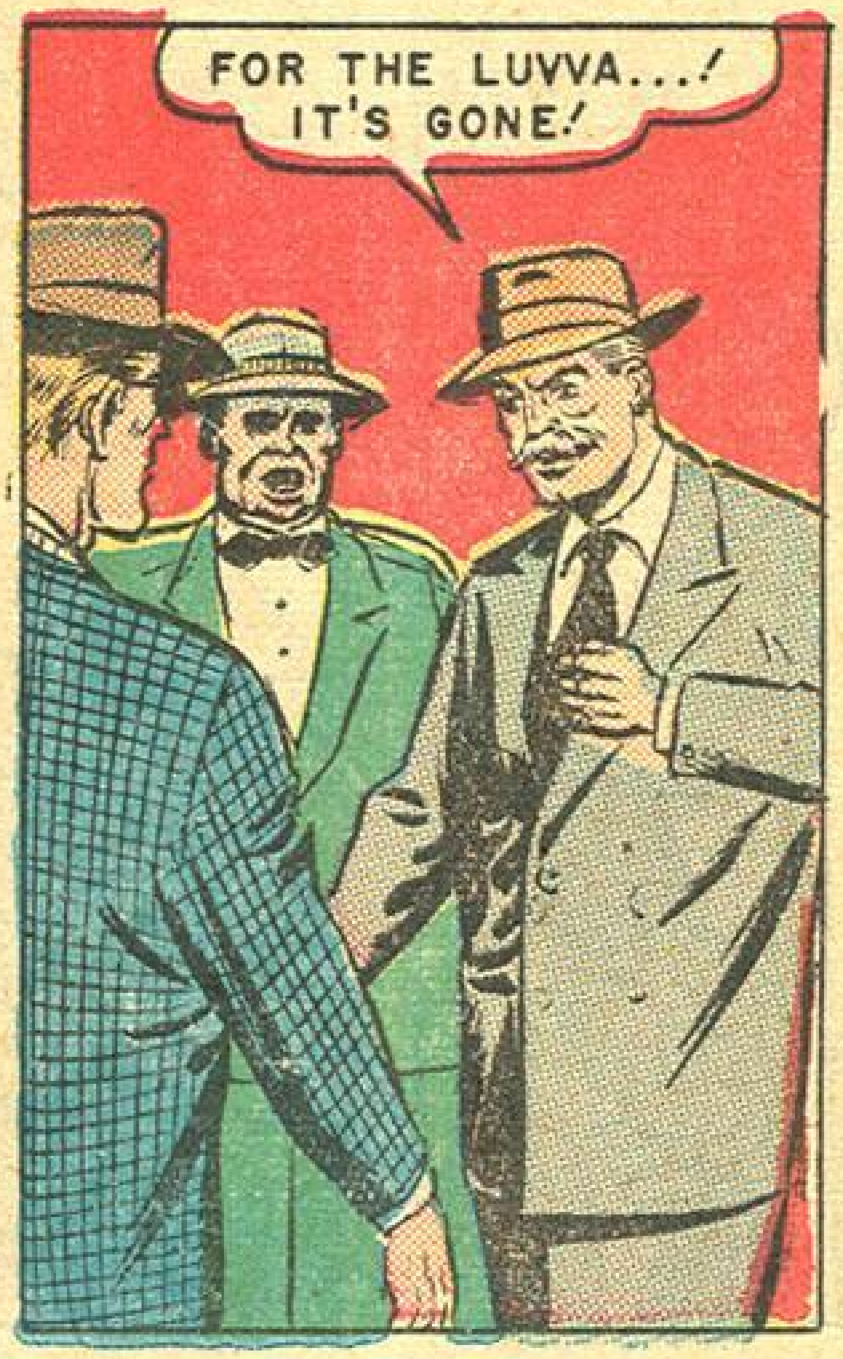


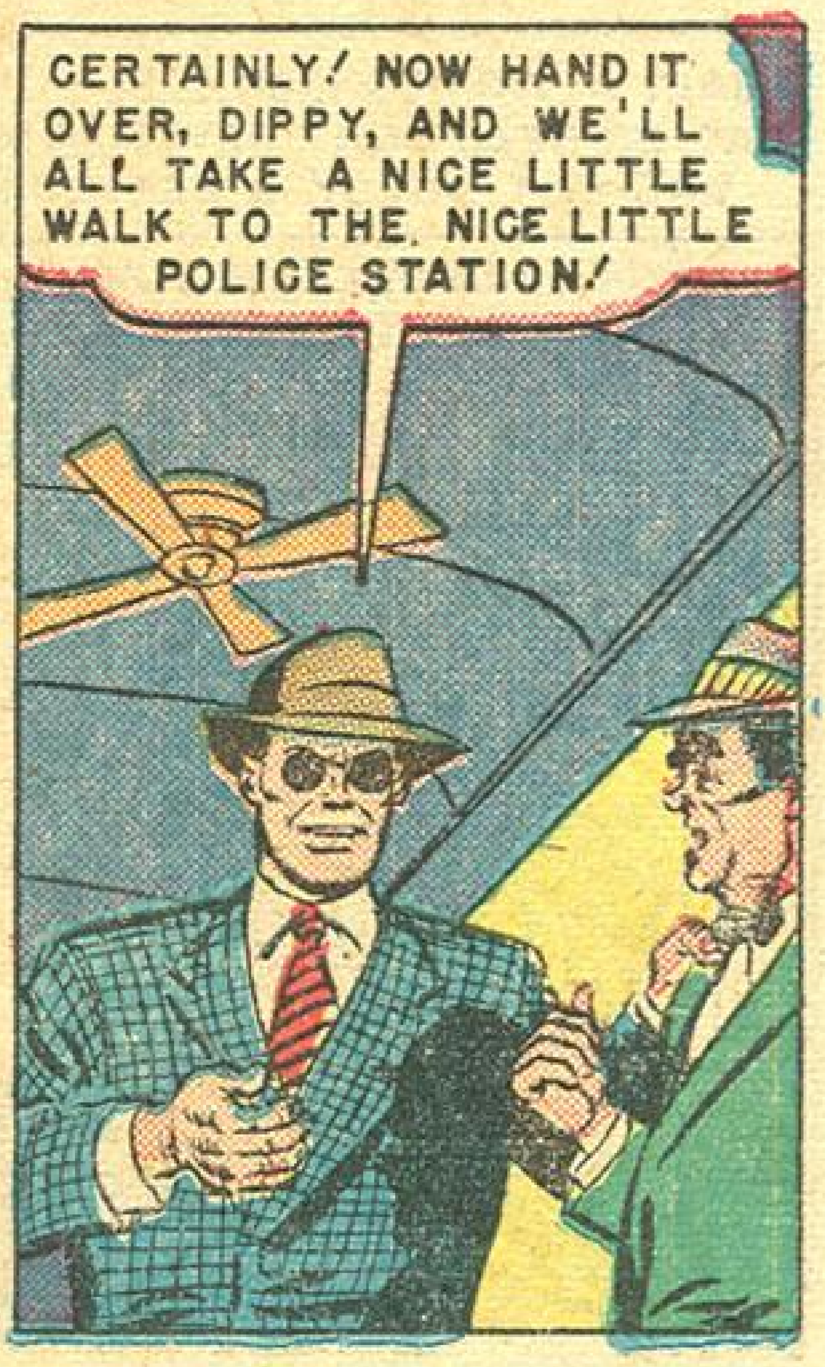
A QUICK MOVEMENT IN THE JOSTLING AT THE CAR ENTRANCE, AND THE PICKPOCKET'S WORK IS DONE....BUT SO IS THE PICKPOCKET!



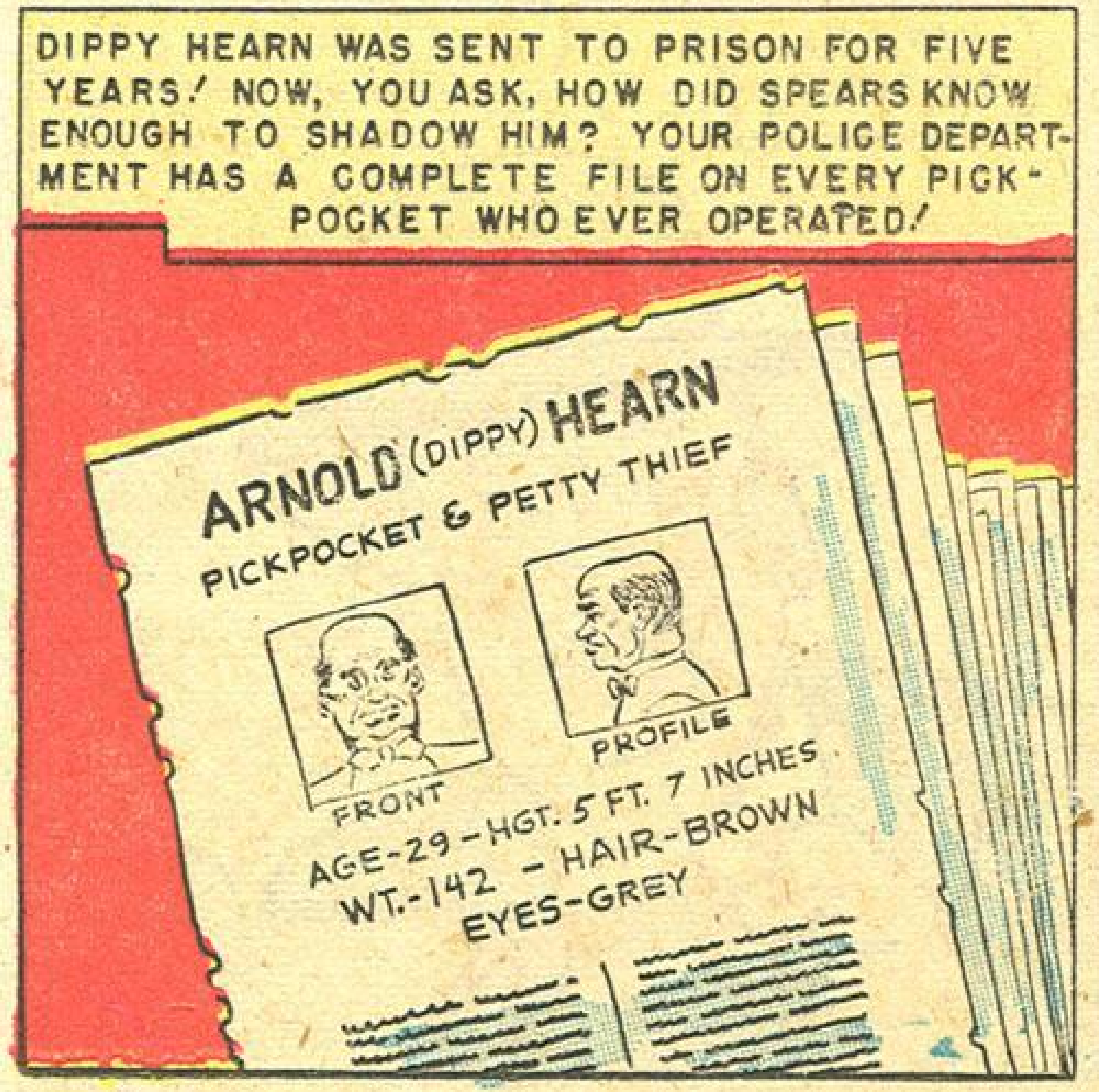

JUST A MINUTE, DIPPY! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
HUH!
WHAT THE...?


DO YOU MIND LOOKING TO SEE IF YOU STILL HAVE YOUR WALLET, SIR?
EH? MY WALLET? WHY, OF COURSE I HAVE!

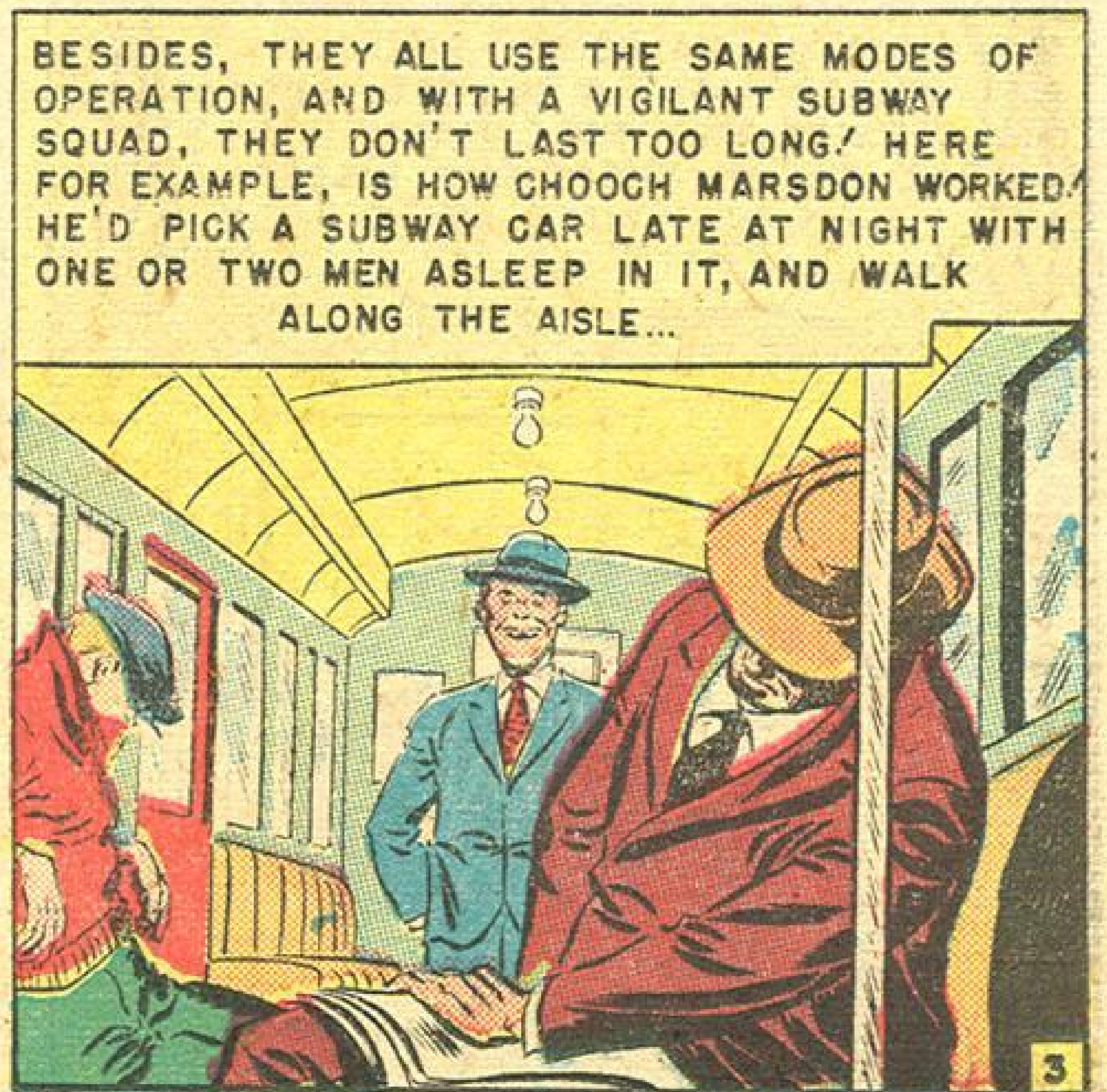

FOR THE LUVVA...! IT'S GONE!

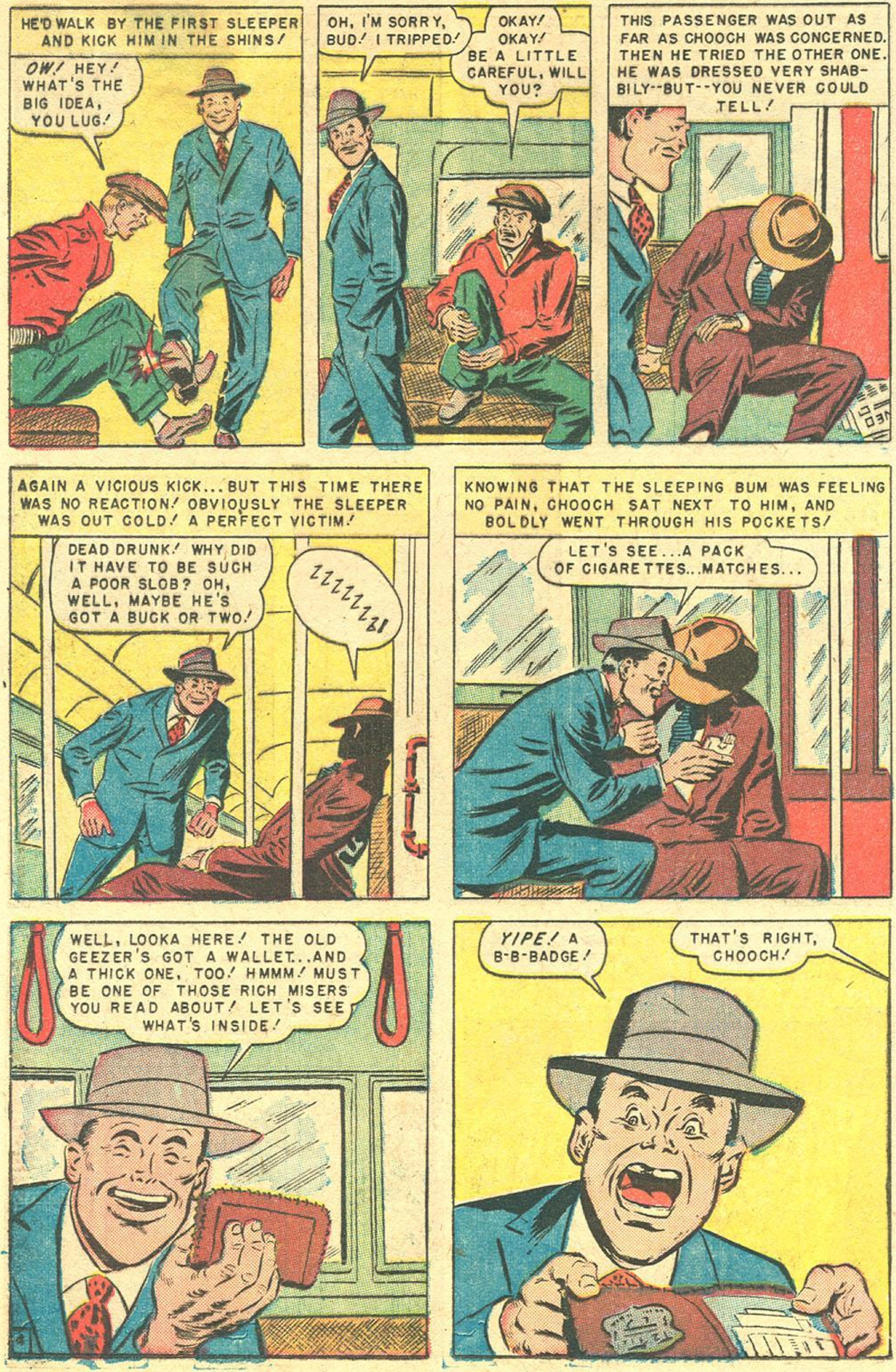

CERTAINLY! NOW HAND IT OVER, DIPPY, AND WE'LL ALL TAKE A NICE LITTLE WALK TO THE NICE LITTLE POLICE STATION!

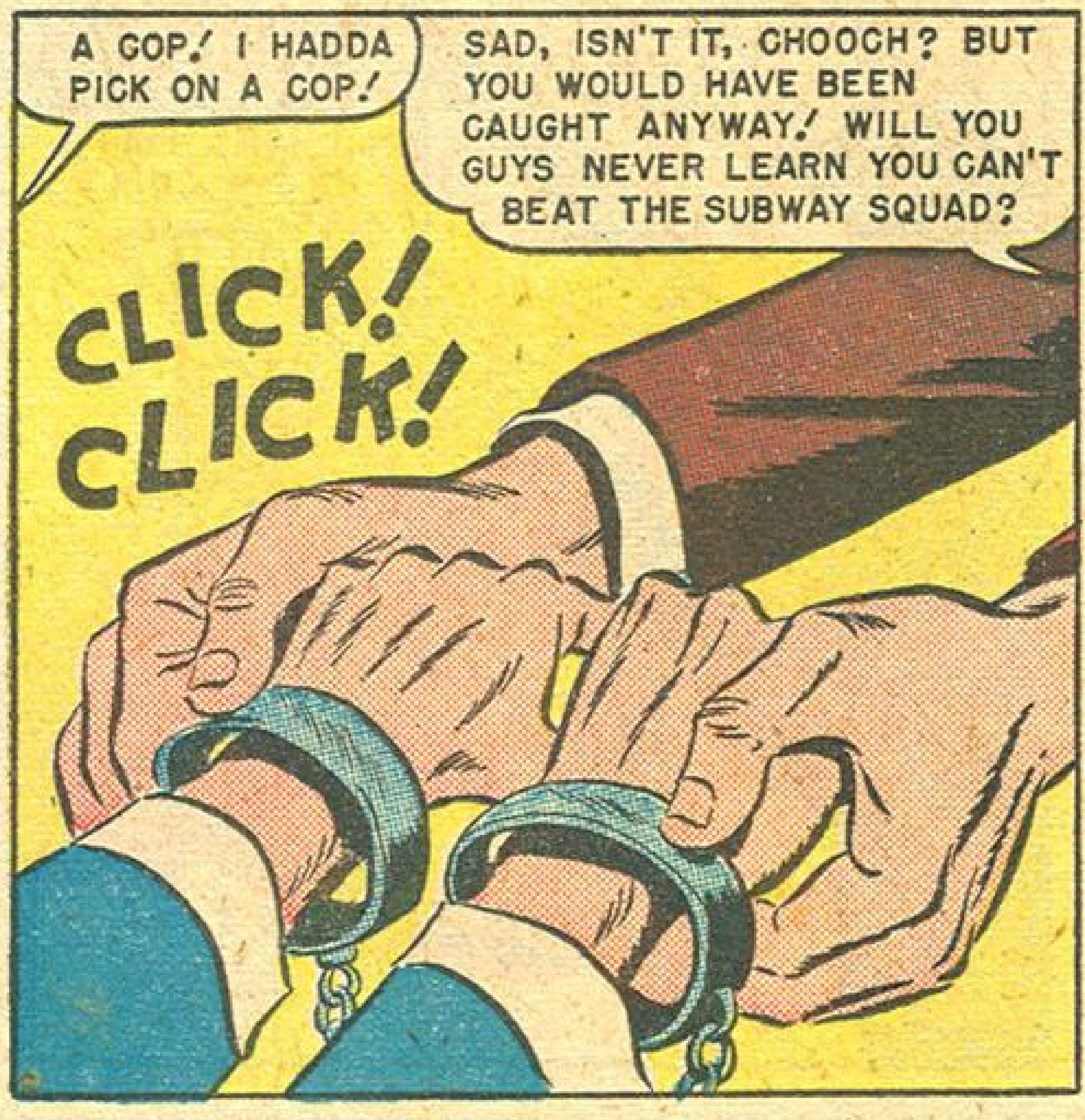
DIPPY HEARN WAS SENT TO PRISON FOR FIVE YEARS! NOW, YOU ASK, HOW DID SPEARS KNOW ENOUGH TO SHADOW HIM? YOUR POLICE DEPARTMENT HAS A COMPLETE FILE ON EVERY PICKPOCKET WHO EVER OPERATED!

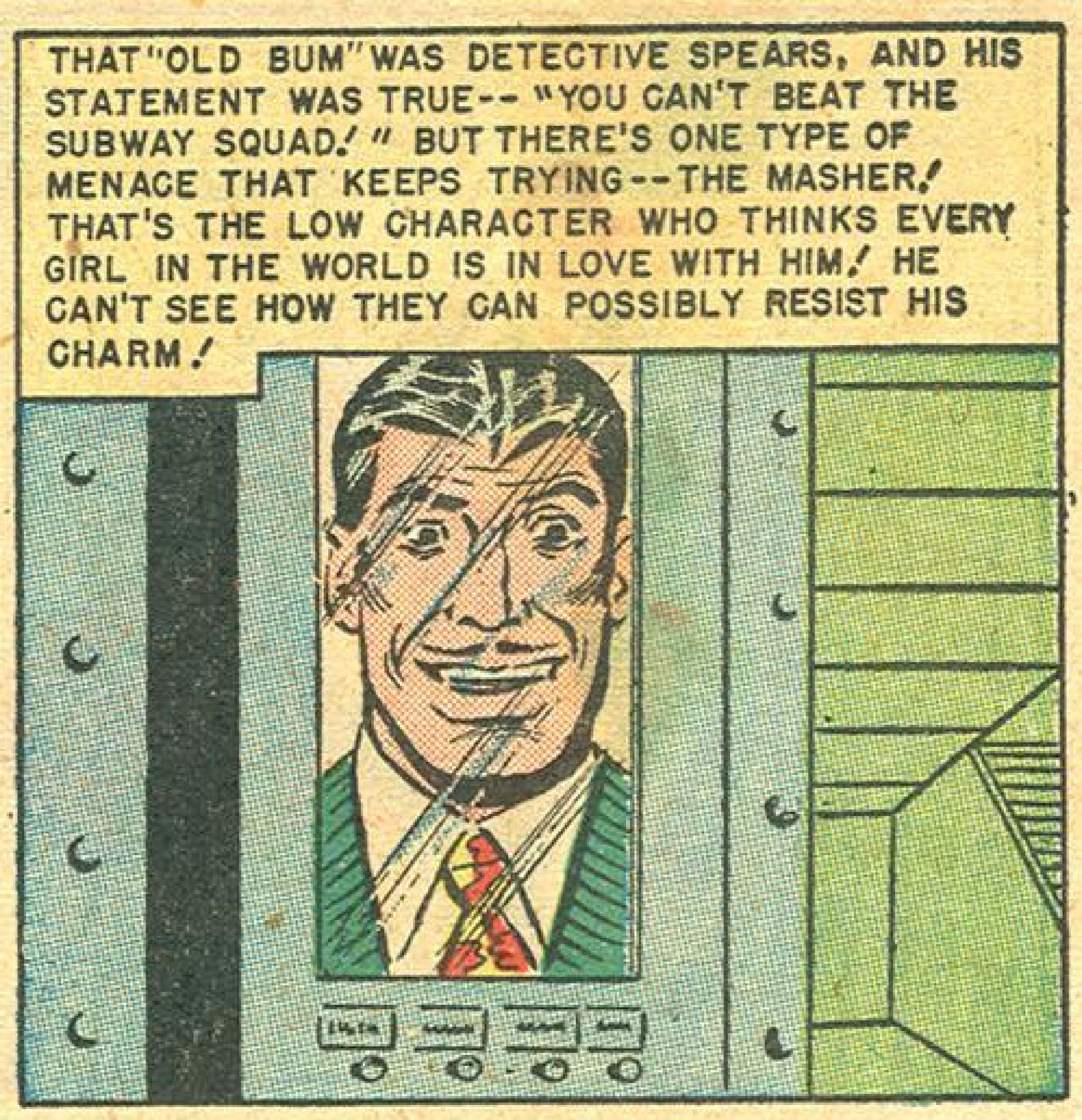

ARNOLD (DIPPY) HEARN
PICKPOCKET & PETTY THIEF
FRONT
PROFILE
AGE-29 - HGT. 5 FT. 7 INCHES
WT.-142 - HAIR-BROWN
EYES-GREY

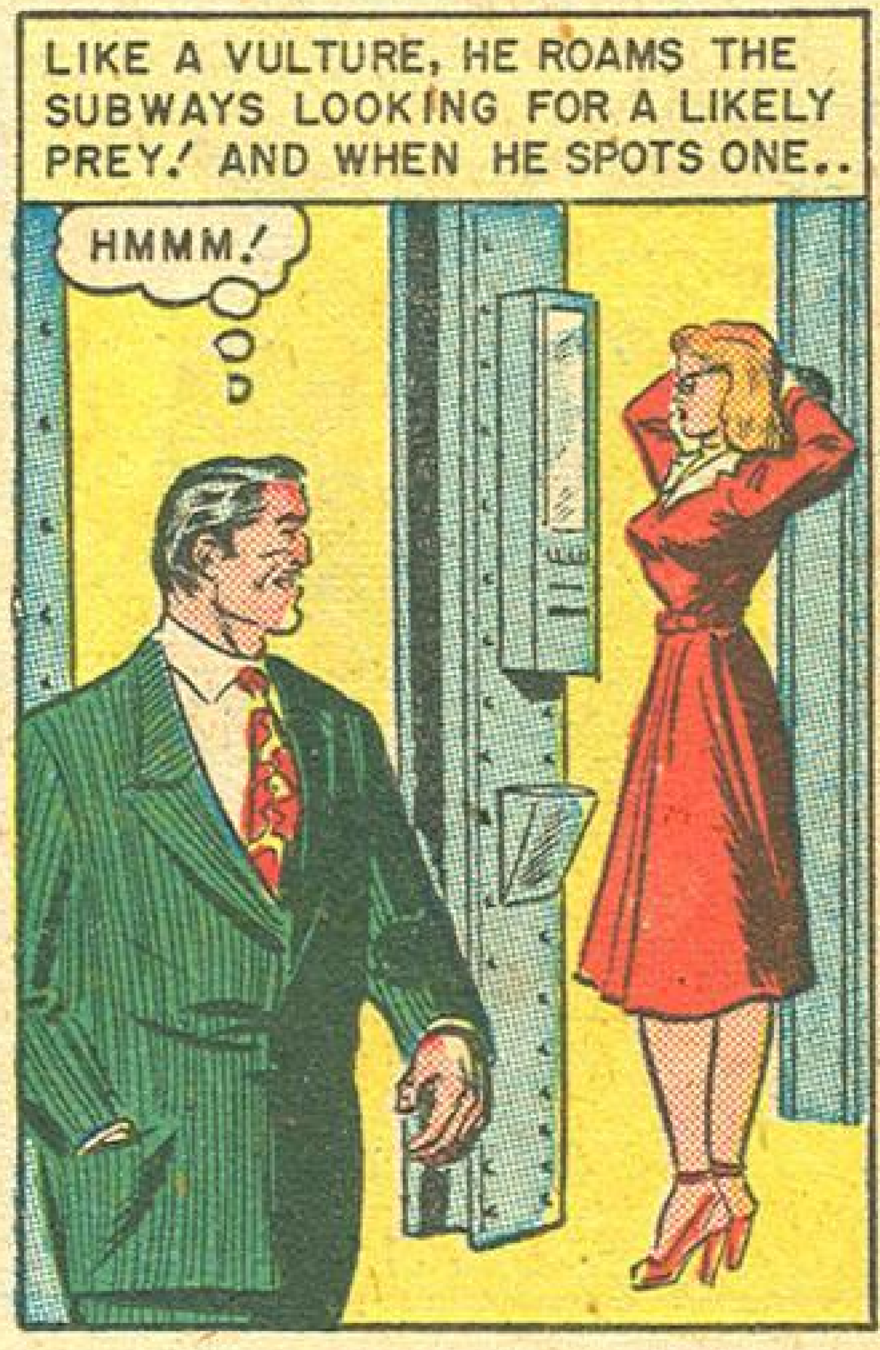
BESIDES, THEY ALL USE THE SAME MODES OF OPERATION, AND WITH A VIGILANT SUBWAY SQUAD, THEY DON'T LAST TOO LONG! HERE FOR EXAMPLE, IS HOW CHOOCH MARSDON WORKED! HE'D PICK A SUBWAY CAR LATE AT NIGHT WITH ONE OR TWO MEN ASLEEP IN IT, AND WALK ALONG THE AISLE...

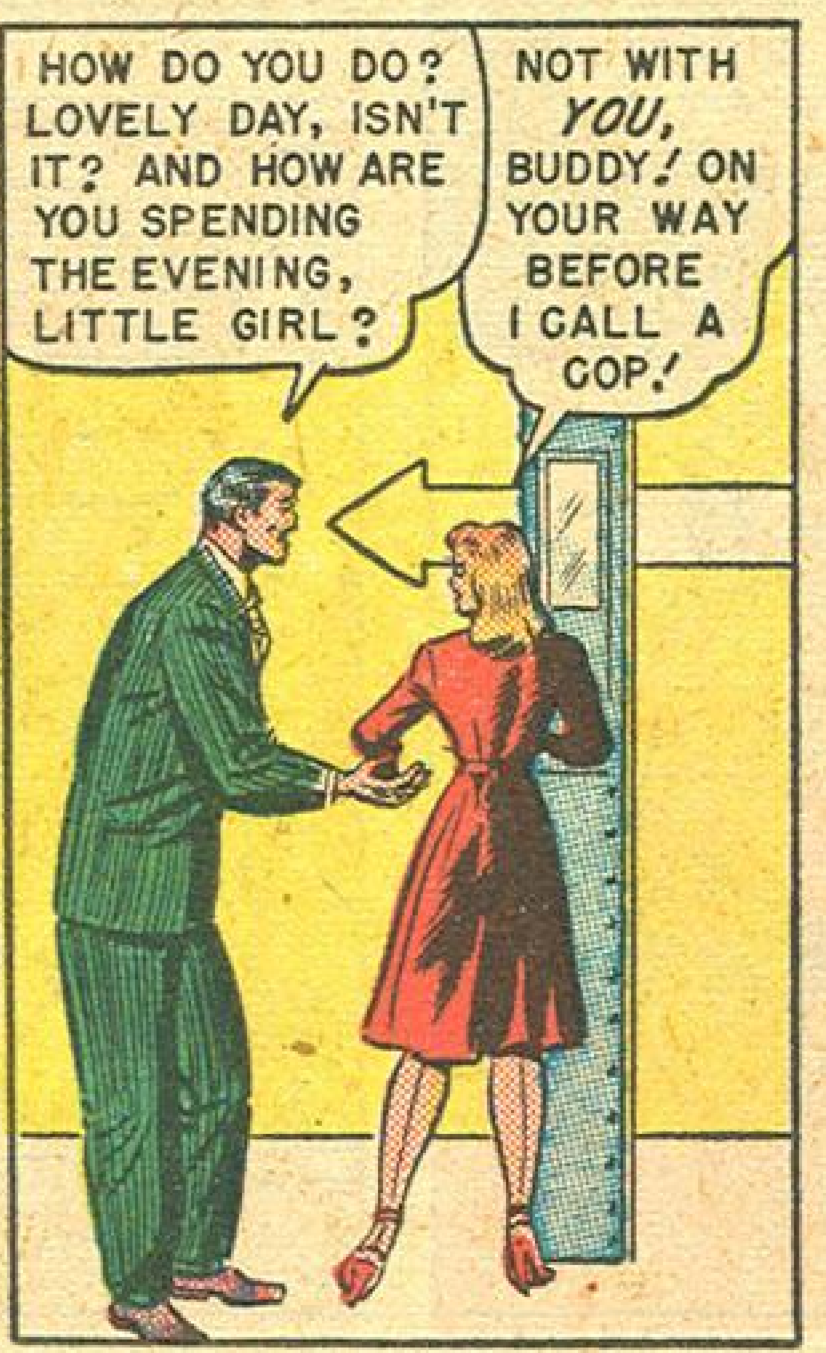


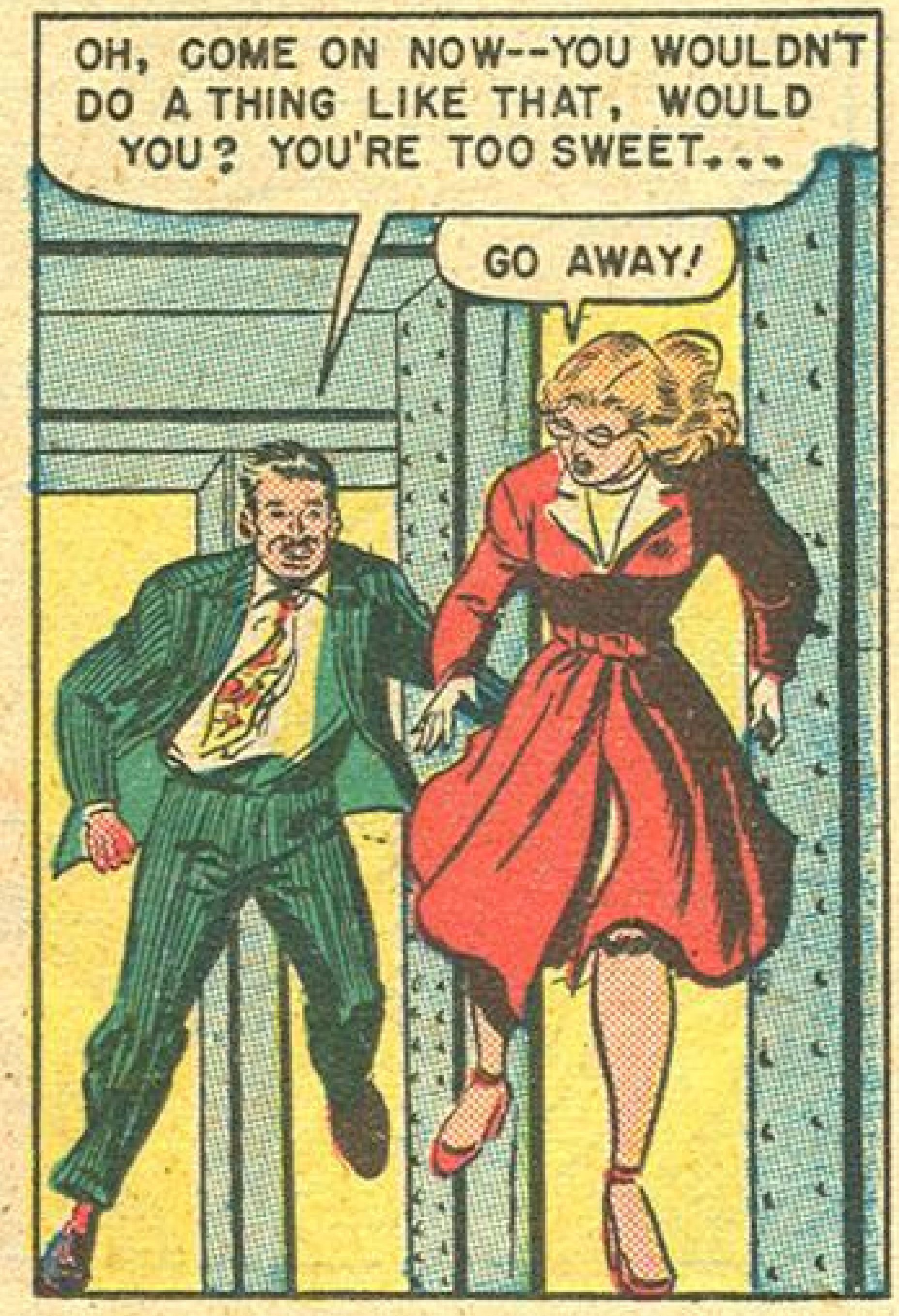

HE'D WALK BY THE FIRST SLEEPER AND KICK HIM IN THE SHINS!
OW! HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, YOU LUG!
OH, I'M SORRY, BUD! I TRIPPED!
OKAY! OKAY! BE A LITTLE CAREFUL, WILL YOU?
THIS PASSENGER WAS OUT AS FAR AS CHOOCH WAS CONCERNED. THEN HE TRIED THE OTHER ONE. HE WAS DRESSED VERY SHABBILY--BUT--YOU NEVER COULD TELL!
AGAIN A VICIOUS KICK... BUT THIS TIME THERE WAS NO REACTION! OBVIOUSLY THE SLEEPER WAS OUT COLD! A PERFECT VICTIM!
DEAD DRUNK! WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE SUCH A POOR SLOB? OH, WELL, MAYBE HE'S GOT A BUCK OR TWO!
ZZZZZZZ!
KNOWING THAT THE SLEEPING BUM WAS FEELING NO PAIN, CHOOCH SAT NEXT TO HIM, AND BOLDLY WENT THROUGH HIS POCKETS!
LET'S SEE... A PACK OF CIGARETTES... MATCHES...
WELL, LOOKA HERE! THE OLD GEEZER'S GOT A WALLET...AND A THICK ONE, TOO! HMMM! MUST BE ONE OF THOSE RICH MISERS YOU READ ABOUT! LET'S SEE WHAT'S INSIDE!
YIPE! A B-B-BADGE!
THAT'S RIGHT, CHOOCH!

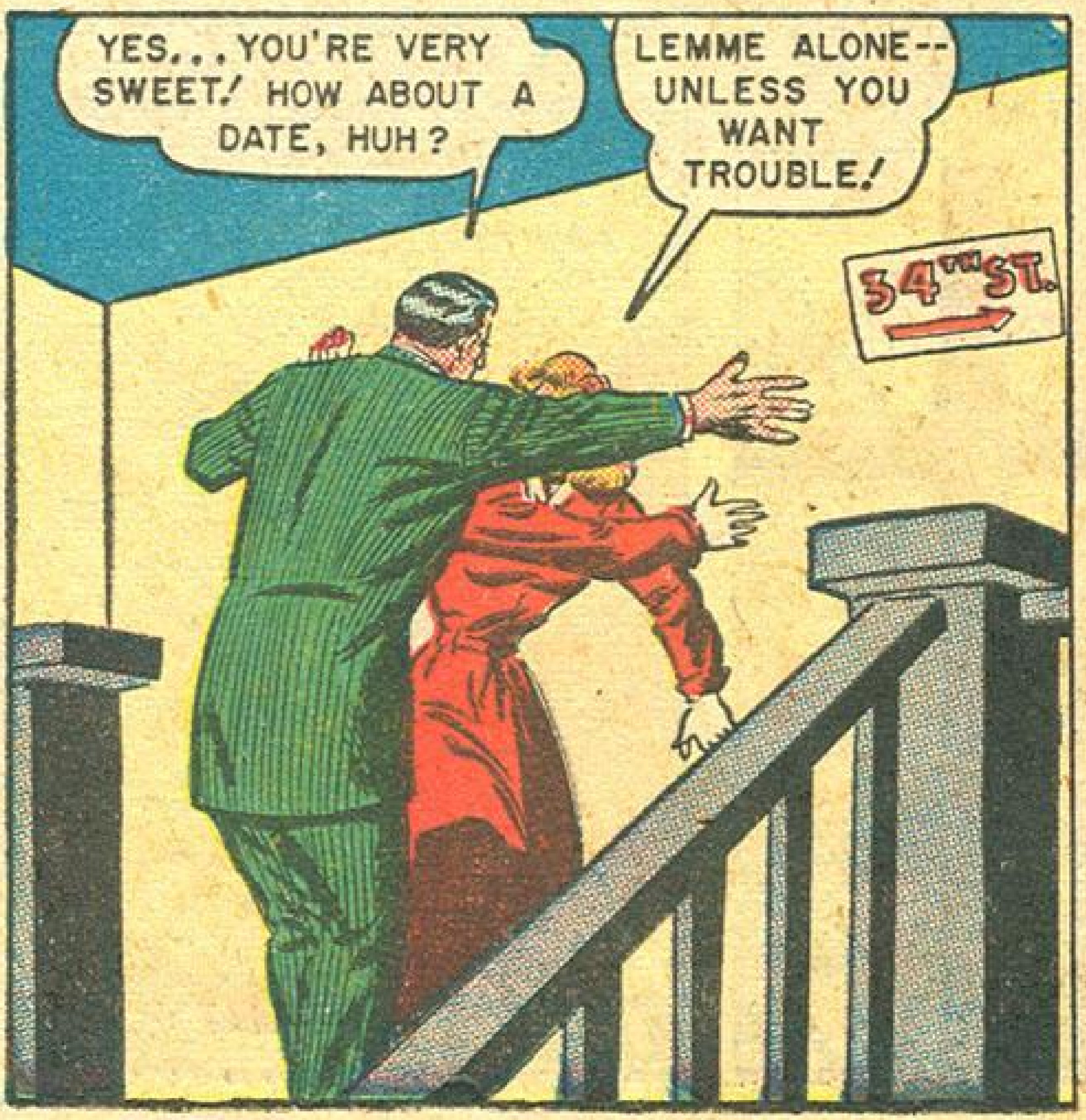

A COP! I HADDA PICK ON A COP!
SAD, ISN'T IT, CHOOCH? BUT YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN CAUGHT ANYWAY! WILL YOU GUYS NEVER LEARN YOU CAN'T BEAT THE SUBWAY SQUAD?
CLICK! CLICK!

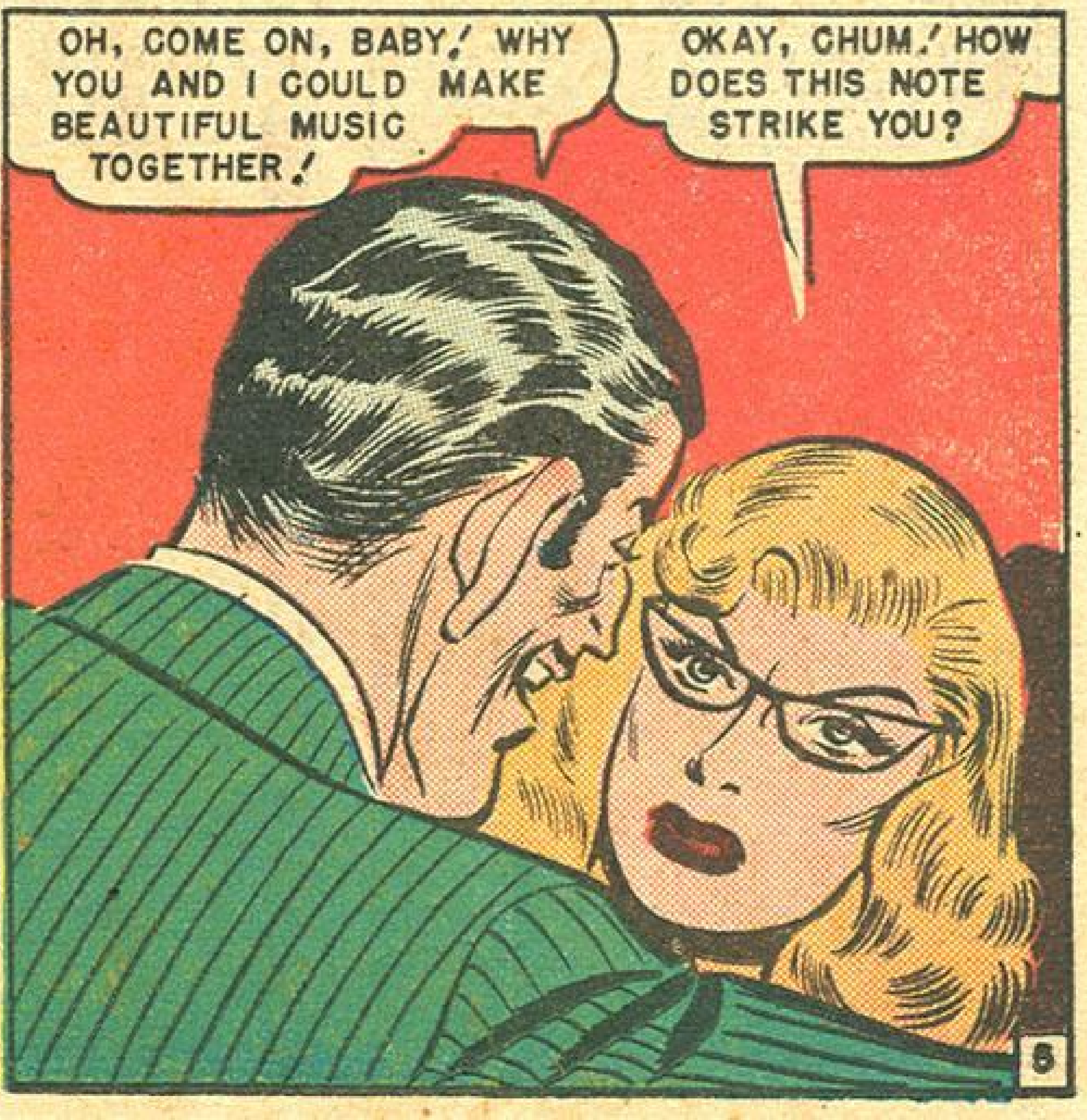

THAT "OLD BUM" WAS DETECTIVE SPEARS, AND HIS STATEMENT WAS TRUE-- "YOU CAN'T BEAT THE SUBWAY SQUAD!" BUT THERE'S ONE TYPE OF MENACE THAT KEEPS TRYING--THE MASHER! THAT'S THE LOW CHARACTER WHO THINKS EVERY GIRL IN THE WORLD IS IN LOVE WITH HIM! HE CAN'T SEE HOW THEY CAN POSSIBLY RESIST HIS CHARM!

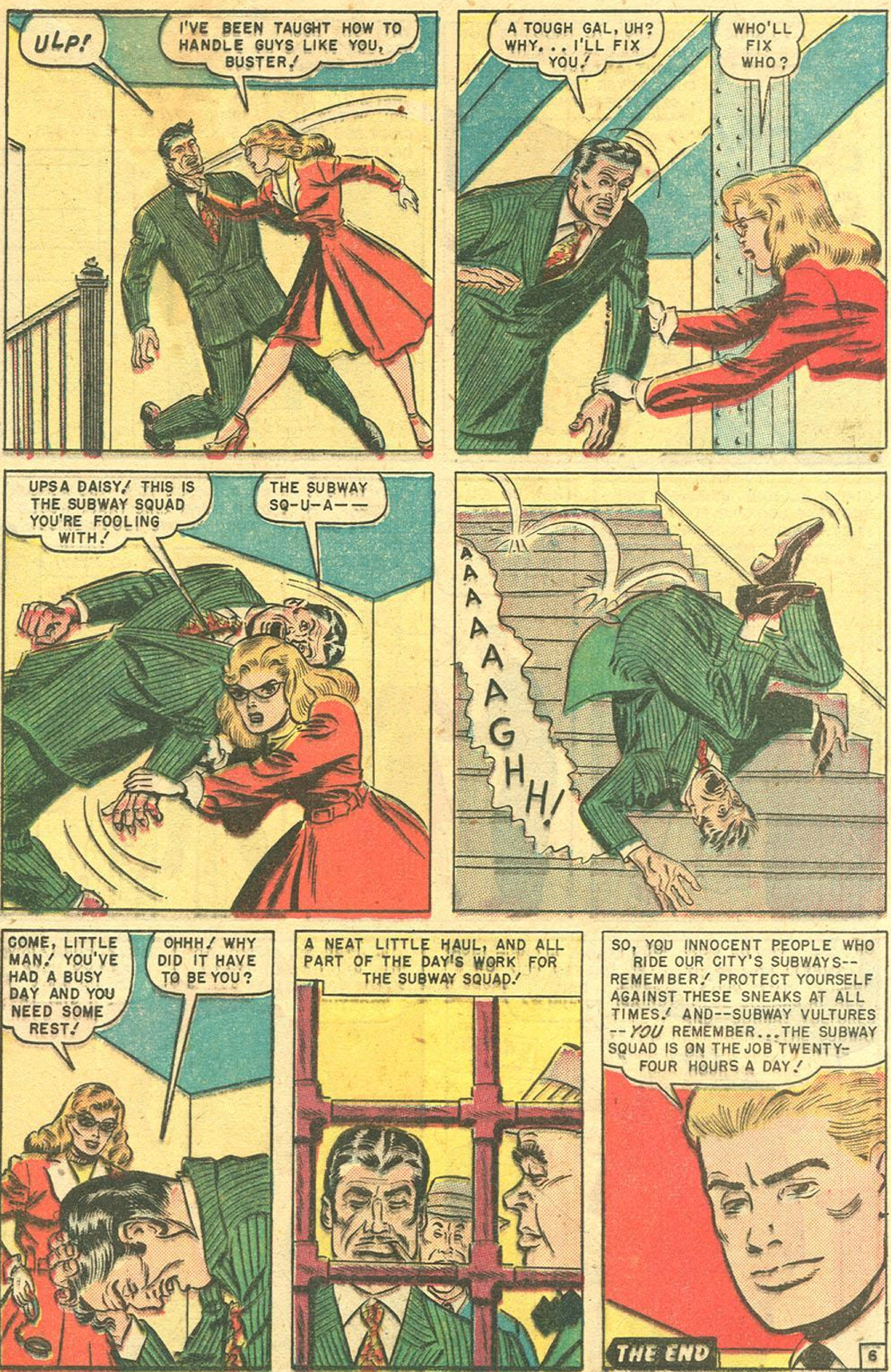

LIKE A VULTURE, HE ROAMS THE SUBWAYS LOOKING FOR A LIKELY PREY! AND WHEN HE SPOTS ONE..
HMMM!


HOW DO YOU DO? LOVELY DAY, ISN'T IT? AND HOW ARE YOU SPENDING THE EVENING, LITTLE GIRL?
NOT WITH *YOU*, BUDDY! ON YOUR WAY BEFORE I CALL A COP!


OH, COME ON NOW--YOU WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT, WOULD YOU? YOU'RE TOO SWEET...
GO AWAY!


YES...YOU'RE VERY SWEET! HOW ABOUT A DATE, HUH?
LEMME ALONE--UNLESS YOU WANT TROUBLE!
34TH ST.


OH, COME ON, BABY! WHY YOU AND I COULD MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC TOGETHER!
OKAY, CHUM! HOW DOES THIS NOTE STRIKE YOU?


ULP!
I'VE BEEN TAUGHT HOW TO HANDLE GUYS LIKE YOU, BUSTER!
A TOUGH GAL, UH? WHY. . . I'LL FIX YOU!
WHO'LL FIX WHO?
UPSA DAISY! THIS IS THE SUBWAY SQUAD YOU'RE FOOLING WITH!
THE SUBWAY SQ-U-A--
AAAAAAGHH!
COME, LITTLE MAN! YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY AND YOU NEED SOME REST!
OHHH! WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE YOU?
A NEAT LITTLE HAUL, AND ALL PART OF THE DAY'S WORK FOR THE SUBWAY SQUAD!
SO, YOU INNOCENT PEOPLE WHO RIDE OUR CITY'S SUBWAYS-- REMEMBER! PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST THESE SNEAKS AT ALL TIMES! AND--SUBWAY VULTURES --*YOU* REMEMBER...THE SUBWAY SQUAD IS ON THE JOB TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY!
THE END

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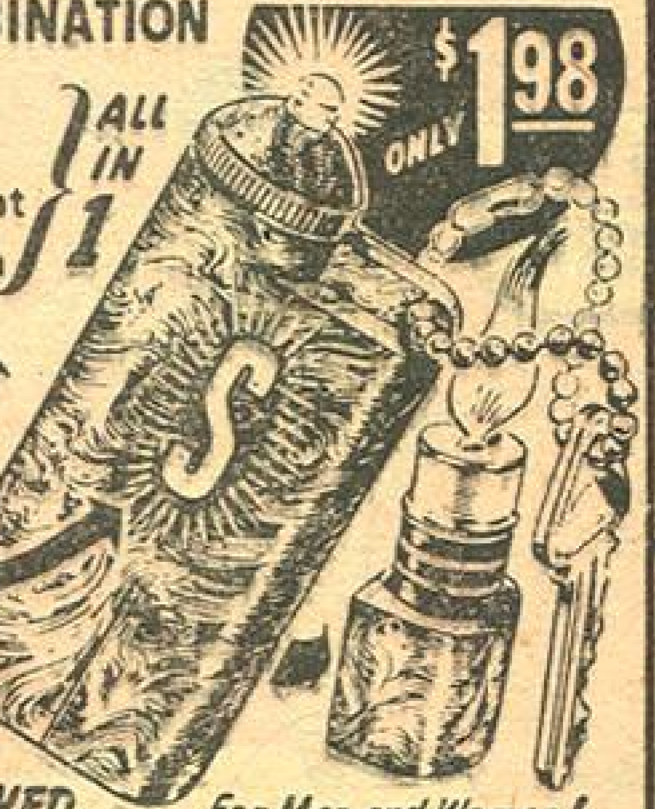
Cigarette Lighter
Flashlight
Key Chain

ALL IN 1

ONLY $1.98

INITIAL IN GOLD AT NO EXTRA COST



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Chicago 22, Illinois

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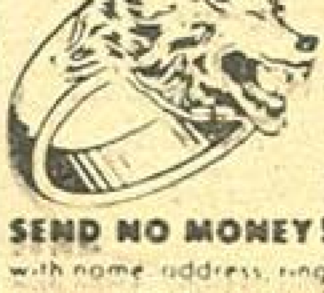
ALLEN RADIO, Dept. 111, Clinton, Mo.

RING for "WOLVES"



If you're a "wolf", you'll want to wear this unusual, emblematic ring. Handsomely formed from solid Sterling Silver. Girls! Give this ring to the wolves you know!

SEND NO MONEY! Just clip ad and mail with name, address, ring size and style. Pay postman only $2.98 plus few cents postage on arrival. Or send cash and we mail postpaid. Wear for 5 days. If not delighted, return for refund.

$2.98 POST PAID (TAX PAID)

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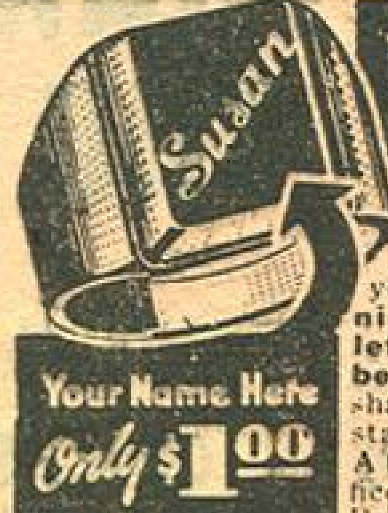
American School, Dept. [illegible], [illegible] at [illegible], Chicago [illegible]



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Most thrilling, unique idea in years! **Your first name or nickname in artistic-script lettering as the setting on a beautiful ring!** Stays clear and sharp for years and years. Withstands washing, rubbing, wear. A thrilling keepsake—a magnificent gift! Order yours today. Print name to be inscribed.

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ONLY $1.95 COMPLETE

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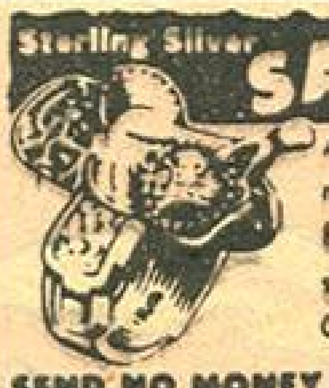
Sterling Silver SADDLE RING



Authentic replica of championship rodeo saddle! Handsomely formed from solid Sterling Silver by expert silver craftsmen. Men's, Women's, Children's styles. Sent on approval!

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No. 558 Dirty Soap	19c
No. 579 Hole in One Gum	19c
No. 505 Glow in Dark Paint	$1.00
No. 801 Hot Tooth Picks	19c

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No. 707 Nail Thru Finger	19c
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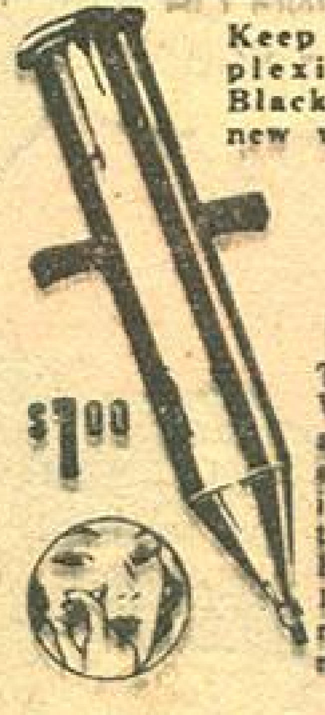

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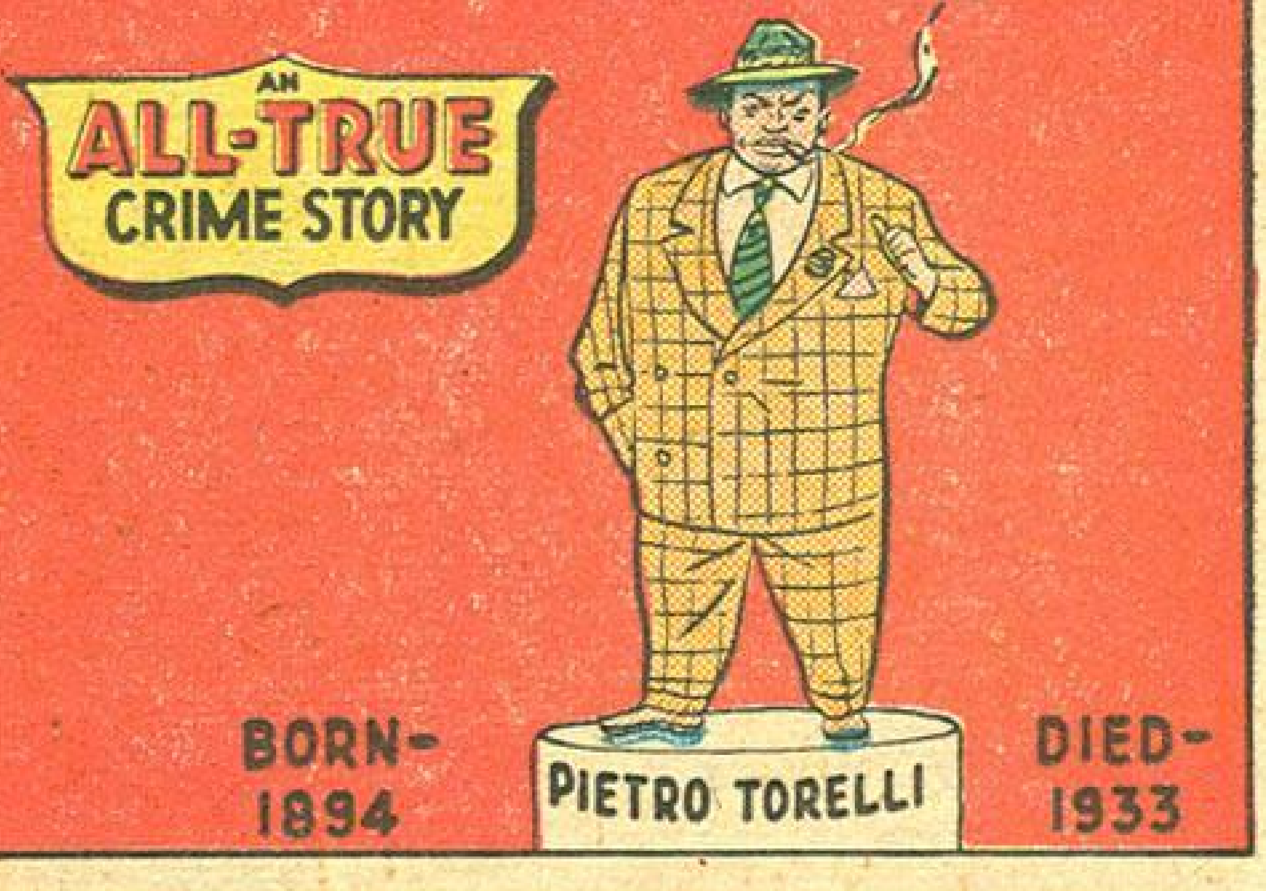
[illegible]

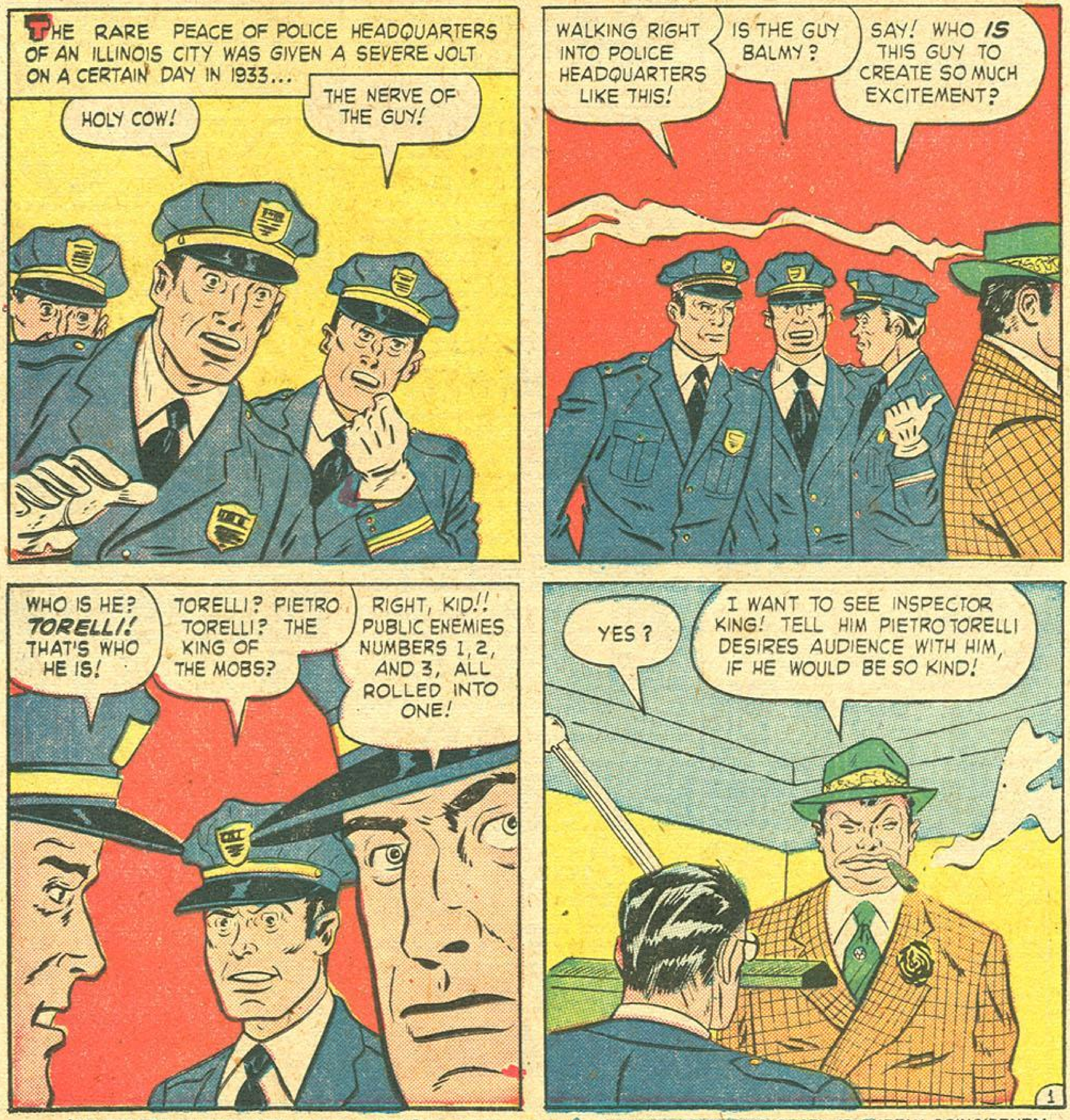
READ PATSY WALKER

"I'M BIGGER THAN THE LAW!"

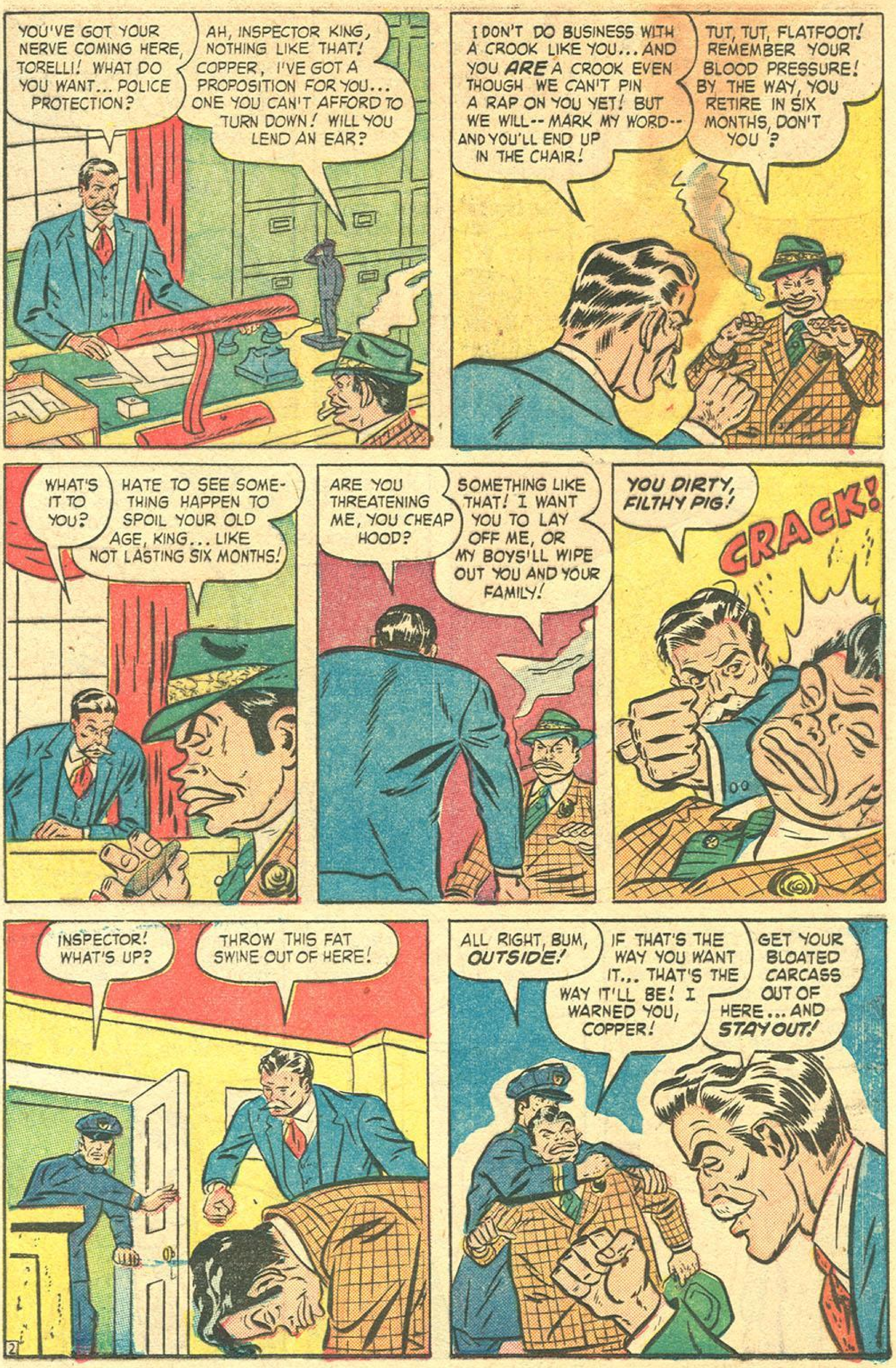
...BOASTED PIETRO TORELLI, KING OF THE ILLINOIS RACKETS IN 1933! HE FELT THE ENTIRE STATE WAS A PEDESTAL FOR HIM TO PERCH HIS SLIMY FORM UPON, WITH HIS NAME EMBLAZONED IN RED AT THE TOP! BUT HE LEARNED, AS DO ALL THE OTHERS OF HIS ROTTEN BREED, THAT IT WAS NO PEDESTAL UPON WHICH HE STOOD...IT WAS A TOMBSTONE... ***HIS*** TOMBSTONE!

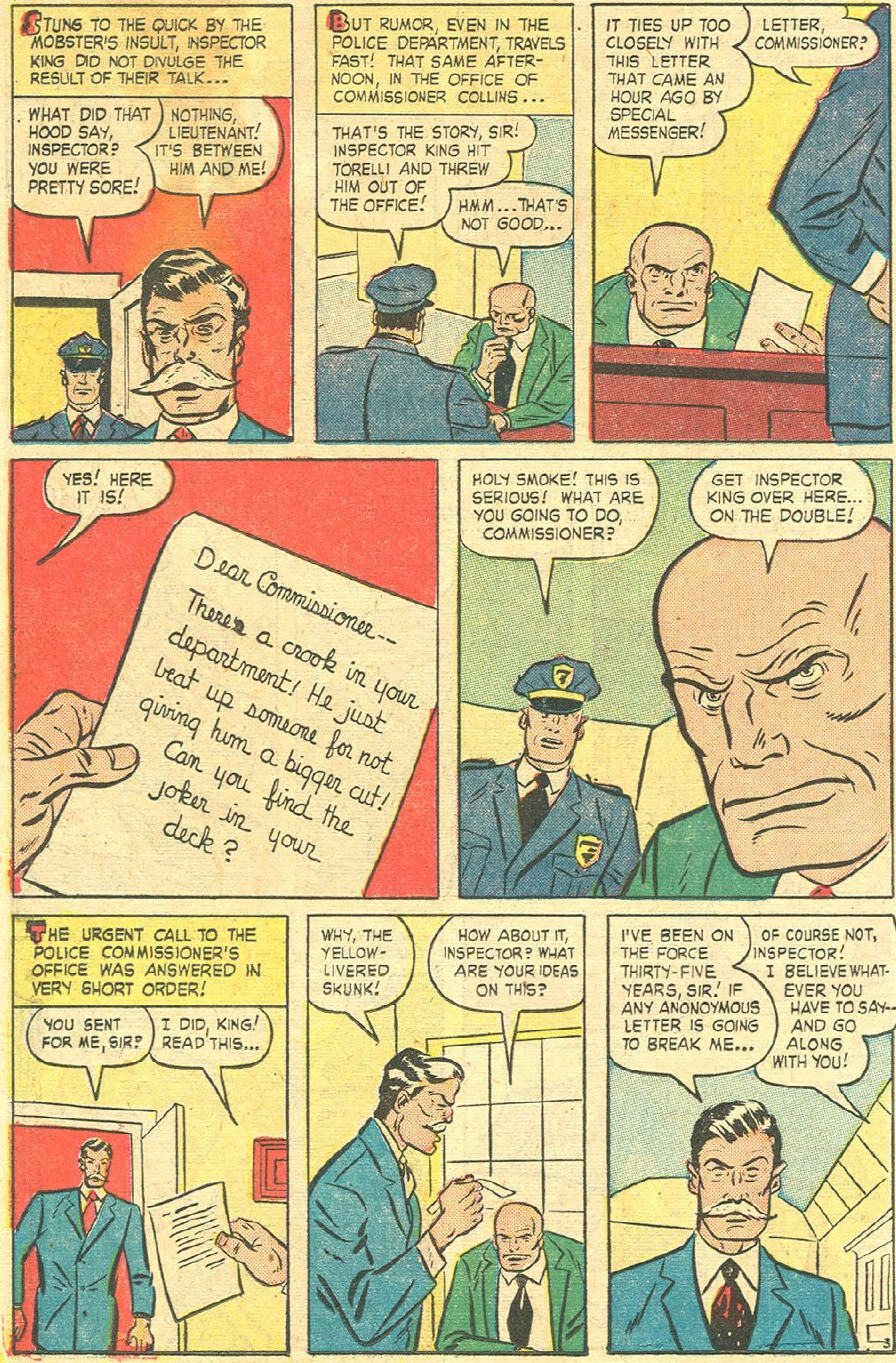

AN ALL-TRUE CRIME STORY
BORN-1894
PIETRO TORELLI
DIED-1933

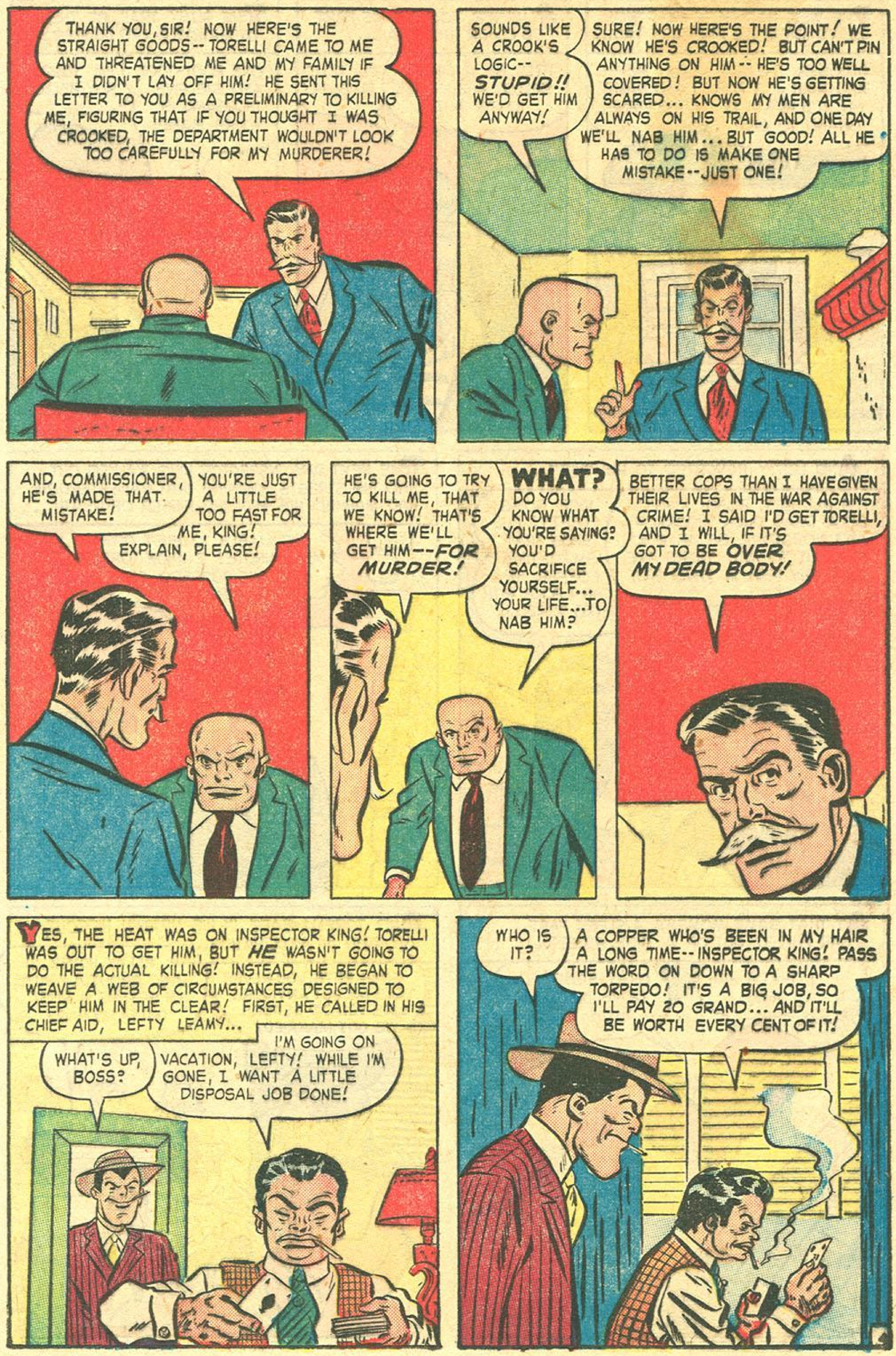
5030

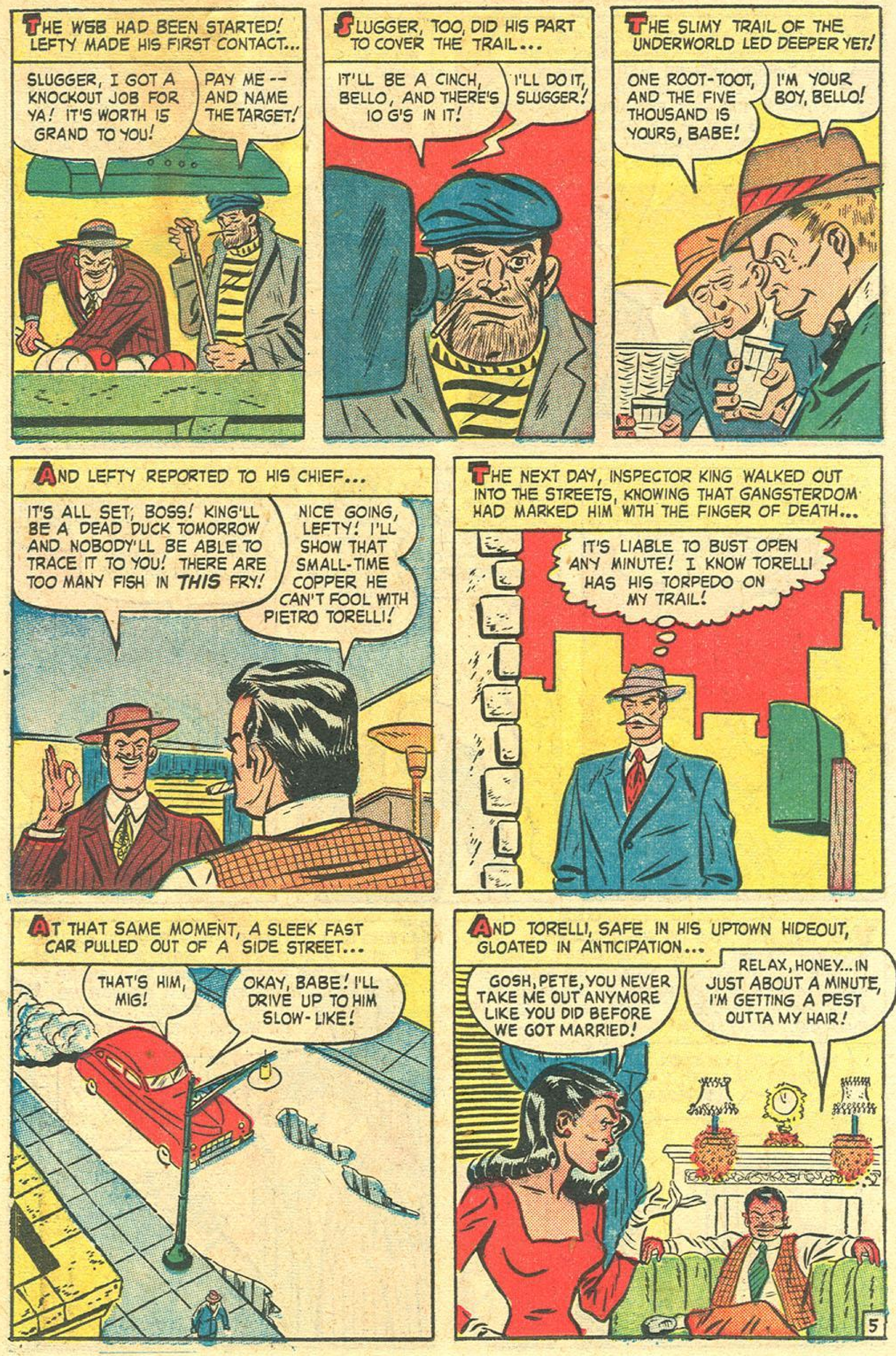

THE RARE PEACE OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS OF AN ILLINOIS CITY WAS GIVEN A SEVERE JOLT ON A CERTAIN DAY IN 1933...
HOLY COW!
THE NERVE OF THE GUY!
WALKING RIGHT INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS LIKE THIS!
IS THE GUY BALMY?
SAY! WHO *IS* THIS GUY TO CREATE SO MUCH EXCITEMENT?
WHO IS HE? *TORELLI!* THAT'S WHO HE IS!
TORELLI? PIETRO TORELLI? THE KING OF THE MOBS?
RIGHT, KID!! PUBLIC ENEMIES NUMBERS 1, 2, AND 3, ALL ROLLED INTO ONE!
YES?
I WANT TO SEE INSPECTOR KING! TELL HIM PIETRO TORELLI DESIRES AUDIENCE WITH HIM, IF HE WOULD BE SO KIND!

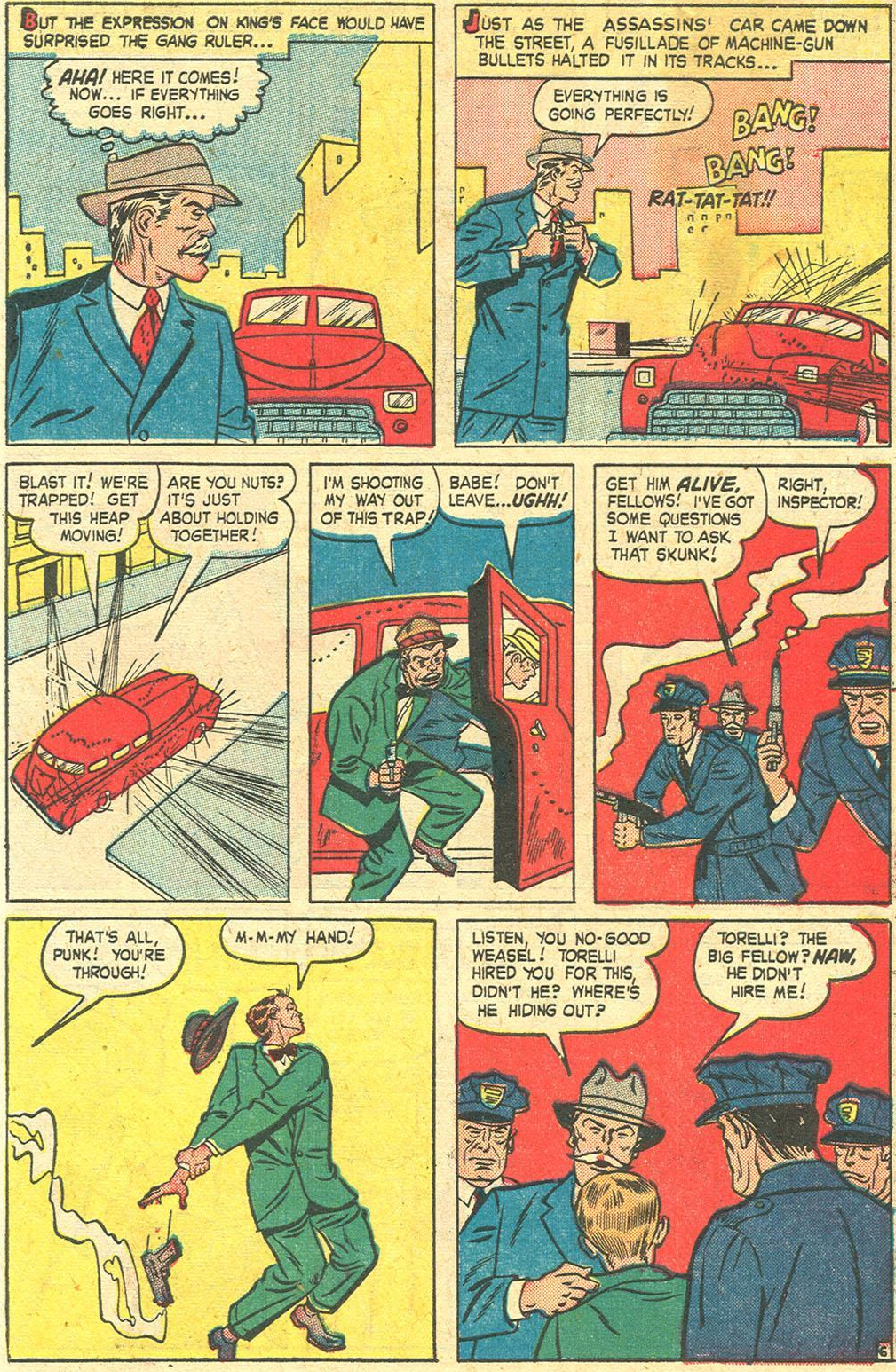
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

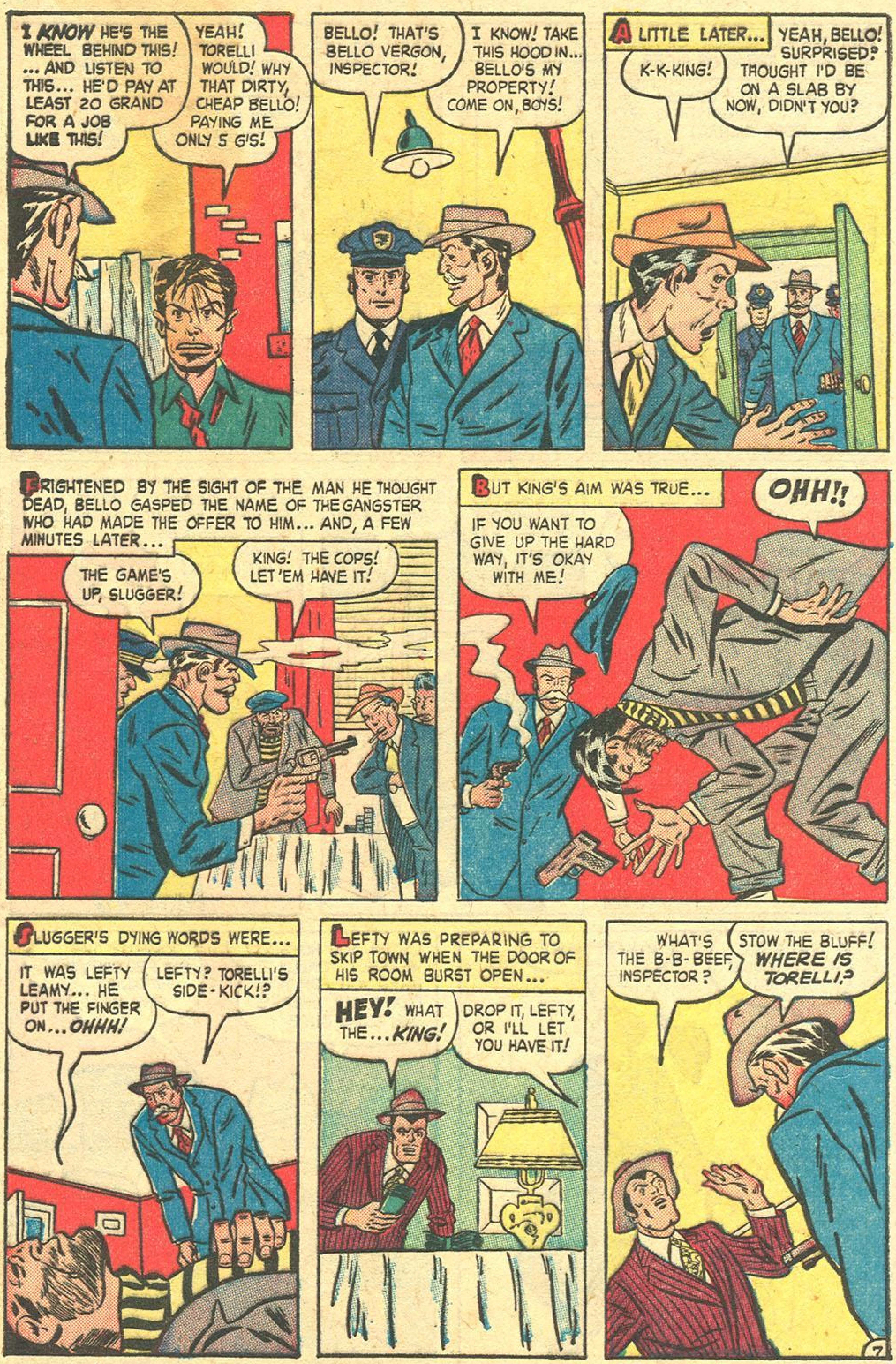

YOU'VE GOT YOUR NERVE COMING HERE, TORELLI! WHAT DO YOU WANT... POLICE PROTECTION?
AH, INSPECTOR KING, NOTHING LIKE THAT! COPPER, I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION FOR YOU... ONE YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO TURN DOWN! WILL YOU LEND AN EAR?
I DON'T DO BUSINESS WITH A CROOK LIKE YOU... AND YOU **ARE** A CROOK EVEN THOUGH WE CAN'T PIN A RAP ON YOU YET! BUT WE WILL-- MARK MY WORD-- AND YOU'LL END UP IN THE CHAIR!
TUT, TUT, FLATFOOT! REMEMBER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE! BY THE WAY, YOU RETIRE IN SIX MONTHS, DON'T YOU?
WHAT'S IT TO YOU?
HATE TO SEE SOMETHING HAPPEN TO SPOIL YOUR OLD AGE, KING... LIKE NOT LASTING SIX MONTHS!
ARE YOU THREATENING ME, YOU CHEAP HOOD?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT! I WANT YOU TO LAY OFF ME, OR MY BOYS'LL WIPE OUT YOU AND YOUR FAMILY!
YOU DIRTY, FILTHY PIG!
CRACK!
INSPECTOR! WHAT'S UP?
THROW THIS FAT SWINE OUT OF HERE!
ALL RIGHT, BUM, ***OUTSIDE!***
IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT... THAT'S THE WAY IT'LL BE! I WARNED YOU, COPPER!
GET YOUR BLOATED CARCASS OUT OF HERE... AND ***STAY OUT!***

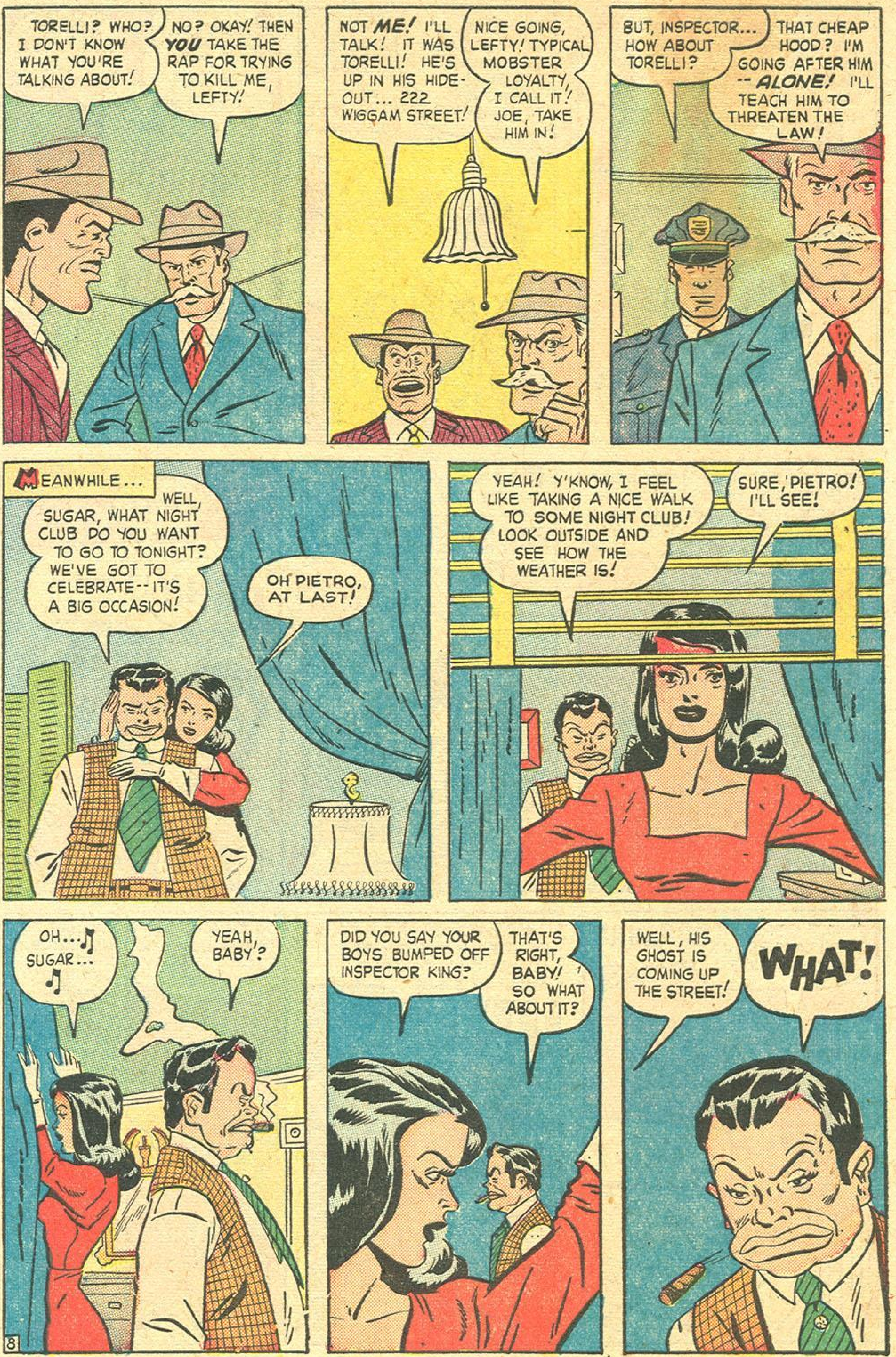

STUNG TO THE QUICK BY THE MOBSTER'S INSULT, INSPECTOR KING DID NOT DIVULGE THE RESULT OF THEIR TALK...
WHAT DID THAT HOOD SAY, INSPECTOR? YOU WERE PRETTY SORE!
NOTHING, LIEUTENANT! IT'S BETWEEN HIM AND ME!
BUT RUMOR, EVEN IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, TRAVELS FAST! THAT SAME AFTERNOON, IN THE OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER COLLINS...
THAT'S THE STORY, SIR! INSPECTOR KING HIT TORELLI AND THREW HIM OUT OF THE OFFICE!
HMM... THAT'S NOT GOOD...
IT TIES UP TOO CLOSELY WITH THIS LETTER THAT CAME AN HOUR AGO BY SPECIAL MESSENGER!
LETTER, COMMISSIONER?
YES! HERE IT IS!
Dear Commissioner-- There's a crook in your department! He just beat up someone for not giving him a bigger cut! Can you find the joker in your deck?
HOLY SMOKE! THIS IS SERIOUS! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, COMMISSIONER?
GET INSPECTOR KING OVER HERE... ON THE DOUBLE!
THE URGENT CALL TO THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE WAS ANSWERED IN VERY SHORT ORDER!
YOU SENT FOR ME, SIR?
I DID, KING! READ THIS...
WHY, THE YELLOW-LIVERED SKUNK!
HOW ABOUT IT, INSPECTOR? WHAT ARE YOUR IDEAS ON THIS?
I'VE BEEN ON THE FORCE THIRTY-FIVE YEARS, SIR! IF ANY ANONOYMOUS LETTER IS GOING TO BREAK ME...
OF COURSE NOT, INSPECTOR! I BELIEVE WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO SAY--AND GO ALONG WITH YOU!

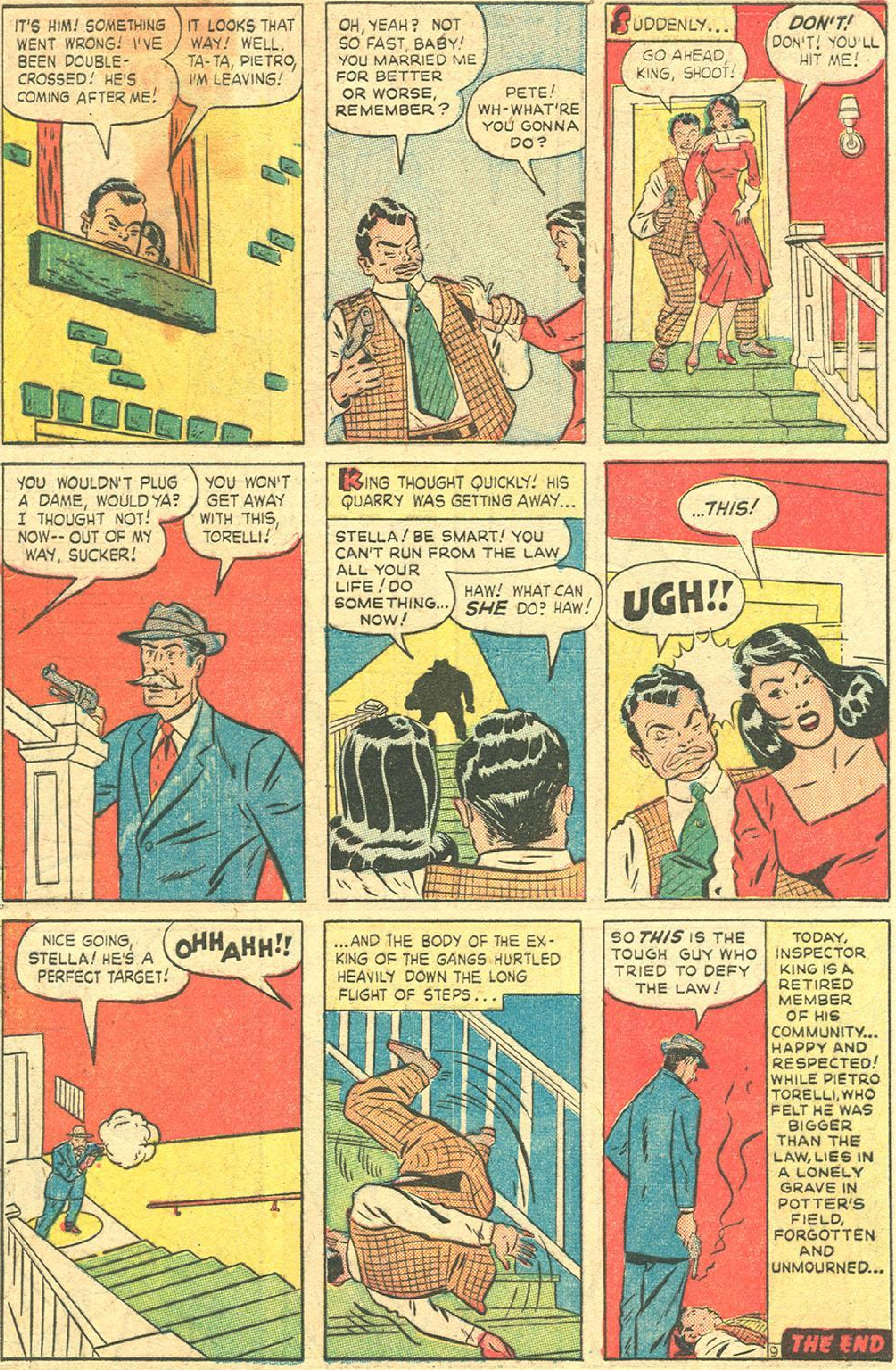

THANK YOU, SIR! NOW HERE'S THE STRAIGHT GOODS -- TORELLI CAME TO ME AND THREATENED ME AND MY FAMILY IF I DIDN'T LAY OFF HIM! HE SENT THIS LETTER TO YOU AS A PRELIMINARY TO KILLING ME, FIGURING THAT IF YOU THOUGHT I WAS CROOKED, THE DEPARTMENT WOULDN'T LOOK TOO CAREFULLY FOR MY MURDERER!
SOUNDS LIKE A CROOK'S LOGIC-- ***STUPID!!*** WE'D GET HIM ANYWAY!
SURE! NOW HERE'S THE POINT! WE KNOW HE'S *CROOKED!* BUT CAN'T PIN ANYTHING ON HIM -- HE'S TOO WELL COVERED! BUT NOW HE'S GETTING SCARED... KNOWS MY MEN ARE ALWAYS ON HIS TRAIL, AND ONE DAY WE'LL NAB HIM ... BUT GOOD! ALL HE HAS TO DO IS MAKE ONE MISTAKE -- JUST ONE!
AND, COMMISSIONER, HE'S MADE THAT MISTAKE!
YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE TOO FAST FOR ME, KING! EXPLAIN, PLEASE!
HE'S GOING TO TRY TO KILL ME, THAT WE KNOW! THAT'S WHERE WE'LL GET HIM -- ***FOR MURDER!***
WHAT? DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING? YOU'D SACRIFICE YOURSELF... YOUR LIFE... TO NAB HIM?
BETTER COPS THAN I HAVE GIVEN THEIR LIVES IN THE WAR AGAINST CRIME! I SAID I'D GET TORELLI, AND I WILL, IF IT'S GOT TO BE ***OVER MY DEAD BODY!***
YES, THE HEAT WAS ON INSPECTOR KING! TORELLI WAS OUT TO GET HIM, BUT ***HE*** WASN'T GOING TO DO THE ACTUAL KILLING! INSTEAD, HE BEGAN TO WEAVE A WEB OF CIRCUMSTANCES DESIGNED TO KEEP HIM IN THE CLEAR! FIRST, HE CALLED IN HIS CHIEF AID, LEFTY LEAMY...
WHAT'S UP, BOSS?
I'M GOING ON VACATION, LEFTY! WHILE I'M GONE, I WANT A LITTLE DISPOSAL JOB DONE!
WHO IS IT?
A COPPER WHO'S BEEN IN MY HAIR A LONG TIME -- INSPECTOR KING! PASS THE WORD ON DOWN TO A SHARP TORPEDO! IT'S A BIG JOB, SO I'LL PAY 20 GRAND... AND IT'LL BE WORTH EVERY CENT OF IT!


THE WEB HAD BEEN STARTED! LEFTY MADE HIS FIRST CONTACT...
SLUGGER, I GOT A KNOCKOUT JOB FOR YA! IT'S WORTH 15 GRAND TO YOU!
PAY ME -- AND NAME THE TARGET!
SLUGGER, TOO, DID HIS PART TO COVER THE TRAIL...
IT'LL BE A CINCH, BELLO, AND THERE'S 10 G'S IN IT!
I'LL DO IT, SLUGGER!
THE SLIMY TRAIL OF THE UNDERWORLD LED DEEPER YET!
ONE ROOT-TOOT, AND THE FIVE THOUSAND IS YOURS, BABE!
I'M YOUR BOY, BELLO!
AND LEFTY REPORTED TO HIS CHIEF...
IT'S ALL SET, BOSS! KING'LL BE A DEAD DUCK TOMORROW AND NOBODY'LL BE ABLE TO TRACE IT TO YOU! THERE ARE TOO MANY FISH IN THIS FRY!
NICE GOING, LEFTY! I'LL SHOW THAT SMALL-TIME COPPER HE CAN'T FOOL WITH PIETRO TORELLI!
THE NEXT DAY, INSPECTOR KING WALKED OUT INTO THE STREETS, KNOWING THAT GANGSTERDOM HAD MARKED HIM WITH THE FINGER OF DEATH...
IT'S LIABLE TO BUST OPEN ANY MINUTE! I KNOW TORELLI HAS HIS TORPEDO ON MY TRAIL!
AT THAT SAME MOMENT, A SLEEK FAST CAR PULLED OUT OF A SIDE STREET...
THAT'S HIM, MIG!
OKAY, BABE! I'LL DRIVE UP TO HIM SLOW-LIKE!
AND TORELLI, SAFE IN HIS UPTOWN HIDEOUT, GLOATED IN ANTICIPATION...
GOSH, PETE, YOU NEVER TAKE ME OUT ANYMORE LIKE YOU DID BEFORE WE GOT MARRIED!
RELAX, HONEY... IN JUST ABOUT A MINUTE, I'M GETTING A PEST OUTTA MY HAIR!


BUT THE EXPRESSION ON KING'S FACE WOULD HAVE SURPRISED THE GANG RULER...
AHA! HERE IT COMES! NOW... IF EVERYTHING GOES RIGHT...
JUST AS THE ASSASSINS' CAR CAME DOWN THE STREET, A FUSILLADE OF MACHINE-GUN BULLETS HALTED IT IN ITS TRACKS...
EVERYTHING IS GOING PERFECTLY!
BANG!
BANG!
RAT-TAT-TAT!!
BLAST IT! WE'RE TRAPPED! GET THIS HEAP MOVING!
ARE YOU NUTS? IT'S JUST ABOUT HOLDING TOGETHER!
I'M SHOOTING MY WAY OUT OF THIS TRAP!
BABE! DON'T LEAVE...UGHH!
GET HIM ALIVE, FELLOWS! I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS I WANT TO ASK THAT SKUNK!
RIGHT, INSPECTOR!
THAT'S ALL, PUNK! YOU'RE THROUGH!
M-M-MY HAND!
LISTEN, YOU NO-GOOD WEASEL! TORELLI HIRED YOU FOR THIS, DIDN'T HE? WHERE'S HE HIDING OUT?
TORELLI? THE BIG FELLOW? NAW, HE DIDN'T HIRE ME!


I KNOW HE'S THE WHEEL BEHIND THIS! ... AND LISTEN TO THIS... HE'D PAY AT LEAST 20 GRAND FOR A JOB LIKE THIS!
YEAH! TORELLI WOULD! WHY THAT DIRTY, CHEAP BELLO! PAYING ME ONLY 5 G'S!
BELLO! THAT'S BELLO VERGON, INSPECTOR!
I KNOW! TAKE THIS HOOD IN... BELLO'S MY PROPERTY! COME ON, BOYS!
A LITTLE LATER...
YEAH, BELLO! SURPRISED? THOUGHT I'D BE ON A SLAB BY NOW, DIDN'T YOU?
K-K-KING!
FRIGHTENED BY THE SIGHT OF THE MAN HE THOUGHT DEAD, BELLO GASPED THE NAME OF THE GANGSTER WHO HAD MADE THE OFFER TO HIM... AND, A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THE GAME'S UP, SLUGGER!
KING! THE COPS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!
BUT KING'S AIM WAS TRUE...
OHH!!
IF YOU WANT TO GIVE UP THE HARD WAY, IT'S OKAY WITH ME!
SLUGGER'S DYING WORDS WERE...
IT WAS LEFTY LEAMY... HE PUT THE FINGER ON... OHHH!
LEFTY? TORELLI'S SIDE-KICK!?
LEFTY WAS PREPARING TO SKIP TOWN WHEN THE DOOR OF HIS ROOM BURST OPEN...
HEY! WHAT THE... KING!
DROP IT, LEFTY, OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!
WHAT'S THE B-B-BEEF, INSPECTOR?
STOW THE BLUFF! WHERE IS TORELLI?


TORELLI? WHO? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
NO? OKAY! THEN ***YOU*** TAKE THE RAP FOR TRYING TO KILL ME, LEFTY!
NOT ***ME!*** I'LL TALK! IT WAS TORELLI! HE'S UP IN HIS HIDE-OUT... 222 WIGGAM STREET!
NICE GOING, LEFTY! TYPICAL MOBSTER LOYALTY, I CALL IT! JOE, TAKE HIM IN!
BUT, INSPECTOR... HOW ABOUT TORELLI?
THAT CHEAP HOOD? I'M GOING AFTER HIM --***ALONE!*** I'LL TEACH HIM TO THREATEN THE LAW!
MEANWHILE...
WELL, SUGAR, WHAT NIGHT CLUB DO YOU WANT TO GO TO TONIGHT? WE'VE GOT TO CELEBRATE--IT'S A BIG OCCASION!
OH PIETRO, AT LAST!
YEAH! Y'KNOW, I FEEL LIKE TAKING A NICE WALK TO SOME NIGHT CLUB! LOOK OUTSIDE AND SEE HOW THE WEATHER IS!
SURE, PIETRO! I'LL SEE!
OH... ♫ SUGAR... ♫
YEAH, BABY?
DID YOU SAY YOUR BOYS BUMPED OFF INSPECTOR KING?
THAT'S RIGHT, BABY! SO WHAT ABOUT IT?
WELL, HIS GHOST IS COMING UP THE STREET!
WHAT!


IT'S HIM! SOMETHING WENT WRONG! I'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED! HE'S COMING AFTER ME!
IT LOOKS THAT WAY! WELL, TA-TA, PIETRO, I'M LEAVING!
OH, YEAH? NOT SO FAST, BABY! YOU MARRIED ME FOR BETTER OR WORSE, REMEMBER?
PETE! WH-WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO?
SUDDENLY...
GO AHEAD, KING, SHOOT!
DON'T! DON'T! YOU'LL HIT ME!
YOU WOULDN'T PLUG A DAME, WOULD YA? I THOUGHT NOT! NOW-- OUT OF MY WAY, SUCKER!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, TORELLI!
KING THOUGHT QUICKLY! HIS QUARRY WAS GETTING AWAY...
STELLA! BE SMART! YOU CAN'T RUN FROM THE LAW ALL YOUR LIFE! DO SOMETHING... NOW!
HAW! WHAT CAN SHE DO? HAW!
...THIS!
UGH!!
NICE GOING, STELLA! HE'S A PERFECT TARGET!
OHHAHH!!
...AND THE BODY OF THE EX-KING OF THE GANGS HURTLED HEAVILY DOWN THE LONG FLIGHT OF STEPS...
SO THIS IS THE TOUGH GUY WHO TRIED TO DEFY THE LAW!
TODAY, INSPECTOR KING IS A RETIRED MEMBER OF HIS COMMUNITY... HAPPY AND RESPECTED! WHILE PIETRO TORELLI, WHO FELT HE WAS BIGGER THAN THE LAW, LIES IN A LONELY GRAVE IN POTTER'S FIELD, FORGOTTEN AND UNMOURNED...
THE END

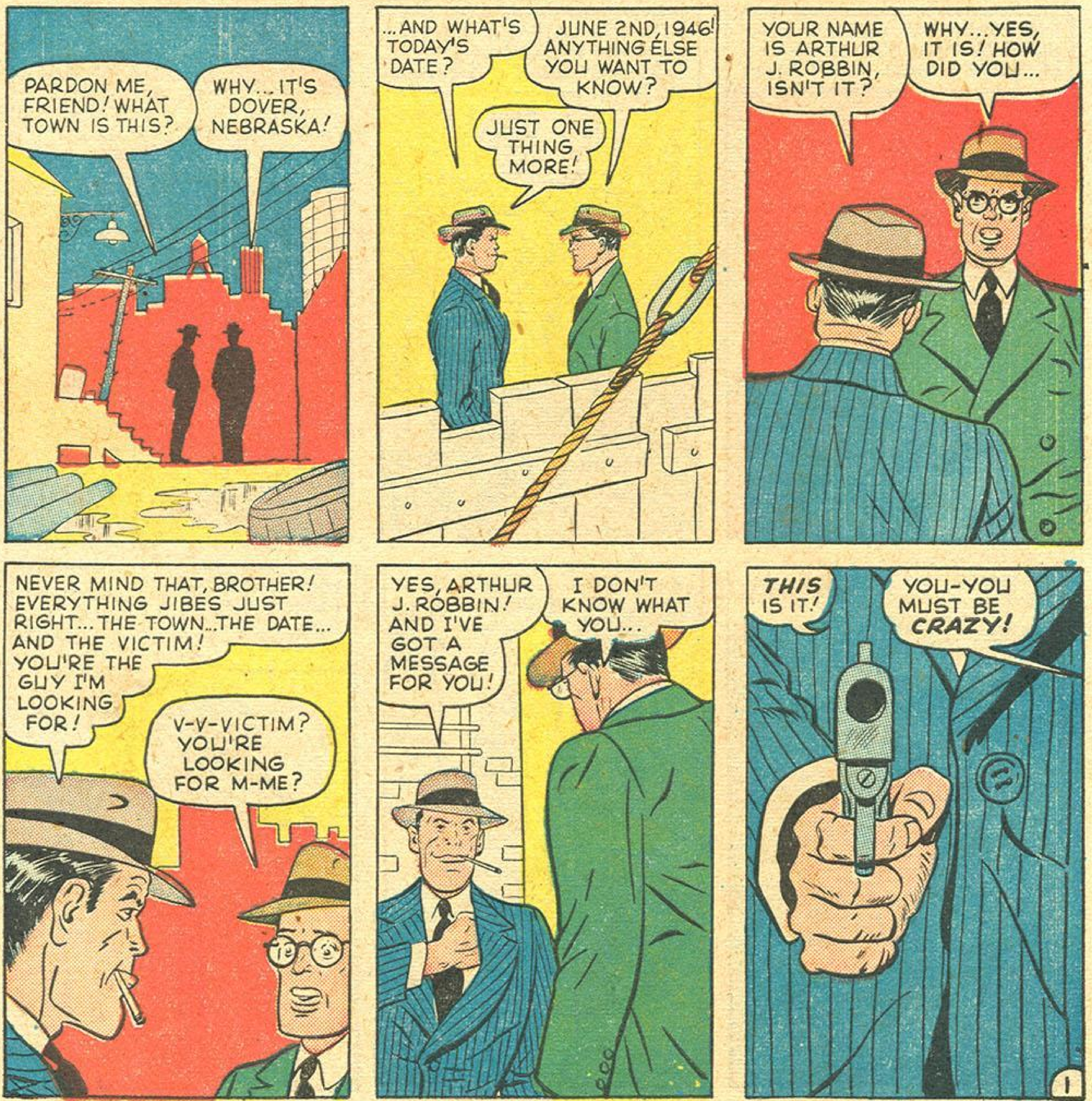
"FIND THE MOTIVE, AND YOU SOON FIND THE KILLER" WAS AN OLD POLICE ADAGE!
BUT WHAT WERE THE POLICE OF DOVER, NEBRASKA, TO DO IN THAT MONTH OF JUNE, 1946, WHEN THEY WERE CONFRONTED BY...

?

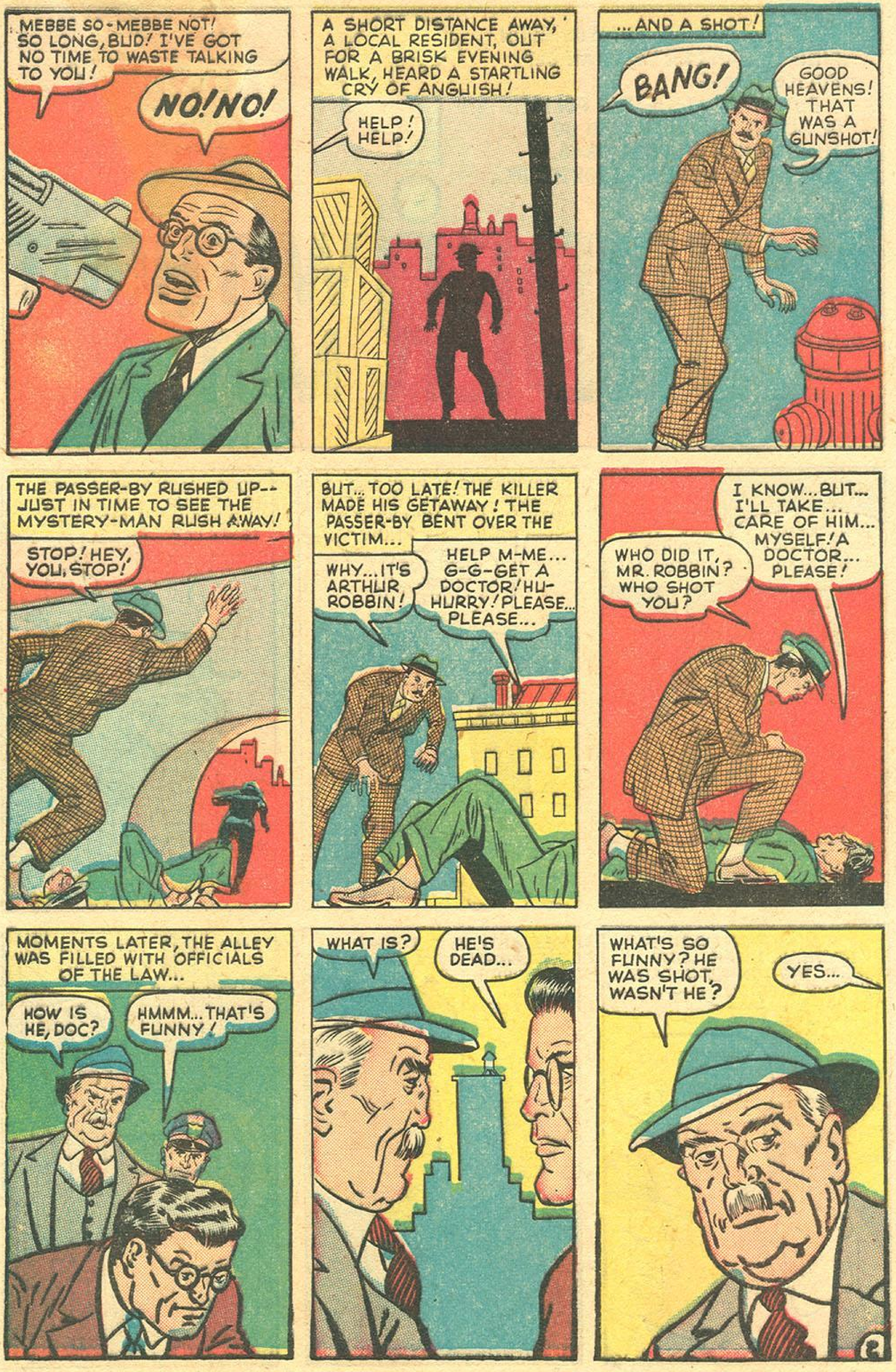
AN ALL-TRUE CRIME STORY

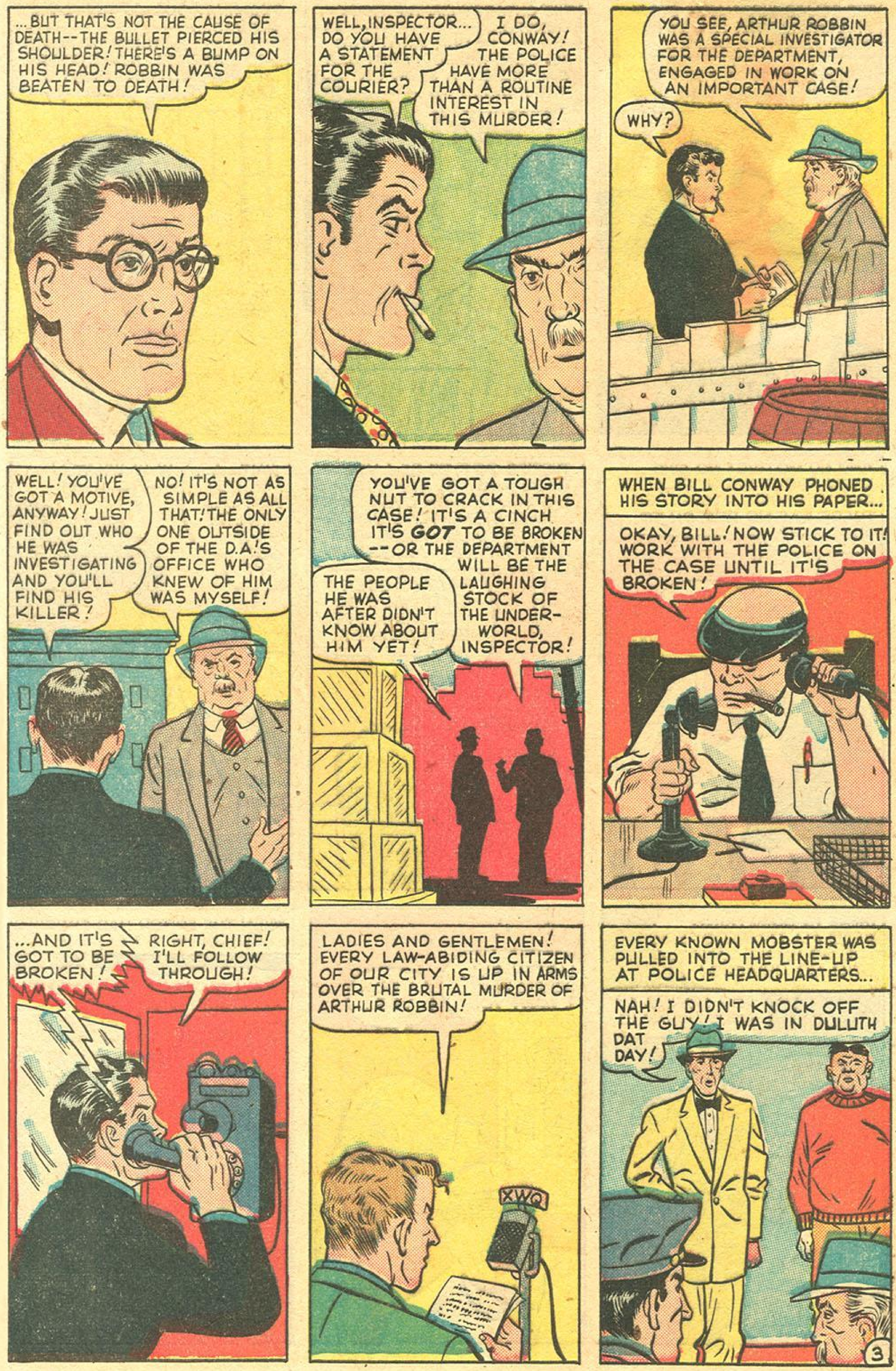
"MURDER WITHOUT MOTIVE!"

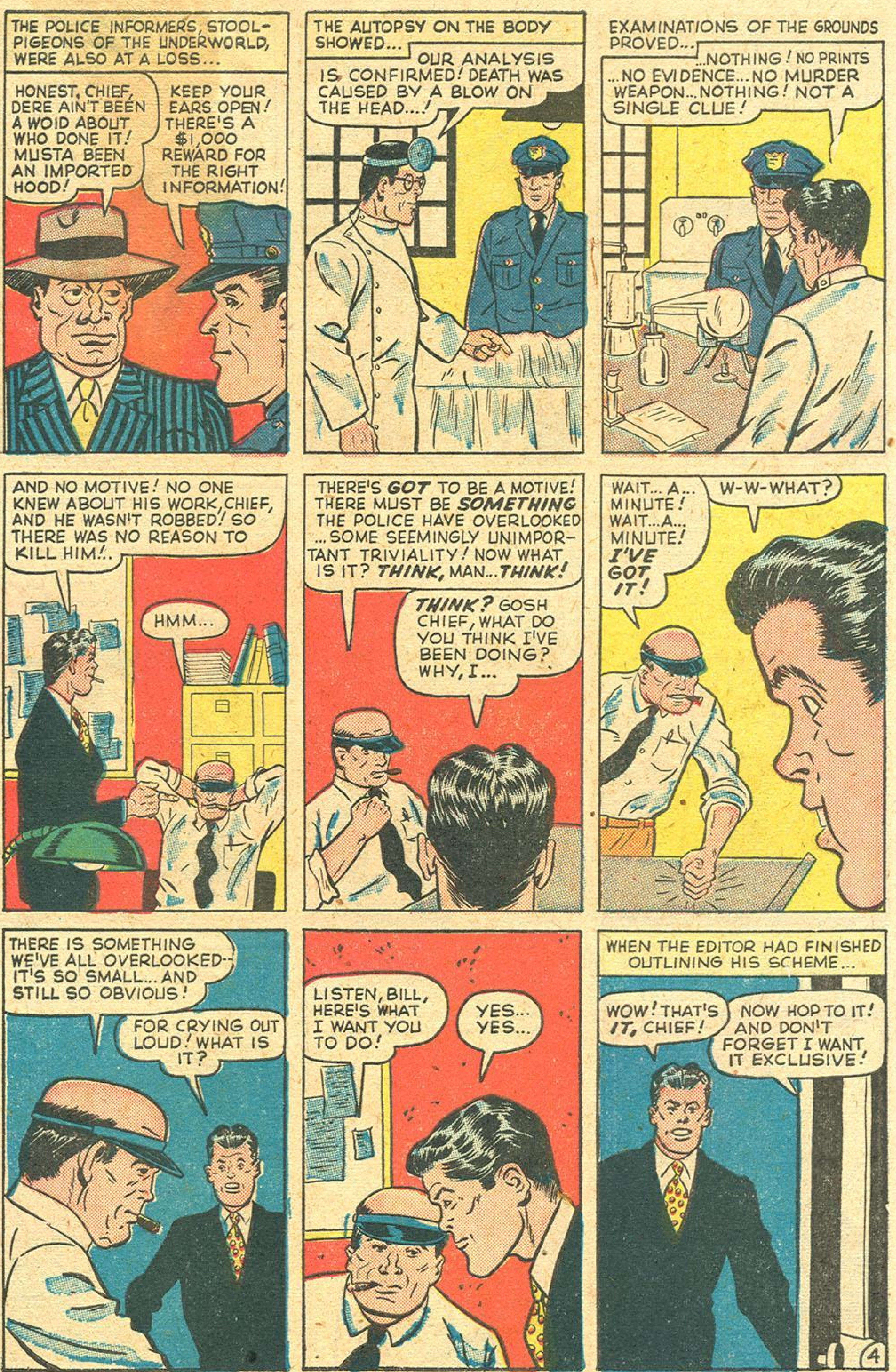
5020

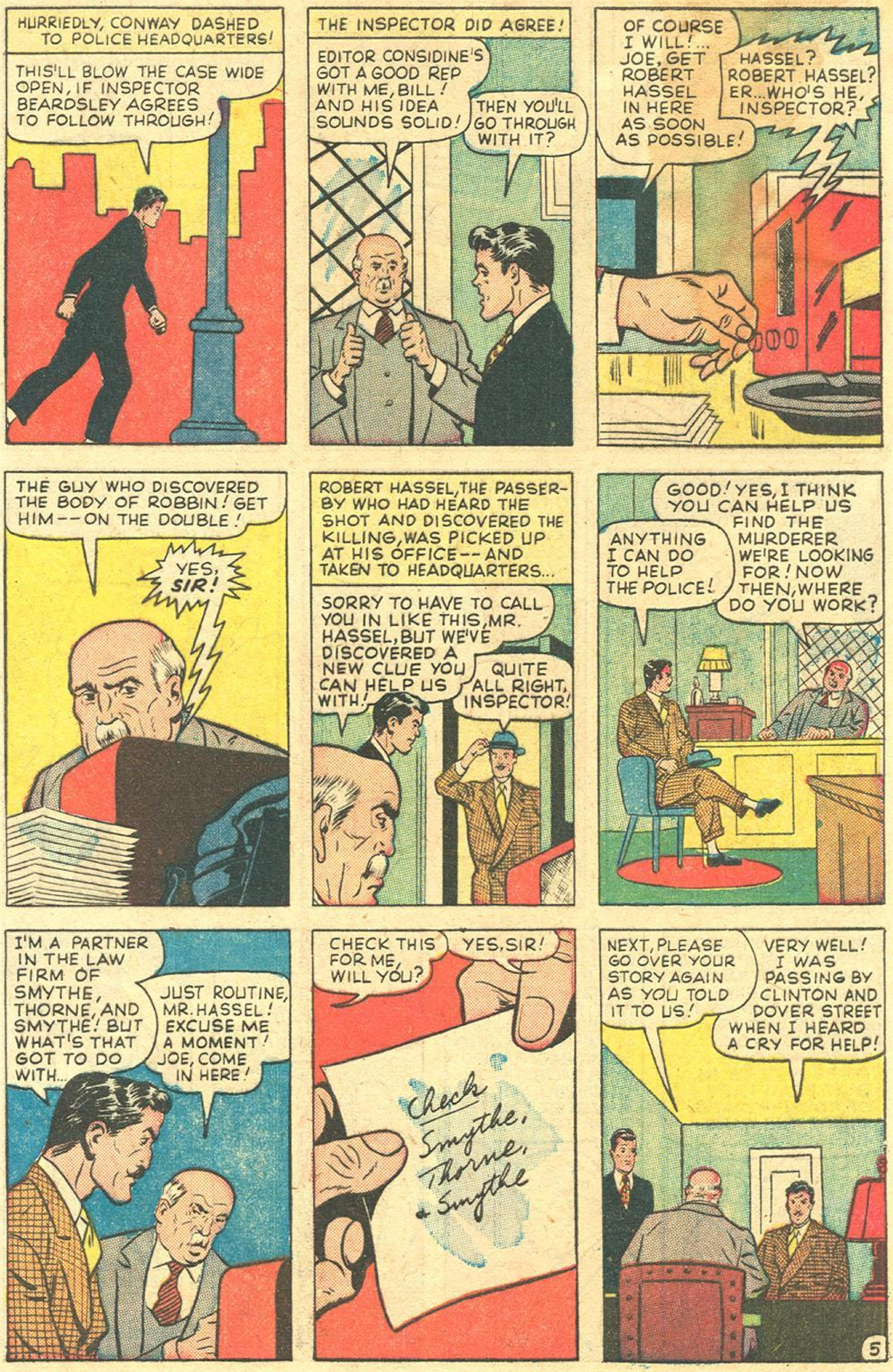

PARDON ME, FRIEND! WHAT TOWN IS THIS?
WHY... IT'S DOVER, NEBRASKA!
...AND WHAT'S TODAY'S DATE?
JUNE 2ND, 1946! ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT TO KNOW?
JUST ONE THING MORE!
YOUR NAME IS ARTHUR J. ROBBIN, ISN'T IT?
WHY...YES, IT IS! HOW DID YOU...
NEVER MIND THAT, BROTHER! EVERYTHING JIBES JUST RIGHT... THE TOWN... THE DATE... AND THE VICTIM! YOU'RE THE GUY I'M LOOKING FOR!
V-V-VICTIM? YOU'RE LOOKING FOR M-ME?
YES, ARTHUR J. ROBBIN! AND I'VE GOT A MESSAGE FOR YOU!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU...
THIS IS IT!
YOU-YOU MUST BE *CRAZY*!

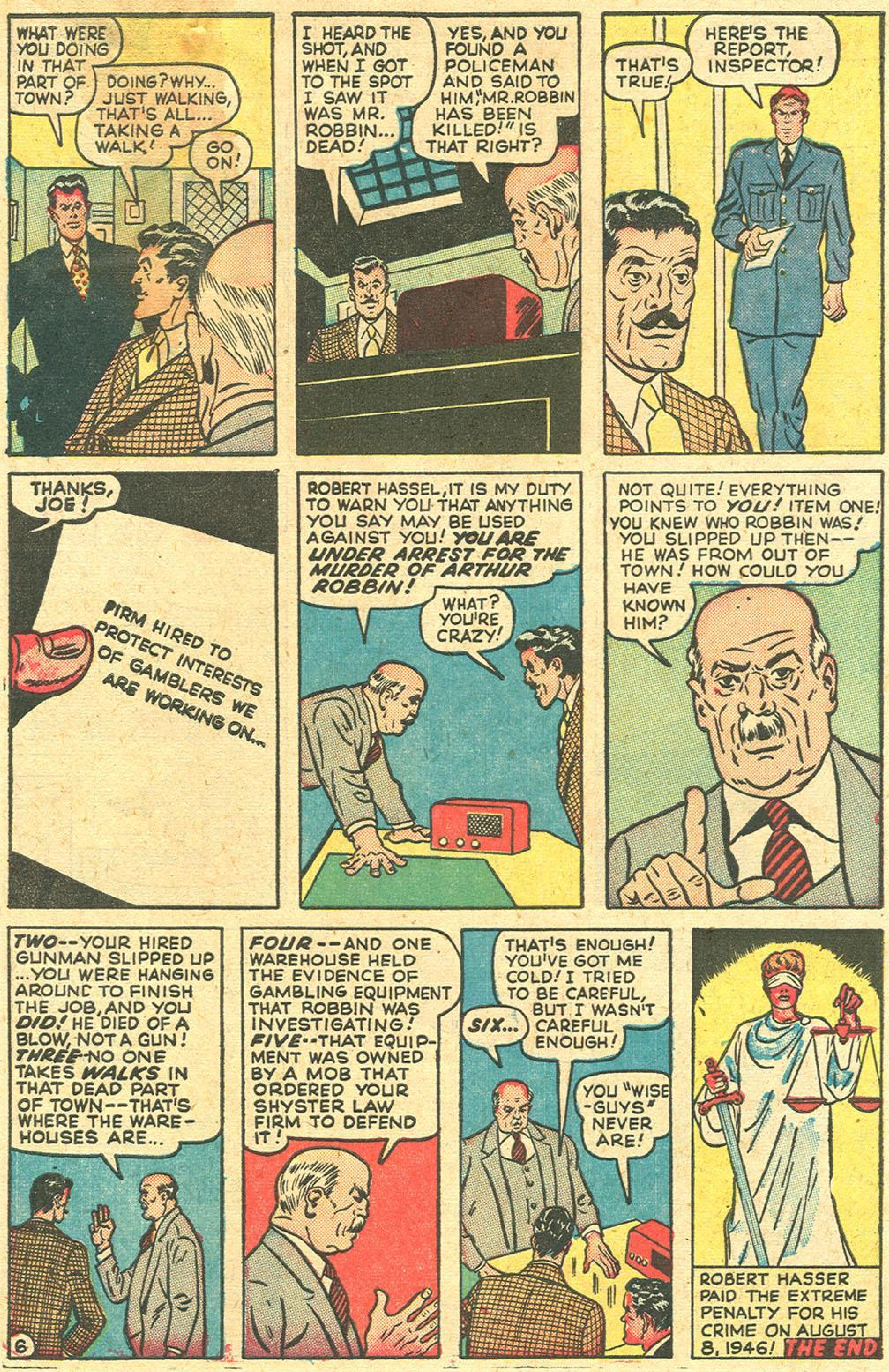
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL


MEBBE SO-MEBBE NOT! SO LONG, BUD! I'VE GOT NO TIME TO WASTE TALKING TO YOU!
NO! NO!
A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, A LOCAL RESIDENT, OUT FOR A BRISK EVENING WALK, HEARD A STARTLING CRY OF ANGUISH!
HELP! HELP!
...AND A SHOT!
BANG!
GOOD HEAVENS! THAT WAS A GUNSHOT!
THE PASSER-BY RUSHED UP-- JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE MYSTERY-MAN RUSH AWAY!
STOP! HEY, YOU, STOP!
BUT... TOO LATE! THE KILLER MADE HIS GETAWAY! THE PASSER-BY BENT OVER THE VICTIM...
WHY... IT'S ARTHUR ROBBIN!
HELP M-ME... G-G-GET A DOCTOR! HU-HURRY! PLEASE... PLEASE...
WHO DID IT, MR. ROBBIN? WHO SHOT YOU?
I KNOW... BUT... I'LL TAKE... CARE OF HIM... MYSELF! A DOCTOR... PLEASE!
MOMENTS LATER, THE ALLEY WAS FILLED WITH OFFICIALS OF THE LAW...
HOW IS HE, DOC?
HMMM... THAT'S FUNNY!
WHAT IS?
HE'S DEAD...
WHAT'S SO FUNNY? HE WAS SHOT, WASN'T HE?
YES...


...BUT THAT'S NOT THE CAUSE OF DEATH--THE BULLET PIERCED HIS SHOULDER! THERE'S A BUMP ON HIS HEAD! ROBBIN WAS BEATEN TO DEATH!
WELL, INSPECTOR... DO YOU HAVE A STATEMENT FOR THE COURIER?
I DO, CONWAY! THE POLICE HAVE MORE THAN A ROUTINE INTEREST IN THIS MURDER!
WHY?
YOU SEE, ARTHUR ROBBIN WAS A SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR FOR THE DEPARTMENT, ENGAGED IN WORK ON AN IMPORTANT CASE!
WELL! YOU'VE GOT A MOTIVE, ANYWAY! JUST FIND OUT WHO HE WAS INVESTIGATING AND YOU'LL FIND HIS KILLER!
NO! IT'S NOT AS SIMPLE AS ALL THAT! THE ONLY ONE OUTSIDE OF THE D.A.'S OFFICE WHO KNEW OF HIM WAS MYSELF!
YOU'VE GOT A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK IN THIS CASE! IT'S A CINCH IT'S *GOT* TO BE BROKEN --OR THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE UNDER-WORLD, INSPECTOR!
THE PEOPLE HE WAS AFTER DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT HIM YET!
WHEN BILL CONWAY PHONED HIS STORY INTO HIS PAPER...
OKAY, BILL! NOW STICK TO IT! WORK WITH THE POLICE ON THE CASE UNTIL IT'S BROKEN!
...AND IT'S GOT TO BE BROKEN!
RIGHT, CHIEF! I'LL FOLLOW THROUGH!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! EVERY LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN OF OUR CITY IS UP IN ARMS OVER THE BRUTAL MURDER OF ARTHUR ROBBIN!
XWQ
EVERY KNOWN MOBSTER WAS PULLED INTO THE LINE-UP AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
NAH! I DIDN'T KNOCK OFF THE GUY! I WAS IN DULUTH DAT DAY!


THE POLICE INFORMERS, STOOL-PIGEONS OF THE UNDERWORLD, WERE ALSO AT A LOSS...
HONEST, CHIEF, DERE AIN'T BEEN A WOID ABOUT WHO DONE IT! MUSTA BEEN AN IMPORTED HOOD!
KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN! THERE'S A $1,000 REWARD FOR THE RIGHT INFORMATION!
THE AUTOPSY ON THE BODY SHOWED...
OUR ANALYSIS IS CONFIRMED! DEATH WAS CAUSED BY A BLOW ON THE HEAD...!
EXAMINATIONS OF THE GROUNDS PROVED...
...NOTHING! NO PRINTS ...NO EVIDENCE... NO MURDER WEAPON... NOTHING! NOT A SINGLE CLUE!
AND NO MOTIVE! NO ONE KNEW ABOUT HIS WORK, CHIEF, AND HE WASN'T ROBBED! SO THERE WAS NO REASON TO KILL HIM!..
HMM...
THERE'S GOT TO BE A MOTIVE! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING THE POLICE HAVE OVERLOOKED ...SOME SEEMINGLY UNIMPORTANT TRIVIALITY! NOW WHAT IS IT? THINK, MAN...THINK!
THINK? GOSH CHIEF, WHAT DO YOU THINK I'VE BEEN DOING? WHY, I...
WAIT... A... MINUTE! WAIT...A... MINUTE! I'VE GOT IT!
W-W-WHAT?
THERE IS SOMETHING WE'VE ALL OVERLOOKED-- IT'S SO SMALL... AND STILL SO OBVIOUS!
FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! WHAT IS IT?
LISTEN, BILL, HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO!
YES... YES...
WHEN THE EDITOR HAD FINISHED OUTLINING HIS SCHEME...
WOW! THAT'S IT, CHIEF!
NOW HOP TO IT! AND DON'T FORGET I WANT IT EXCLUSIVE!


HURRIEDLY, CONWAY DASHED TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
THIS'LL BLOW THE CASE WIDE OPEN, IF INSPECTOR BEARDSLEY AGREES TO FOLLOW THROUGH!
THE INSPECTOR DID AGREE!
EDITOR CONSIDINE'S GOT A GOOD REP WITH ME, BILL! AND HIS IDEA SOUNDS SOLID!
THEN YOU'LL GO THROUGH WITH IT?
OF COURSE I WILL!... JOE, GET ROBERT HASSEL IN HERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
HASSEL? ROBERT HASSEL? ER...WHO'S HE, INSPECTOR?
THE GUY WHO DISCOVERED THE BODY OF ROBBIN! GET HIM--ON THE DOUBLE!
YES, SIR!
ROBERT HASSEL, THE PASSER-BY WHO HAD HEARD THE SHOT AND DISCOVERED THE KILLING, WAS PICKED UP AT HIS OFFICE--AND TAKEN TO HEADQUARTERS...
SORRY TO HAVE TO CALL YOU IN LIKE THIS, MR. HASSEL, BUT WE'VE DISCOVERED A NEW CLUE YOU CAN HELP US WITH!
QUITE ALL RIGHT, INSPECTOR!
ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP THE POLICE!
GOOD! YES, I THINK YOU CAN HELP US FIND THE MURDERER WE'RE LOOKING FOR! NOW THEN, WHERE DO YOU WORK?
I'M A PARTNER IN THE LAW FIRM OF SMYTHE, THORNE, AND SMYTHE! BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH...
JUST ROUTINE, MR. HASSEL! EXCUSE ME A MOMENT! JOE, COME IN HERE!
CHECK THIS FOR ME, WILL YOU?
YES, SIR!
Check Smythe, Thorne, & Smythe
NEXT, PLEASE GO OVER YOUR STORY AGAIN AS YOU TOLD IT TO US!
VERY WELL! I WAS PASSING BY CLINTON AND DOVER STREET WHEN I HEARD A CRY FOR HELP!


WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THAT PART OF TOWN?
DOING? WHY... JUST WALKING, THAT'S ALL... TAKING A WALK!
GO ON!
I HEARD THE SHOT, AND WHEN I GOT TO THE SPOT I SAW IT WAS MR. ROBBIN... DEAD!
YES, AND YOU FOUND A POLICEMAN AND SAID TO HIM, "MR. ROBBIN HAS BEEN KILLED!" IS THAT RIGHT?
THAT'S TRUE!
HERE'S THE REPORT, INSPECTOR!
THANKS, JOE!
FIRM HIRED TO PROTECT INTERESTS OF GAMBLERS WE ARE WORKING ON...
ROBERT HASSEL, IT IS MY DUTY TO WARN YOU THAT ANYTHING YOU SAY MAY BE USED AGAINST YOU! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF ARTHUR ROBBIN!
WHAT? YOU'RE CRAZY!
NOT QUITE! EVERYTHING POINTS TO YOU! ITEM ONE! YOU KNEW WHO ROBBIN WAS! YOU SLIPPED UP THEN-- HE WAS FROM OUT OF TOWN! HOW COULD YOU HAVE KNOWN HIM?
TWO--YOUR HIRED GUNMAN SLIPPED UP ...YOU WERE HANGING AROUND TO FINISH THE JOB, AND YOU DID! HE DIED OF A BLOW, NOT A GUN! THREE--NO ONE TAKES WALKS IN THAT DEAD PART OF TOWN--THAT'S WHERE THE WAREHOUSES ARE...
FOUR--AND ONE WAREHOUSE HELD THE EVIDENCE OF GAMBLING EQUIPMENT THAT ROBBIN WAS INVESTIGATING! FIVE--THAT EQUIPMENT WAS OWNED BY A MOB THAT ORDERED YOUR SHYSTER LAW FIRM TO DEFEND IT!
SIX...
THAT'S ENOUGH! YOU'VE GOT ME COLD! I TRIED TO BE CAREFUL, BUT I WASN'T CAREFUL ENOUGH!
YOU "WISE-GUYS" NEVER ARE!
ROBERT HASSER PAID THE EXTREME PENALTY FOR HIS CRIME ON AUGUST 8, 1946!
THE END

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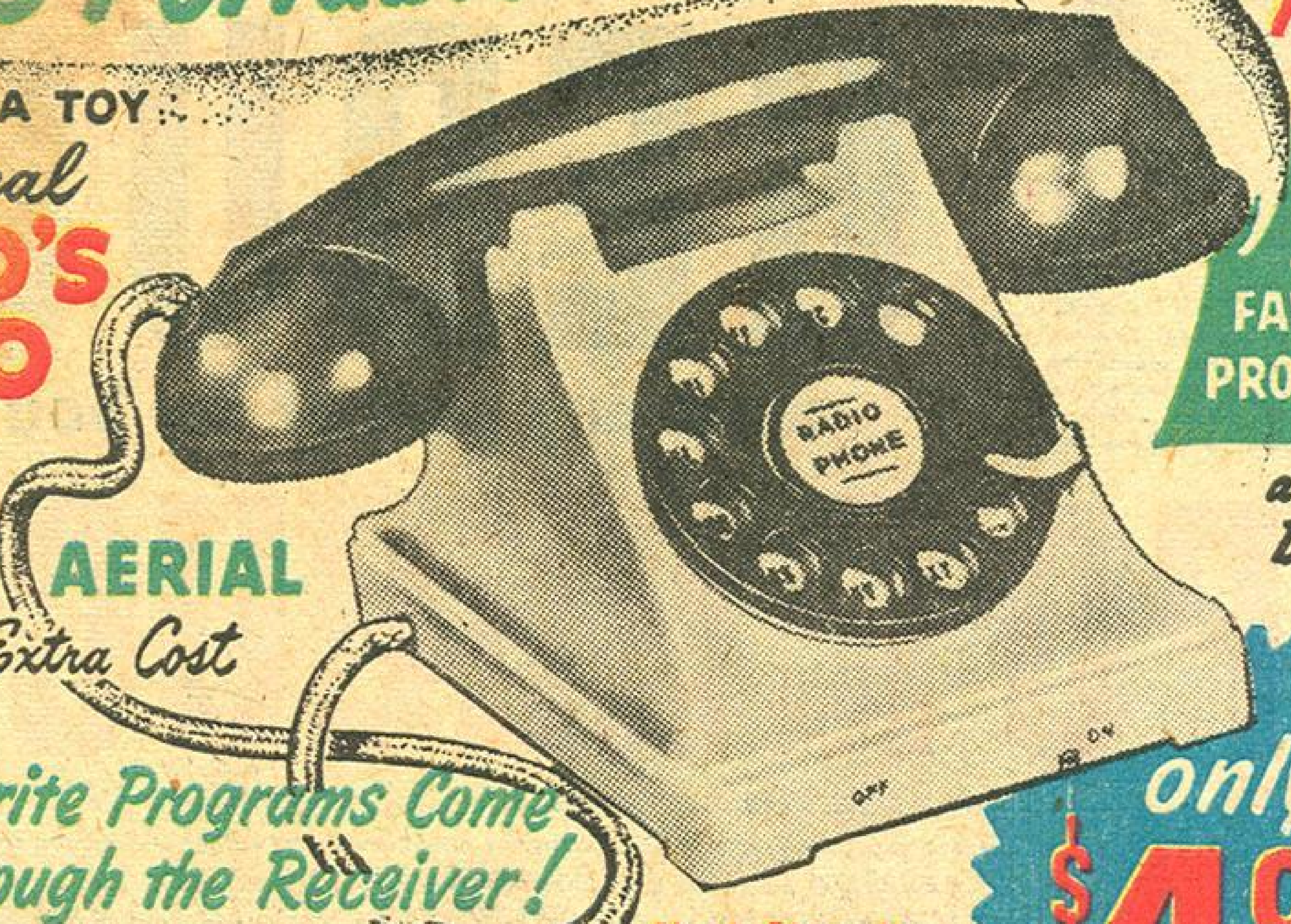

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MAIL COUPON TODAY

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9 Madison Ave., Montgomery 4, Alabama

Please rush my 1 tube CHILD'S PORTABLE Radio-Phone with batteries. On arrival, I will pay postman $4.98 and $1.00 for batteries (total $5.98) plus C. O. D. postage. If I'm not delighted I can return postpaid and untampered with for my money back within 10 days time.

( ) Send C. O. D. ( ) Enclosed please find cash, send prepaid.

Name____________________

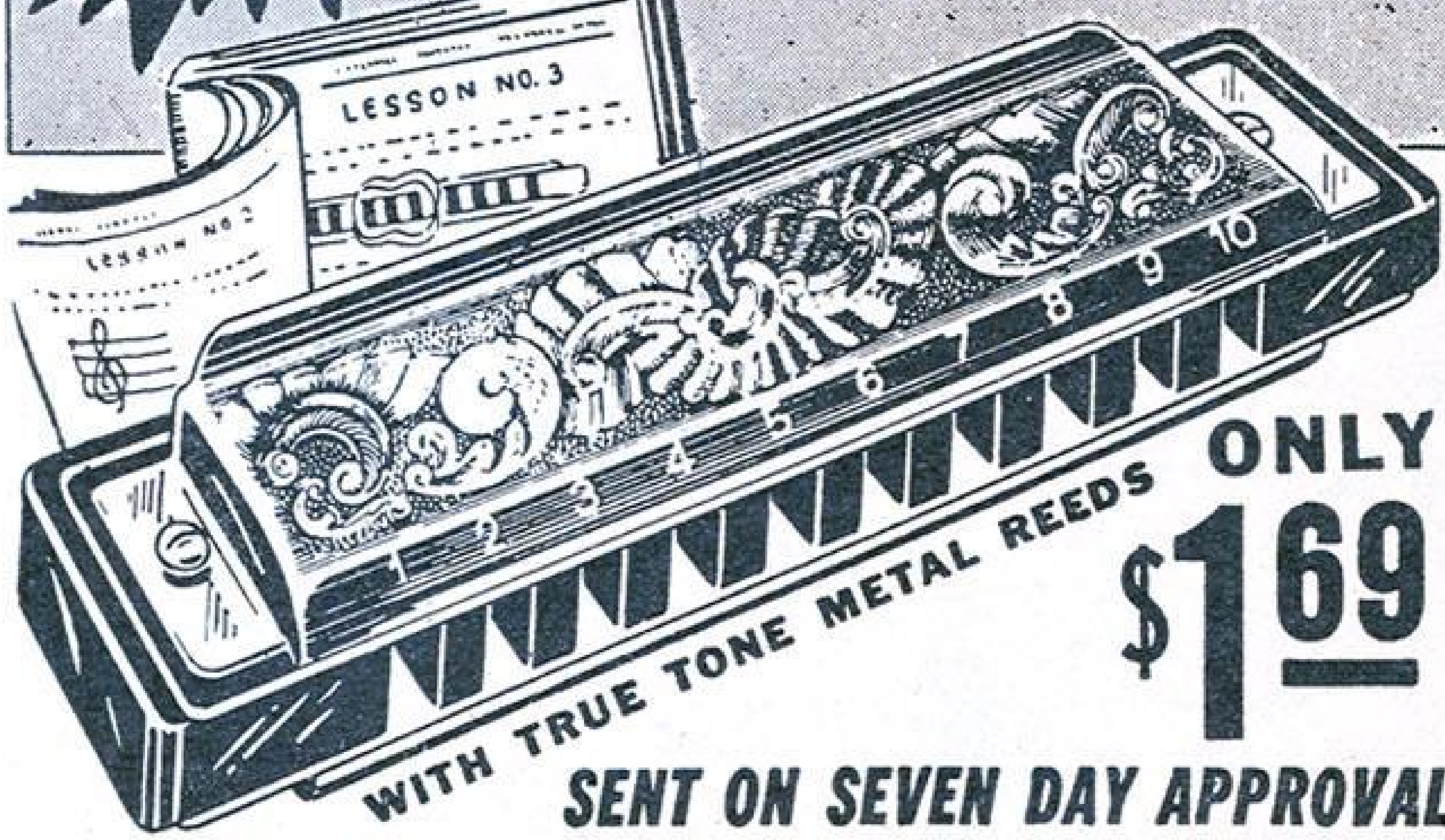
Address____________________

City__________ Zone______ State__________

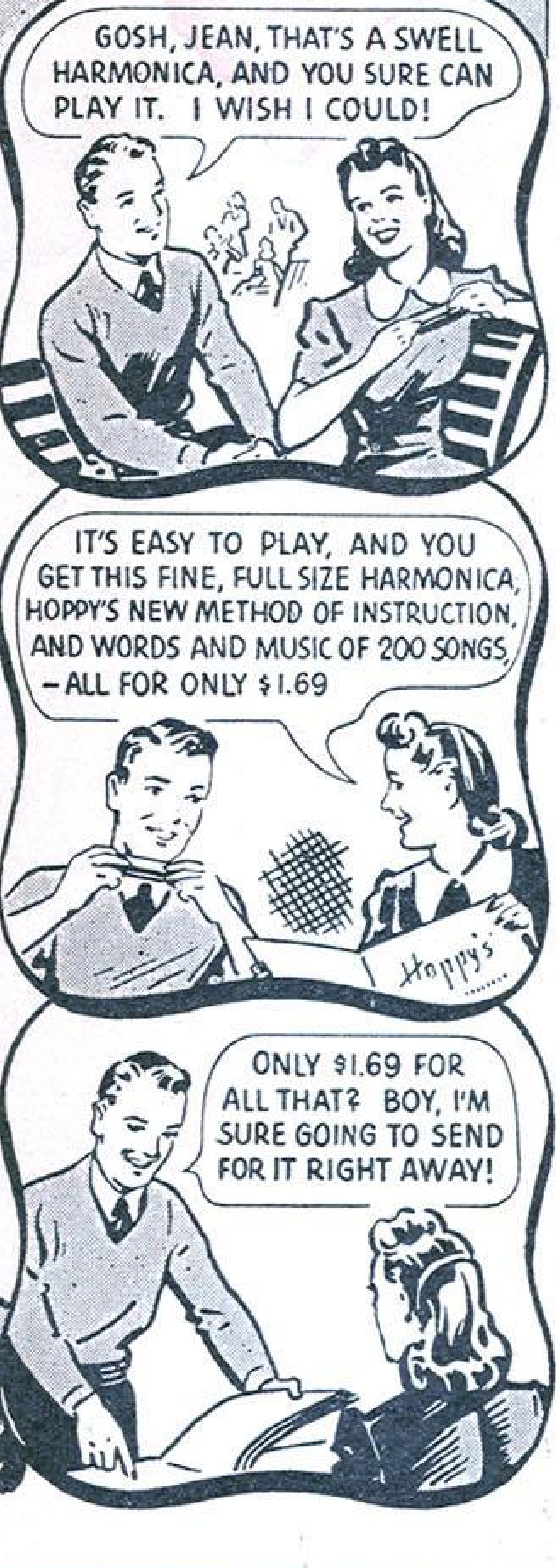
IF YOU CAN WHISTLE- or HUM A TUNE-

"HOPPY" WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO PLAY THIS *METAL* HARMONICA

In 15 Minutes — Or Money Back


LESSON NO. 3
LESSON NO. 2
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
WITH TRUE TONE METAL REEDS

ONLY $1.69


GOSH, JEAN, THAT'S A SWELL HARMONICA, AND YOU SURE CAN PLAY IT. I WISH I COULD!
IT'S EASY TO PLAY, AND YOU GET THIS FINE, FULL SIZE HARMONICA, HOPPY'S NEW METHOD OF INSTRUCTION, AND WORDS AND MUSIC OF 200 SONGS, —ALL FOR ONLY $1.69
Hoppy's
ONLY $1.69 FOR ALL THAT? BOY, I'M SURE GOING TO SEND FOR IT RIGHT AWAY!

SENT ON SEVEN DAY APPROVAL

Learn to play in a day or it costs you nothing! We make this daring offer to every man or woman, boy or girl who enjoys music and who would like to play the harmonica. Now, for the first time, you can get a nationally advertised, genuine metal professional harmonica, and receive as a gift Hoppy's new method for playing it. Along with the music *and the words* to 200 of your favorite songs — songs that were selected so that you can sing and play right along with your favorite radio program or records. Expert harmonica players will tell you that the best harmonicas are the easiest ones to play. The harmonica you receive in this amazing offer is the full size metal professional model of the very finest quality. It comes in the Key of C so that you can accompany any other music. Each metal reed is individually tuned and tested. *You cannot buy a harmonica with finer workmanship, no matter how much you pay.* Hoppy's new discovery for showing you how to play makes it as simple as ABC and it's lots of fun. *Anyone who can whistle or hum a tune — and count up to ten can learn so quickly that it is unbelievable!* Most people say that this amazing method itself is worth the $1.69 price of the harmonica! Order your harmonica now while this introductory offer is being made. Remember, Hoppy *guarantees* that you will soon be playing song hits of all kinds or your money back!

IN THIS

AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER

You get all this for only $1.69!

- **Nationally Advertised Harmonica with True Tone Metal Reeds**
- **Hoppy's New Method of Instruction for Harmonica**
- **Words and Music of 200 Songs Chosen for Radio Popularity**

SEND NO MONEY— ORDER TODAY

Just send your name and address on penny postcard. Your beautiful Key of C professional metal Harmonica and Hoppy's Complete Book of Instructions and 200 Songs will be mailed at once. On arrival, pay postman just $1.69 plus C.O.D. and postage. Keep for 7 days on free trial offer. If you are not satisfied, return and your money will be refunded at once. Supplies are limited. Don't risk disappointment. Order now—TODAY!

HOPKINSON HARMONICA CO., Dept. 108 ,
1101 N. Paulina St., Chicago 22, Illinois

HOPKINSON HARMONICA CO., Dept. 108
1101 N. PAULINA ST., CHICAGO 22, ILLINOIS

Rush my genuine Key of C Professional Metal Harmonica and Hoppy's Complete Book of Instructions along with the music and words of 200 songs to me at once. On arrival I will deposit just $1.69 plus postage. If in 7 days I am not thrilled and delighted I may return purchase for my money back.

*Name*________________________________

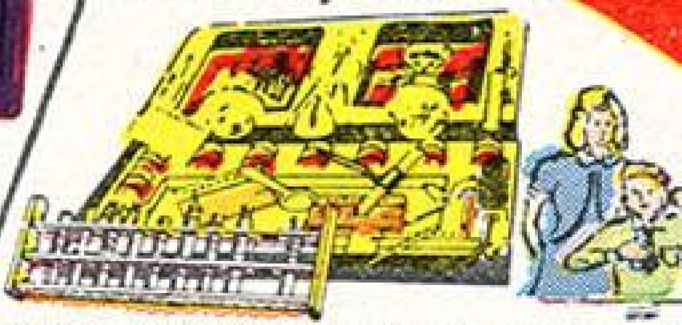
*Address*______________________________

*City*__________________ *State*__________

Boys! Girls! PRIZES GIVEN

WRIST WATCH

A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, plus $1.50 extra.



Chemistry Set

Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order.

DOUBLE LINED
Razzle Dazzle

COMPLETE BASKETBALL SET

Full-size ball with steel goal and net. Sell one order of seeds plus $1.25 extra

SHOW HOME MOVIES

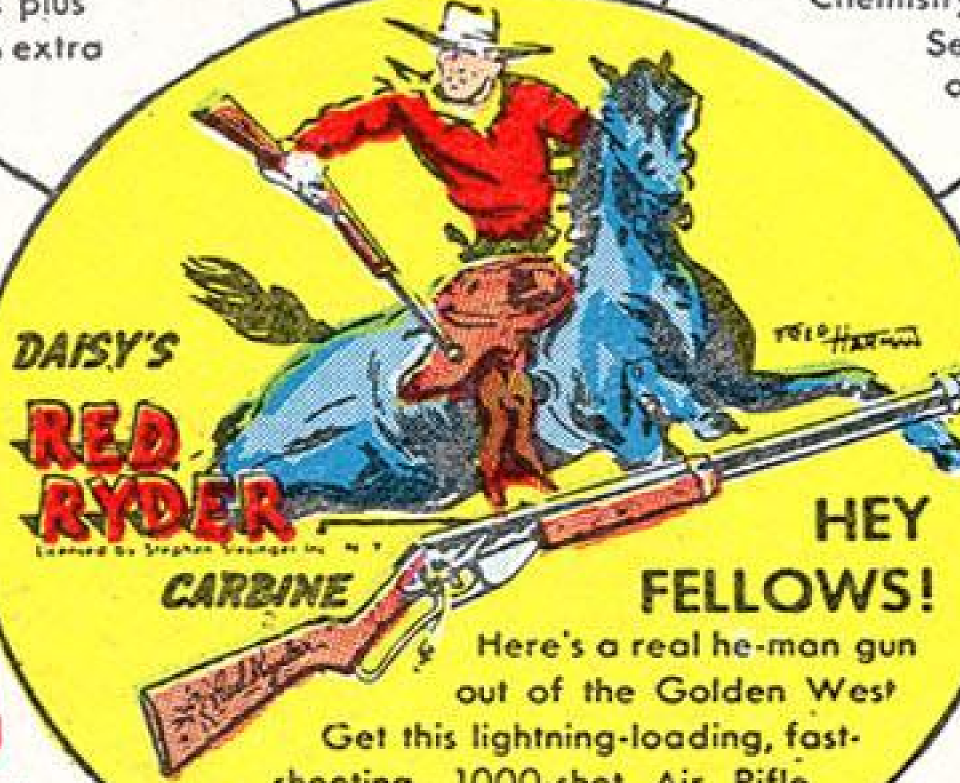
Get this 16 MM Excel Projector, including 50 ft. of Cowboy film. Sell one order plus $3.50 extra.

OVER NIGHT BAG

Full mirror in lid; strong lock & key. Sell one order plus $1.50 extra.

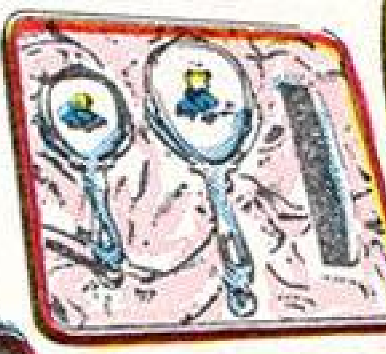
SOFT BALL SET

Official Size set. Cap, Softball and bat. Sell one order of American Seeds.



HEY FELLOWS!

Here's a real he-man gun out of the Golden West Get this lightning-loading, fast-shooting, 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order of American Seeds, plus $2.00 extra.



Dresser Set

Full size Comb, Brush and Mirror, beautifully decorated. Sell one order of seeds.

POCKET WATCH

Standard size, American-made, with leather Fob. Sell one order.

Campfire Ukulele

Full size. Decorated with Western scene. Clear mellow tone. Sell only one order.

Famous Texan Jr.

All Metal Cap Pistol with genuine leather Holster and Jeweled Belt. Sell one order of American Seeds.

FISHING TACKLE SET

Big 11 piece fishing outfit in metal case. Sell one order plus 75c extra.

SWEETHEART DOLL

Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell one order of American Seeds.

DICK TRACY CAMERA

Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film, carrying case included. Sell one order of seeds.

TWO TELEPHONES

for person-to-person calls, between houses; or from floor to floor. Runs on 4 Flashlight batteries, included. Sell one order of seeds plus $2.00.

MORE PRIZES

shown in our Big Prize Sheet

- Pen and Pencil Set
- Electric Phonograph
- Flash Camera Outfit
- Boxing Gloves
- Jewelry and Clocks
- Kitchen Utensils
- Croquet Set
- Sports Equipment
- Jeweled Watches
- Dishes & Silverware
- Tool Set

OUR 31st YEAR

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for Big Prize Book and seeds. SEND NO MONEY -- WE TRUST YOU

No goods sent outside U. S. A.

American Seed Co., Inc. Dept. 802, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.,
DEPT. 802 LANCASTER, PA.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is ____________

Name ____________

R F.D. Box or Street No ____________

City ____________

State ____________

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